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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

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CHAPTER I.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR of Humblethwaite was a mighty person in Cumberland, and one who well understood of what nature were the duties, and of what sort the magnificence, which his position as a great English commoner required of him. He had twenty thousand a year derived from land. His forefathers had owned the same property in Cumberland for nearly four centuries, and an estate nearly as large in Durham for more than a century and a half. He had married an earl's daughter, and had always lived among men and women not only of high rank, but also of high character. He had kept race-horses when he was young, as noblemen and gentlemen then did keep them, with no view to profit, calculating fairly their cost as a part of his annual outlay, and thinking that it was the proper thing to do for the improvement of horses and for the amusement of the people. He had been in Parliament, but had made no figure there, and had given it up. He still kept his house in Bruton street, and always spent a month or two in London. But the life that he

led was led at Humblethwaite, and there he was a great man, with a great domain around him—with many tenants, with a world of dependants, among whom he spent his wealth freely, saving little, but lavishing nothing that was not his own to lavish—understanding that his enjoyment was to come from the comfort and respect of others, for whose welfare, as he understood it, the good things of this world had been bestowed upon him. He was a proud man, with but few intimacies—with a few dear friendships which were the solace of his life—altogether gracious in his speech, if it were not for an apparent bashfulness among strangers; never assuming aught, deferring much to others outwardly, and showing his pride chiefly by a certain impalpable *noli me tangere*, which just sufficed to make itself felt and obeyed at the first approach of any personal freedom. He was a handsome man—if an old man near to seventy may be handsome—with gray hair, and bright, keen eyes, and arched eyebrows, with a well-cut, eagle nose, and a small mouth and a short, dimpled chin. He was under the middle height, but nevertheless commanded attention by his appearance. He wore no beard

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save a slight gray whisker, which was cut away before it reached his chin. He was strongly made, but not stout, and was hale and active for his age.

Such was Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite. The account of Lady Elizabeth, his wife, may be much shorter. She was known—where she was known—simply as Sir Harry's wife. He indeed was one of those men of whom it may be said that everything appertaining to them takes its importance from the fact of its being theirs. Lady Elizabeth was a good woman, a good wife and a good mother, and was twenty years younger than her husband. He had been forty-five years old when he had married her, and she, even yet, had not forgotten the deference which was due to his age.

Two years before the time at which our story will begin a great sorrow, an absolutely crushing grief, had fallen upon the house of Humblethwaite. An only son had died just as he had reached his majority. When the day came on which all Humblethwaite and the surrounding villages were to have been told to rejoice and make merry because another man of the Hotspurs was ready to take the reins of the house as soon as his father should have been gathered to his fathers, the poor lad lay a-dying, while his mother ministered by his bedside, and the baronet was told by the physician—who had been brought from London—that there was no longer for him any hope that he should leave a male heir at Humblethwaite to inherit his name and his honors.

For months it was thought that Lady Elizabeth would follow her boy. Sir Harry bore the blow bravely, though none who do not understand the system well can conceive how the natural grief of the father was increased by the disappointment which had fallen upon the head of the house. But the old man bore it well, making but few audible moans, shedding no tears, altering in very little the habits of life; still spending money, because it was good for others that it should be spent, and only speaking of his son when it was neces-

sary for him to allude to those altered arrangements as to the family property which it was necessary that he should make. But still he was a changed man, as those perceived who watched him closest. Cloudsdale the butler knew well in what he was changed, as did old Hesketh the groom, and Gilsby the gamekeeper. He had never been given to much talk, but was now more silent than of yore. Of horses, dogs and game there was no longer any mention whatever made by the baronet. He was still constant with Mr. Lanesby the steward, because it was his duty to know everything that was done on the property; but even Mr. Lanesby would acknowledge that as to actual improvements—the commencement of new work in the hope of future returns—the baronet was not at all the man he had been. How was it possible that he should be the man he had been when his life was so nearly gone, and that other life had gone also which was to have been the renewal and continuation of his own?

When the blow fell, it became Sir Harry's imperative duty to make up his mind what he would do with his property. As regarded the two estates, they were now absolutely, every acre of them, at his own disposal. He had one child left to him, a daughter—in whom, it is hoped, the reader may be induced to take some interest, and with her to feel some sympathy, for she will be the person with whom the details of this little story must most be concerned—and he had a male heir, who must needs inherit the title of the family, one George Hotspur—not a nephew, for Sir Harry had never had a brother, but the son of a first cousin who had not himself been much esteemed at Humblethwaite.

Now, Sir Harry was a man who, in such a condition as this in which he was now placed, would mainly be guided by his ideas of duty. For a month or two he said not a word to any one, not even to his own lawyer, though he himself had made a will, a temporary will, duly witnessed by Mr. Lanesby and another, so that the ownership of the property should not be adjusted simply by the

chance direction of law in the event of his own sudden demise; but his mind was doubtless much burdened with the subject. How should he discharge this fresh responsibility which now rested on him? While his boy had lived the responsibility of his property had had nothing for him but charms. All was to go to the young Harry—all, as a matter of course; and it was only necessary for him to take care that every acre should descend to his heir not only unimpaired by him in value, but also somewhat increased. Provision for his widow and for his girl had already been made before he had ventured on matrimony—provision sufficient for many girls had Fortune so far favored him. But that an eldest son should have all the family land—one, though as many sons should have been given to him as to Priam—and that that one should have it unencumbered, as he had had it from his father,—this was to him the very law of his being. And he would have taught that son—had already begun to teach him when the great blow came—that all this was to be given to him, not that he might put it into his own belly or wear it on his own back, or even spend it as he might list himself, but that he might so live as to do his part in maintaining that order of gentleness in England by which England had become—so thought Sir Harry—the proudest and the greatest and the justest of nations.

But now he had no son, and yet the duty remained to him of maintaining his order. It would perhaps have been better for him, it would certainly have been easier, had some settlement or family entail fixed all things for him. Those who knew him well personally, but did not know the affairs of his family, declared among themselves that Sir Harry would take care that the property went with the title. A marriage might be arranged: there could be nothing to object to a marriage between second cousins. At any rate, Sir Harry Hotspur was certainly not the man to separate the property from the title. But they who knew the family, and especially that branch of the family from

which George Hotspur came, declared that Sir Harry would never give his daughter to such a one as was this cousin. And if not his daughter, then neither would he give to such a scapegrace either Humblethwaite in Cumberland or Scarrowby in Durham. There did exist a party who said that Sir Harry would divide the property, but they who held such an opinion certainly knew very little of Sir Harry's social or political tenets. Any such division was the one thing which he surely would not effect.

When twelve months had passed after the death of Sir Harry's son, George Hotspur had been at Humblethwaite and had gone, and Sir Harry's will had been made. He had left everything to his daughter, and had only stipulated that her husband, should she marry, should take the name of Hotspur. He had decided that should his daughter, as was probable, marry within his lifetime, he could then make what settlements he pleased, even to the changing of the tenor of his will should he think fit to change it. Should he die and leave her still a spinster, he would trust to her in everything. Not being a man of mystery, he told his wife and his daughter what he had done, and what he still thought that he possibly might do; and being also a man to whom any suspicion of injustice was odious, he desired his attorney to make known to George Hotspur what had been settled. And in order that this blow to Cousin George might be lightened—Cousin George having in conversation acknowledged to a few debts—an immediate present was made to him of four thousand pounds, and double that amount was assured to him at the baronet's death.

The reader may be sure that the baronet had heard many things respecting Cousin George which he did not like. To him personally it would have been infinitely preferable that the title and the estates should have gone together than that his own daughter should be a great heiress. That her outlook into the world was fair and full of promise of

prosperity either way was clear enough. Twenty thousand a year would not be necessary to make her a happy woman. And then it was to him a manifest and a sacred religion that to no man or to no woman were appointed the high pinnacles of fortune simply that that man or that woman might enjoy them. They were to be held, as thrones are held, for the benefit of the many. And in the disposition of this throne, the necessity of making which had fallen upon him from the loss of his own darling, he had brought himself to think not of his daughter's happiness, or to the balance of which, in her possessing or not possessing the property, he could venture on no prophecy, but of the welfare of all those who might measure their weal or woe from the manner in which the duties of this high place were administered. He would fain that there should still have been a Sir Harry or a Sir George Hotspur of Humblethwaite; but he found that his duty required him to make the other arrangement.

And yet he had liked the cousin, who indeed had many gifts to win liking both from men and women. Previously to the visit very little had been known personally of young George Hotspur at Humblethwaite. His father, also a George, had in early life quarreled with the elder branch of the family, and had gone off with what money belonged to him, and had lived and died in Paris. The younger George had been educated abroad, and then had purchased a commission in a regiment of English cavalry. At the time when young Harry died it was only known of him at Humblethwaite that he had achieved a certain reputation in London, and that he had sold out of the army. He was talked of as a man who shot birds with precision. Pigeons he could shoot with wonderful dexterity; which art was at Humblethwaite supposed to be much against him. But then he was equally successful with partridges and pheasants; and, partly on account of such success, and partly probably because his manner was pleasant, he was known to be a welcome guest at houses in which

men congregate to slaughter game. In this way he had a reputation, and one that was not altogether cause for reproach; but it had not previously recommended him to the notice of his cousin.

Just ten months after poor Harry's death he was asked, and went, to Humblethwaite. Probably at that moment the baronet's mind was still somewhat in doubt. The wish of Lady Elizabeth had been clearly expressed to her husband to the effect that encouragement should be given to the young people to fall in love with each other. To this Sir Harry never assented, though there was a time—and that time had not yet passed when George Hotspur reached Humblethwaite—in which the baronet was not altogether averse to the idea of the marriage. But when George left Humblethwaite the baronet had made up his mind. Tidings had reached him, and he was afraid of the cousin. And other tidings had reached him also; or rather perhaps it would be truer to him to say that another idea had come to him. Of all the young men now rising in England there was no young man who more approved himself to Sir Harry's choice than did Lord Alfred Gresley, the second son of his old friend and political leader, the Marquis of Milnthorpe. Lord Alfred had but scanty fortune of his own, but was in Parliament and in office, and was doing well. All men said all good things of him. Then there was a word or two spoken between the marquis and the baronet, and just a word also with Lord Alfred himself. Lord Alfred had no objection to the name of Hotspur. This was in October, while George Hotspur was still declaring that Gilsby knew nothing of getting up a head of game; and then Lord Alfred promised to come to Humblethwaite at Christmas. It was after this that George owned to a few debts. His confession on that score did him no harm. Sir Harry had made up his mind that day. Sir Harry had at that time learned a good deal of his cousin George's mode of life in London, and had already decided that this young man

was not one whom it would be well to set upon the pinnacle.

And yet he had liked the young man, as did everybody. Lady Elizabeth had liked him much, and for a fortnight had gone on hoping that all difficulties might have solved themselves by the young man's marriage with her daughter. It need hardly be said that not a word one way or the other was spoken to Emily Hotspur; but it seemed to the mother that the young people, though there was no love-making, yet liked each other. Sir Harry at this time was up in London for a month or two, hearing tidings, seeing Lord Alfred, who was at his office; and on his return that solution by family marriage was ordered to be for ever banished from the maternal bosom. Sir Harry said that it would not do.

Nevertheless, he was good to the young cousin, and when the time was drawing nigh for the young man's departure he spoke of a further visit. The covers at Humblethwaite, such as they were, would always be at his service. This was a week before the cousin went; but by the coming of the day on which the cousin took his departure, Sir Harry regretted that he had made that offer of future hospitality.

CHAPTER II.

OUR HEROINE.

"He has said nothing to her?" asked Sir Harry, anxiously, of his wife.

"I think not," replied Lady Elizabeth.

"Had he said anything that meant anything, she would have told you?"

"Certainly she would," said Lady Elizabeth.

Sir Harry knew his child, and was satisfied that no harm had been done: nevertheless, he wished that that further invitation had not been given. If this Christmas visitor that was to come to Humblethwaite could be successful, all would be right; but it had seemed to Sir Harry, during that last week of Cousin George's sojourn beneath his roof, there had been more of cousinly friendship

between the cousins than had been salutary, seeing, as he had seen, that any closer connection was inexpedient. But he thought that he was sure that no great harm had been done. Had any word been spoken to his girl which she herself had taken as a declaration of love, she would certainly have told her mother. Sir Harry would no more doubt his daughter than he would his own honor. There were certain points and lines of duty clearly laid down for a girl so placed as was his daughter; and Sir Harry, though he could not have told whence the knowledge of these points and lines had come to his child, never for a moment doubted but that she knew them and would obey them. To know and to obey such points of duty were a part of the inheritance of such a one as Emily Hotspur. Nevertheless, it might be possible that her fancy should be touched, and that she herself should know nothing of it—nothing that she could confide even to a mother. Sir Harry, understanding this, and having seen in these last days something, as he thought, of too close a cousinly friendship, was anxious that Lord Alfred should come and settle everything. If Lord Alfred should be successful, all danger would be at an end, and the cousin might come again and do what he liked with the covers. Alas! alas! the cousin should never have been allowed to show his handsome, wicked face at Humblethwaite.

Emily Hotspur was a girl whom any father would have trusted; and let the reader understand this of her—that she was one in whom intentional deceit was impossible. Neither to her father nor to any one could she lie, either in word or action. And all these lines and points of duty were well known to her, though she knew not, and had never asked herself, whence the lesson had come. Will it be too much to say that they had formed a part of her breeding, and had been given to her with her blood? She understood well that from her, as heiress of the house of Humblethwaite, a double obedience was due to her father—the obedience of a child, added to

that which was now required from her as the future transmitter of honors of the house. And yet no word had been said to her of the honors of the house; nor, indeed, had many words ever been said as to that other obedience. These lessons, when they have been well learned, have ever come without direct teaching.

But she knew more than this, and the knowledge had reached her in the same manner. Though she owed a great duty to her father, there was a limit to that duty, of which, unconsciously, she was well aware. When her mother told her that Lord Alfred was coming, having been instructed to do so by Sir Harry, and hinted, with a caress and a kiss and a soft whisper, that Lord Alfred was one of whom Sir Harry approved greatly, and that if further approval could be bestowed Sir Harry would not be displeased, Emily, as she returned her mother's embrace, felt that she had a possession of her own with which neither father nor mother might be allowed to interfere. It was for them, or rather for him, to say that a hand so weighted as was hers should not be given here or there; but it was not for them, not even for him, to say that her heart was to be given here or to be given there. Let them put upon her what weight they might of family honors and of family responsibility, that was her own property;—if not, perhaps, to be bestowed at her own pleasure because of the pressure of that weight, still her own, and absolutely beyond the bestowal of any other.

Nevertheless, she declared to herself, and whispered to her mother, that she would be glad to welcome Lord Alfred. She had known him well when she was a child of twelve years old and he was already a young man in Parliament. Since those days she had met him more than once in London. She was now turned twenty, and he was something more than ten years her senior; but there was nothing against him, at any rate, on the score of age. Lord Alfred was admitted on every side to be still a young man; and though he had already

been a lord of one Board or of another for the last four years, and had earned a reputation for working, he did not look like a man who would be more addicted to sitting at Boards than spending his time with young women. He was handsome, pleasant, good-humored and full of talk; had nothing about him of the official fog, and was regarded by all his friends as a man who was just now fit to marry. "They say that he is such a good son and such a good brother," said Lady Elizabeth, anxiously.

"Quite a phoenix!" said Emily, laughing. Then Lady Elizabeth began to fear that she had said too much, and did not mention Lord Alfred's name for two days.

But Miss Hotspur had by that time resolved that Lord Alfred should have a fair chance. If she could teach herself to think that of all men walking the earth, Lord Alfred was the best and the most divine, the nearest of all men to a god, how excellent a thing would it be! Her great responsibility as to the family burden would in that case already be acquitted with credit. The wishes of her father, which on such a subject were all but paramount, would be gratified; and she herself would then be placed almost beyond the hand of misfortune to hurt her. At any rate, the great and almost crushing difficulty of her life would so be solved. But the man must have enough in her eyes of that godlike glory to satisfy her that she had found in him one who would be almost a divinity—at any rate to her. Could he speak as that other man spoke? Could he look as that other one looked? Would there be in his eye such a depth of color, in his voice such a sound of music, in his gait so divine a grace? For that other one, though she had looked into the brightness of the color, though she had heard the sweetness of the music, though she had watched the elastic spring of the step, she cared nothing as regarded her heart—her heart, which was the one treasure of her own. No; she was sure of that. Of her one own great treasure she was much too chary

to give it away unasked, and too independent, as she told herself, to give it away unauthorized. The field was open to Lord Alfred; and, as her father wished it, Lord Alfred should be received with every favor. If she could find divinity, then she would bow before it readily.

Alas for Lord Alfred! We may all know that when she thought of it thus there was but poor chance of success for Lord Alfred. Let him have what of the godlike he might, she would find but little of it there when she made her calculations and resolutions after such fashion as this. The man who becomes divine in a woman's eyes has generally achieved his claim to celestial honors by sudden assault. And, alas! the qualities which carry him through it and give the halo to his head may after all be very ungodlike. Some such achievement had already fallen in the way of Cousin George; though had Cousin George and Lord Alfred been weighed in just scales, the divinity of the latter, such as it was, would have been found greatly to prevail. Indeed, it might perhaps have been difficult to lay hold of and to bring forward as presentable for such office as that of a lover for such a girl any young man who should be less godlike than Cousin George. But he had gifts of simulation, which are valuable; and poor Emily Hotspur had not yet learned the housewife's trick of passing the web through her fingers, and of finding by the touch whether the fabric were of fine wool, or of shoddy made up with craft to look like wool of the finest.

We say that there was but small chance for Lord Alfred; nevertheless the lady was dutifully minded to give him all the chance that it was in her power to bestow. She did not tell herself that her father's hopes were vain. Of her preference for that other man she never told herself anything. She was not aware that it existed. She knew that he was handsome: she thought that he was clever. She knew that he had talked to her as no man had ever talked before. She was aware that he was her nearest relative beyond her father and

mother, and that therefore she might be allowed to love him as a cousin. She told herself that he was a Hotspur, and that he must be the head of the Hotspurs when her father should be taken from them. She thought that he looked as a man should look who would have to carry such a dignity. But there was nothing more. No word had been said to her on the subject; but she was aware, because no word had been said, that it was not thought fitting that she should be her cousin's bride. She could not but know how great would be the advantage could the estates and the title be kept together. Even though he should inherit no acre of the land—and she had been told by her father that such was his decision—this Cousin George must become the head of the house of Hotspur; and to be head of the house of Hotspur was to her a much greater thing than to be the owner of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby. Gifts like the latter might be given to a mere girl like herself—were to be so given. But let any man living do what he might, George Hotspur must become the head and chief of the old house of Hotspur. Nevertheless, it was not for her to join the two things together, unless her father should see that it would be good for her to do so.

Emily Hotspur was very like her father, having that peculiar cast of countenance which had always characterized the family. She had the same arch in her eyebrows, indicating an aptitude for authority; the same well-formed nose, though with her the beak of the eagle was less prominent; the same short lip and small mouth and delicate dimpled chin. With both of them the lower part of the face was peculiarly short and finely cut. With both of them the brow was high and broad, and the temples prominent. But the girl's eyes were blue, while those of the old man were brightly green. It was told of him that when a boy his eyes also had been blue. Her hair, which was very plentiful, was light in color, but by no means flaxen. Her complexion was as clear as the finest porcelain, but there

were ever roses in her cheeks, for she was strong by nature and her health was perfect. She was somewhat short of stature, as were all the Hotspurs, and her feet and hands and ears were small and delicate. But though short, she seemed to lack nothing in symmetry, and certainly lacked nothing in strength. She could ride or walk the whole day, and had no feeling that such vigor of body was a possession of which a young lady should be ashamed. Such as she was, she was the acknowledged beauty of the county; and at Carlisle, where she showed herself at least once a year at the county ball, there was neither man nor woman, young or old, who was not ready to say that Emily Hotspur was, among maidens, the glory of Cumberland.

Her life hitherto had been very quiet. There was the ball at Carlisle, which she had attended thrice: on the last occasion, because of her brother's death, she had been absent, and the family of the Hotspurs had been represented there only by the venison and game which had been sent from Humblethwaite. Twice also she had spent the months of May and June in London; but it had not hitherto suited the tone of her father's character to send his daughter out into all the racket of a London season. She had gone to balls and to the opera, and had ridden in the Park, and been seen at flower-shows; but she had not been so common in those places as to be known to the crowd. And hitherto, neither in town nor country, had her name been connected with that of any suitor for her hand. She was now twenty, and the reader will remember that in the twelve months last past the house of Humblethwaite had been clouded with deep mourning.

The cousin was come and gone, and the baronet hoped in his heart that there might be an end of him as far as Humblethwaite was concerned—at any rate till his child should have given herself to a better lover. Tidings had been sent to Sir Harry during the last week of the young man's sojourn beneath his roof, which of all that had reached his

ears were the worst. He had before heard of recklessness, of debt, of dissipation, of bad comrades. Now he heard of worse than these. If that which he now heard was true, there had been dishonor. But Sir Harry was a man who wanted ample evidence before he allowed his judgment to actuate his conduct, and in this case the evidence was far from ample. He did not stint his hospitality to the future baronet, but he failed to repeat that promise of a future welcome which had already been given, and which had been thankfully accepted. But a man knows that such an offer of renewed hospitality should be repeated at the moment of departure, and George Hotspur, as he was taken away to the nearest station in his cousin's carriage, was quite aware that Sir Harry did not then desire that the visit should be repeated.

Lord Alfred was to be at Humblethwaite on Christmas Eve. The emergencies of the Board at which he sat would not allow of an earlier absence from London. He was a man who shirked no official duty and was afraid of no amount of work; and though he knew how great was the prize before him, he refused to leave his Board before the day had come at which his Board must necessarily dispense with his services. Between him and his father there had been no reticence, and it was clearly understood by him that he was to go down and win twenty thousand a year and the prettiest girl in Cumberland, if his own capacity that way, joined to all the favor of the girl's father and mother, would enable him to attain success. To Emily not a word more had been said on the subject than those which have been already narrated as having been spoken by the mother to the daughter. With all his authority, with all his love for his only remaining child, with all his consciousness of the terrible importance of the matter at issue, Sir Harry could not bring himself to suggest to his daughter that it would be well for her to fall in love with the guest who was coming to them. But to Lady Elizabeth he said very much. He

had quite made up his mind that the thing would be good, and having done so he was very anxious that the arrangement should be made. It was natural that this girl of his should learn to love some youth; and how terrible was the danger of her loving amiss when so much depended on her loving wisely! The whole fate of the house of Hotspur was in her hands, to do with it as she thought fit. Sir Harry trembled as he reflected what would be the result were she to come to him some day and ask his favor for a suitor wholly unfitted to bear the name of Hotspur and to sit on the throne of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby.

"Is she-pleased that he is coming?" he said to his wife the evening before the arrival of their guest.

"Certainly she is pleased. She knows that we both like him."

"I remember when she used to talk about him—often," said Sir Harry.

"That was when she was a child."

"But a year or two ago," said Sir Harry.

"Three or four years, perhaps; and with her that is a long time. It is not likely that she should talk much of him now. Of course she knows what it is that we wish."

"Does she think about her cousin at all?" he said, some hours afterward.

"Yes, she thinks of him. That is only natural, you know."

"It would be unnatural that she should think of him much."

"I do not see that," said the mother, keen to defend her daughter from what might seem to be an implied reproach. "George Hotspur is a man who will make himself thought of wherever he goes. He is clever and very amusing: there is no denying that. And then he has the Hotspur look all over."

"I wish he had never set his foot within the house," said the father.

"My dear, there is no such danger as you think," said Lady Elizabeth. "Emily is not a girl prone to fall in love at a moment's notice because a man is good-looking and amusing; and certainly not with the conviction which

she must have that her doing so would greatly grieve you."

Sir Harry believed in his daughter, and said no more, but he thoroughly wished that Lord Alfred's wedding-day was fixed.

"Mamma," said Emily on the following day, "won't Lord Alfred be very dull?"

"I hope not, my dear."

"What is he to do, with nobody else here to amuse him?"

"The Crutchleys are coming on the 27th."

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Crutchley were, as Emily thought, very ordinary people, and quite unlikely to afford amusement to Lord Alfred. Mr. Crutchley was an old gentleman of county standing and with property in the county, living in a large dull red house in Penritk, of whom Sir Harry thought a good deal, because he was a gentleman who happened to have had great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers. But he was quite as old as Sir Harry, and Mrs. Crutchley was a great deal older than Lady Elizabeth.

"What will Lord Alfred have to say to Mrs. Crutchley, mamma?"

"What do people in society always have to say to each other? And the Lathebys are coming here to dine tomorrow, and will come again, I don't doubt, on the 27th."

Mr. Latheby was the young vicar of Humblethwaite, and Mrs. Latheby was a very pretty young bride whom he had just married.

"And then Lord Alfred shoots," continued Lady Elizabeth.

"Cousin George said that the shooting wasn't worth going after," said Emily, smiling. "Mamma, I fear it will be a failure." This made Lady Elizabeth unhappy, as she thought that more was meant than was really said. But she did not confide her fears to her husband.

CHAPTER III.

LORD ALFRED'S COURTSHIP.

THE Hall, as the great house at Humblethwaite was called, consisted in truth

of various edifices added one to another at various periods; but the result was this, that no more picturesque mansion could be found in any part of England than the Hall at Humblethwaite. The oldest portion of it was said to be of the time of Henry VII.; but it may perhaps be doubted whether the set of rooms with lattice windows looking out on to the bowling-green, each window from beneath its own gable, was so old as the date assigned to it. It is strange how little authority can usually be found in family records to verify such statements. It was known that Humblethwaite and the surrounding manors had been given to, or in some fashion purchased by, a certain Harry Hotspur, who also in his day had been a knight, when Church lands were changing hands under Henry VIII. And there was authority to prove that that Sir Harry had done something toward making a home for himself on the spot; but whether those very gables were a portion of the building which the monks of St. Humble had raised for themselves in the preceding reign may probably be doubted. That there were fragments of masonry and parts of old timber remaining from the monastery was probably true enough. The great body of the old house, as it now stood, had been built in the time of Charles II., and there was the date in the brickwork still conspicuous on the wall looking into the court. The hall and front door as it now stood, very prominent but quite at the end of the house, had been erected in the reign of Queen Anne, and the modern drawing-rooms, with the best bed-rooms over them, projecting far out into the modern gardens, had been added by the present baronet's father. The house was entirely of brick, and the old windows—not the very oldest, the reader will understand, but those of the Caroline age—were built with strong stone mullions, and were longer than they were deep, beauty of architecture having in those days been more regarded than light. Who does not know such windows, and has not declared to himself often how sad a thing it is that sanitary or scientific

calculations should have banished the like of them from our houses? Two large oriel windows, coming almost to the ground and going up almost to the ceilings, adorned the dining-room and the library. From the drawing-rooms modern windows, opening on to a terrace, led into the garden.

You entered the mansion by a court that was enclosed on two sides altogether, and on the two others partially. Facing you, as you drove in, was the body of the building, with the huge porch projecting on the right, so as to give the appearance of a portion of the house standing out on that side. On the left was that old mythic Tudor remnant of the monastery, of which the back wall seen from the court was pierced only with a small window here and there, and was covered with ivy. Those lattice windows, from which Emily Hotspur loved to think that the monks of old had looked into their trim gardens, now looked on to a bowling-green, which was kept very trim in honor of the holy personages who were supposed to have played there four centuries ago. Then, at the end of this old building, there had been erected kitchens, servants' offices and various rooms, which turned the corner of the court in front, so that only one corner had, as it were, been left for ingress and egress. But the court itself was large, and in the middle of it there stood an old stone ornamental structure, usually called the fountain, but quite ignorant of water, loaded with griffins and satyrs and mermaids with ample busts, all overgrown with a green, damp growth, which was scraped off by the joint efforts of the gardener and mason once perhaps in every five years.

It often seems that the beauty of architecture is accidental. A great man goes to work with great means on a great pile, and makes a great failure. The world perceives that grace and beauty have escaped him, and that even magnificence has been hardly achieved. Then there grows up beneath various unknown hands a complication of stones and brick, to the arrangement of which no great thought seems to have been

given, and lo! there is a thing so perfect in its glory that he who looks at it declares that nothing could be taken away and nothing added without injury and sacrilege and disgrace. So it had been, or rather so it was now, with the Hall at Humblethwaite. No rule ever made for the guidance of an artist had been kept. The parts were out of proportion. No two parts seemed to fit each other. Put it all on paper and it was an absurdity. The huge hall and porch added on by the builder of Queen Anne's time, at the very extremity of the house, were almost a monstrosity. The passages and staircases and internal arrangements were simply ridiculous. But there was not a portion of the whole interior that did not charm; nor was there a corner of the exterior, nor a yard of an outside wall, that was not in itself eminently beautiful.

Lord Alfred Gresley, as he was driven into the court in the early dusk of a winter evening, having passed through a mile and a half of such park scenery as only Cumberland and Westmoreland can show, was fully alive to the glories of the place. Humblethwaite did not lie among the lakes—was, indeed, full ten miles to the north of Keswick; but it was so placed that it enjoyed the beauty and the luxury of mountains and rivers, without the roughness of unmanageable rocks or the sterility and dampness of moorland. Of rocky fragments, indeed, peeping out through the close turf, and here and there coming forth boldly, so as to break the park into little depths, with now and again a real ravine, there were plenty. And there ran right across the park, passing so near the Hall as to require a stone bridge in the very flower-garden, the Caldbeck, as bright and swift a stream as ever took away the water from neighboring mountains. And to the south of Humblethwaite there stood the huge Skiddaw, and Saddleback with its long gaunt ridge; while to the west Brockleband Fell seemed to encircle the domain. Lord Alfred, as he was driven up through the old trees, and saw the deer peering at him from the knolls and broken frag-

ments of stone, felt that he need not envy his elder brother if only his lines might fall to him in this very pleasant place.

He had known Humblethwaite before; and, irrespective of all its beauties and of the wealth of the Hotspurs, was quite willing to fall in love with Emily Hotspur. That a man with such dainties offered to him should not become greedy, that there should be no touch of avarice when such wealth was shown to him, is almost more than we may dare to assert. But Lord Alfred was a man not specially given to covetousness. He had recognized it as his duty as a man not to seek for these things unless he could in truth love the woman who held them in her hands to give. But as he looked round him through the gloaming of the evening, he thought that he remembered that Emily Hotspur was all that was lovable.

But, reader, we must not linger long over Lord Alfred's love. A few words as to the father, a few as to the daughter, and a few also as to the old house where they dwelt together, it has been necessary to say; but this little love-story of Lord Alfred's—if it ever was a love-story—must be told very shortly.

He remained five weeks at Humblethwaite, and showed himself willing to receive amusement from old Mrs. Crutchley and from young Mrs. Latheby. The shooting was quite good enough for him, and he won golden opinions from every one about the place. He made himself acquainted with the whole history of the house, and was prepared to prove to demonstration that Henry VII.'s monks had looked out of those very windows and had played at bowls on that very green. Emily became fond of him after a fashion, but he failed to assume any aspect of divinity in her eyes.

Of the thing to be done neither father nor mother said a word to the girl; and she, though she knew so well that the doing of it was intended, said not a word to her mother. Had Lady Elizabeth known how to speak, had she dared to be free with her own child, Emily would soon have told her that there was no

chance for Lord Alfred. And Lady Elizabeth would have believed her. Nay, Lady Elizabeth, though she could not speak, had the woman's instinct, which almost assured her that the match would never be made. Sir Harry, on the other side, thought that things went prosperously; and his wife did not dare to undeceive him. He saw the young people together, and thought that he saw that Emily was kind. He did not know that this frank kindness was incompatible with love in such a maiden's ways. As for Emily herself, she knew that it must come. She knew that she could not prevent it. A slight hint or two she did give, or thought she gave, but they were too fine, too impalpable, to be of avail.

Lord Alfred spoke nothing of love till he made his offer in form. At last he was not hopeful himself. He had found it impossible to speak to this girl of love. She had been gracious with him, and almost intimate, and yet it had been impossible. He thought of himself that he was dull, stupid, lethargic and miserably undemonstrative. But the truth was, that there was nothing for him to demonstrate. He had come there to do a stroke of business, and he could not throw into this business a spark of that fire which would have been kindled by such sympathy had it existed. There are men who can raise such sparks, the pretence of fire, where there is no heat at all—false, fraudulent men—but he was not such a one. Nevertheless he went on with his business.

"Miss Hotspur," he said to her one morning between breakfast and luncheon, when, as usual, opportunity had been given him to be alone with her, "I have something to say to you, which I hope, at any rate, it will not make you angry to hear."

"I am sure you will say nothing to make me angry," she replied.

"I have already spoken to your father, and I have his permission. I may say more. He assures me that he hopes I may succeed." He paused a moment, but she remained quite tranquil. He watched her, and could see that the

delicate pink on her cheek was a little heightened, and that a streak of color showed itself on her fair brow; but there was nothing in her manner to give him either promise of success or assurance of failure. "You will know what I mean?"

"Yes, I know," she said, almost in a whisper.

"And may I hope? To say that I love you dearly seems to be saying what must be a matter of course."

"I do not see that at all," she replied with spirit.

"I do love you very dearly. If I may be allowed to think that you will be my wife, I shall be the happiest man in England. I know how great is the honor which I seek, how immense in every way is the gift which I ask you to give me. Can you love me?"

"No," she said, again dropping her voice to a whisper.

"Is that all the answer, Miss Hotspur?"

"What should I say? How ought I to answer you? If I could say it without seeming to be unkind, indeed, indeed, I would do so."

"Perhaps I have been abrupt."

"It is not that. When you ask me—to—to—love you, of course I know what you mean. Should I not speak the truth at once?"

"Must this be for always?"

"For always," she replied. And then it was over.

He did not himself press his suit farther, though he remained at Humblethwaite for three days after this interview.

Before lunch on that day the story had been told by Emily to her mother, and by Lord Alfred to Sir Harry. Lady Elizabeth knew well enough that the story would never have to be told in another way. Sir Harry by no means so easily gave up his enterprise. He proposed to Lord Alfred that Emily should be asked to reconsider her verdict. With his wife he was very round, saying that an answer given so curtly should go for nothing, and that the girl must be taught her duty. With Emily

herself he was less urgent, less authoritative, and indeed at last somewhat suppliant. He explained to her how excellent would be the marriage; how it would settle this terrible responsibility which now lay on his shoulders with so heavy a weight; how glorious would be her position; and how the Hotspurs would still live as a great family could she bring herself to be obedient. And he said very much in praise of Lord Alfred, pointing out how good a man he was, how moral, how diligent, how safe, how clever—how sure, with the assistance of the means which she would give him, to be one of the notable men of the country. But she never yielded an inch. She said very little—answered him hardly a word, standing close to him, holding by his arm and his hand. There was the fact that she would not have

the man, would not have the man now or ever, certainly would not have him; and Sir Harry, let him struggle as he might, and talk his best, could not keep himself from giving absolute credit to her assurance.

The visit was prolonged for three days, and then Lord Alfred left Humblethwaite Hall with less appreciation of all its beauties than he had felt as he was first being driven up to the Hall doors. When he went, Sir Harry could only bid God bless him, and assure him that, should he ever choose to try his fortune again, he should have all the aid which a father could give him.

"It would be useless," said Lord Alfred: "she knows her own mind too well."

And so he went away.

MAY.

THE red-winged merle from bending spray,
 With graceful pinions poising,
 Pours out a liquid roundelay
 In jubilant rejoicing:
 The cock-grouse drums on sounding log,
 The fox forsakes the cover,
 The woodcock pipes from fen and bog,
 From upland leas the plover.

The speckled trout darts up the stream
 Beneath the rustic bridges,
 While flocks of pigeons glance and gleam
 O'er beech and maple ridges:
 The golden robin trills his note
 Among the netted shadows,
 The bob-o'-link, with mellow throat,
 Makes musical the meadows.

The peeping frogs with silver bells,
 In rhythmical ovation,
 Ring out a chime of treble swells
 In joyous gratulation:

The low of kine is mingling with
 The song of lark and sparrow,
 And fallow fields are growing blithe
 Beneath the plough and harrow.

The moon all night, serene and white,
 On lake and stream is glowing,
 While rippling fountains seek her light,
 Through woodland valleys flowing;
 And all night long a low sweet song
 Sweeps o'er the misty hollow,
 From marsh and fen, from hill and glen,
 From brook, and field, and fallow.

It is the time of pleasant things,
 When Love makes up his issues,
 And hearts well up, like hidden springs,
 From rusted cells and tissues—
 A time to hear at break of day
 A silver-chorused matin—
 A liquid fretwork in crochet
 On atmospheric satin,—

A time to feast the soul, the eyes,
 To watch each bird that passes,
 And half surmise that birds are wise,
 And men are only asses;
 And then to turn and raise the load
 With weary shoulders bending,
 And take the old, well-beaten road
 That leads—unto the ending.

GEORGE W. SEARS.

THE ECHO OF APPOMATTOX ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

HALF a dozen years ago the democratic and popular cause in Europe seemed to have reached its lowest point. As Pope in the *Dunciad* tells us that "art after art goes out, and all is night," so star after star of liberty seemed to have gone out in the darkening horizon. Only one remained shining yet above the far edge of the Atlantic, and even that seemed about to sink below the line of sight and be withdrawn from our eyes for ever. I question whether people in the United States have any clear idea even now of the

depth of dreariness into which English Radicals were plunged by the aspect of affairs which then showed itself over their own country and the European continent. Let us take, for example, the period just before Sherman had begun his memorable march down to the sea. Looking calmly back now upon the events as they unrolled themselves, it would seem as if Vicksburg and Gettysburg practically decided the fate of the great rebellion. But people in Europe did not then think so. Never was there greater confidence felt in the suc-

cess of the Southern arms than just before the fall of Atlanta. Never within my memory have the principles of popular government fallen into such distrust and disrepute as they had at that time in Europe. The Polish revolution had just been crushed, and England had been snubbed by Russia for daring to put in a word of appeal on behalf of Poland, and she had not ventured to resent the studied insolence of Prince Gortschakoff's cold rebuke. The flag of Italian revolution had been lowered at Aspromonte. Louis Napoleon was at the zenith of his power and *prestige*, and Europe had come to believe in him and admire him so wholly that to condemn the Mexican enterprise, then in full bloom, was to be unpopular and eccentric. In Prussia, and indeed generally all over Germany, reaction and feudalism seemed to be having it all their own way. England, debauched by the Palmerstonian rule, appeared to be forswearing the old creed and sacraments of her freedom. What between Palmerston and Carlyle—the former treating the business of government as a huge pleasantry and practical joke, and the latter bellowing forth his hyperbolic rhapsodies about the divinity of strength and force—the old-fashioned liberalism of England seemed likely to be cast into utter oblivion, or even disrepute. Indeed, there was a very widespread belief throughout England that popular government had, to quote a phrase of Carlyle's, "gone up in fire." A large number of hot, irrational persons went through society shaking their heads and solemnly declaring their conviction that democracy "would not do," that it had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, and that, after all, the world would find it had gone a little too far and too fast, and would have to get back somehow to the stringent political systems of an earlier and less precipitate generation. The most popular names in England and France were those of Lord Palmerston and Louis Napoleon: the most unpopular names, in England at least, were those of Abraham Lincoln and John Bright. Observe

that when I use the word unpopular, I only mean to say that Lincoln and Bright were regarded with disfavor by the vast majority of those who in England are accustomed to make their likings and dislikings audible in Parliament, the press, the pulpit, the drawing-room, the club-room, the exchange and the theatres. When you mounted so high in English society as to reach even the class who are in the habit of paying threepence for a ride in an omnibus rather than walk all the way, you might safely say you had ascended above the level of democracy. Broadly describing the situation, I should say that the snow-line of reaction came down so low as to take in pretty nearly the whole of the threepenny-omnibus region: it would be superfluous to say that it entirely covered the ground traversed by the Hansom cab. The most successful joke that could be got off in a theatrical burlesque was something leveled at the Federals and their cause. We had for the time practically given up agitating for parliamentary reform in England. The times seemed out of joint for such work. "Why do we not bring in a Reform Bill?" said Lord Palmerston in reply to a solitary and pertinacious catechist at one of his meetings in Tiverton. "Why, sir, because we are not geese!" There was a roar of applause and laughter, and the reply was considered quite sufficient and satisfactory. Only geese could cackle about popular representation and such-like nonsense at a time when across the Atlantic there was so striking an illustration being given of the hopeless folly and chimerical weakness of popular government.

Nor was this feeling by any means confined to English aristocrats and Tories, and their butlers and lacqueys. It spread itself widely among men who called themselves Liberals. When Laird of Birkenhead—a shrewd man of business, but as a politician a feeble creature, a stammering and only half-articulate speaker—flung his famous impertinence in the face of John Bright *à propos* of the Alabama, there was probably as much applause from the Liberal benches

as from the Tory side. When the news of the fall of Vicksburg and the victory of Meade at Gettysburg (the same mail brought both announcements to England) was made known in the Reform Club, the great Liberal club of London, it was received with angry hisses and howls of incredulity and derision. Nor was this sort of feeling merely the growth of a dislike to "the Yankees" and an aristocratic liking for the chivalry of the South. Of course much of it had just this origin, and none other, but there was in England, and also in France, a large mass of tolerably intelligent and quite impartial people who honestly believed that the inexorable logic of events had demonstrated the futility and failure of republican institutions. All these, therefore, looked at the Northern cause and the efforts of its sympathizers with the same kind of impatience and contempt with which an English free-trade man is inclined to regard the movements of the American protectionists—as a fighting against the courses of the stars or the progress of a scientific law. Here in America observers did not and do not take sufficient account of that great force of honest, bewildered, wrong-headed public opinion in England and in France: democracy was a failure, and there was an end of the argument. Did not De Tocqueville himself say that this would be so—that when the strain of a great war came on, the stress would be too much for republican institutions to bear? Had not Edmund Burke—who hated slavery if ever man did—declared that slaveholders are indomitable in war because of the very arrogance with which they value their personal privilege and badge of liberty? Go where you would in English society, you were confronted everywhere by the solid wall of this self-satisfied conviction—that democratic institutions were proved a failure. Sympathy with the cause of slaveowners, as such, had next to nothing to do with the condition of public feeling in England and France. In fact, many influential members of the famous Anti-slavery Society of England anticipated the success of

the South, and were ready to rejoice over it. It certainly was not affection for slavery which made Brougham a Southern sympathizer—which made William Howitt a weak-kneed adherent of the cause of liberty—which ranged James Martineau and so many other prominent Unitarians on the wrong side. It was for the most part the conviction that the struggle was vain; that democracy was doomed; that "the republican bubble had burst;" that the cause represented by Abraham Lincoln was hollow, hopeless, and, worse than all, vulgar. It came to be a sort of axiom that intelligent and cultivated people had given up the Union cause: all, therefore, who desired to seem intelligent and cultivated must do likewise.

Yet the illiberal and reactionary tendency did not seem likely to stop even at the stage it had then reached. Omens were beginning to be discernible which showed that a time might even come when slavery itself would be excused and justified by Englishmen calling themselves Liberals, who were pledged to the vindication of the Southern rebellion. No one, of course, was surprised at Carlyle's views and his boisterous pleadings for slavery. Carlyle had told us himself, in his *Life of John Sterling*, that he had many years before argued the question with John Stuart Mill; and Carlyle appeared mightily amazed that Mill would not then admit the force of his reasoning. But there were many hints that the spirit out of which such reasoning springs was spreading itself through British Philistinism. The *Times* felt its way to a biblical justification of slavery; the *Saturday Review* had nothing but sneers and contempt for New England's hostility to the institution. In fact, there had been so ostentatious an admiration expressed for the Confederates, and so dogmatic a conviction of their certain success declared and recorded, that it was absolutely necessary to be ready with some *plaidoyer* in behalf of the principle which the Southern Confederacy was called into existence to promote.

Here, then, was the condition of

things. Popular liberty crushed down everywhere over the European continent—in Germany, in France, in Italy, in Poland—and declared out of fashion, vulgar and good-for-nothing in England. Across the Atlantic the Southern Confederacy and the Mexican Empire rising simultaneously into existence amid the applause of Respectability, Gentility and Fashion all over the world. In France, Louis Napoleon was so flushed with the success which seemed showering on him that had things gone on in the same way yet a little longer it cannot be doubted that he would have held out his hand to the Southern Confederacy. I have often seen it stated that the emperor of the French did actually propose to the English government a simultaneous recognition of the rebel States. I cannot myself recall any actual evidence of this, beyond Mr. Roebuck's account of what the emperor said to him at the famous interview; and Mr. Roebuck was so obviously and indisputably mistaken in other portions of his statement that his narrative deserves no reliance whatever. But although I doubt whether Louis Napoleon ever showed his hand in the rude, precipitate manner ascribed to him, yet I cannot doubt—I never met anybody who could doubt—that the emperor had made up his mind to befriend the Southern Confederacy on condition of himself receiving some compensating assistance in his Mexican enterprise. I have been assured of this by one man, at least, who ought to know—a man whose name is now printed every day in every journal in the world, and whose co-operation and concurrence the emperor of the French just then strove hard to secure. Well might the few true Liberals and friends of liberty then left in England and on the European continent declare that the cause of freedom all over the world was inextricably bound up with the cause of the American Union. It could be proved to actual demonstration—proved as clearly as though it were shown in arithmetical figures—that with the breaking-up of the American Union would have come the

foundation of a French satrapy in Mexico, the concession of a new and indefinitely prolonged lease of power to Cæsarism in France, the equally indefinite postponement of popular enfranchisement in England, and the resurrection of feudalism in the politics of Germany. It almost seemed as if the ghost of the Holy Alliance was revisiting the earth—as if the spectres of the crowned conspirators of Verona were hovering over Europe to gladden themselves in the sight of their own policy revived, their own work again undertaken.

Let it be observed, too, as a fact of which I think it hardly possible to overrate the significance, that the most influential organs of Roman Catholicism in Great Britain (and indeed everywhere in Europe) were strongly anti-Union in sentiment. In England and Ireland the Ultramontane papers were clamorous and fierce in the cause of the Southern Confederacy. Abraham Lincoln came in for a good share of the denunciation which used to be showered on Cavour, and New England was visited with much of the reprobation which a short time before had been poured out exclusively on Piedmont. Bright was only too well warranted in declaring that the fall of the Union flag, if it had to fall, would be followed by a shriek from human liberty all the world over. An impressive speaker, Professor Beesly—one who though himself a man of position and high culture is closely bound up with the cause and the doings of English artisans—put the case concisely and effectively at a meeting of workingmen which filled St. James' Hall, London. "The tyrants and the aristocrats of Europe," he said, "are on the side of the South: be you, therefore, on the side of the North. They stand by their order—stand you by yours." The burst of universal applause which followed showed how well the workingmen of London understood the situation and appreciated the nature of the rival influences whose struggle was then at issue.

Thus, then, stood all the representatives of reaction, despotism, aristocracy,

superstition, watching in confident and eager expectation for the moment when the Union flag was to be finally hauled down. "Lincoln the Last" was the title which the London *Times* exultingly conferred upon the then President of the United States. The conspirators were waiting, in fact, to divide the spoil. They were impatient for the moment when the breath should be out of the dying body of the great American Union. But—

"The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him."

The change in the aspect of affairs, although to skilled eyes it was steady and gradual, blazed across the general sight with the fierce suddenness of a flash of lightning. Europe looked up startled by the glare; and behold the Southern Confederacy was gone and the flag of the Union was floating over Charleston and Richmond! The Confederate bubble had burst; the cornerstone of slavery had been plucked out; the whole monstrous imposition was gone like a nightmare. The change utterly bewildered England. There was no time for its Southern partisans to "hedge" or qualify: they had absolutely to renounce their often-flaunted faith in the Confederacy—to acknowledge that they had been blindly deluded. So astonishing was the ignorance or impudence of certain of their public instructors that long after the fall of Atlanta, up to the very eve of Sherman's entrance into Savannah, English newspaper readers were being taught that the Confederates were winning victory after victory; that the Federal cause was practically lost; that Lee would be welcomed with universal applause whenever he appeared, as he was certain to do, a conqueror in Washington; that Sherman's march was a precipitate and disorderly retreat; that Grant was only waiting a decent excuse to raise the siege of Richmond and fall back for a final, futile effort to defend the Federal capital. I believe that the news of the crash of the Confederacy was almost as much of a surprise to the emperor of the

French and some of his leading statesmen.

The one grand fact which above all others smote on the ears of Europe was not even the fall of Richmond, but the surrender of Lee. Many a national capital had before then been entered by an enemy's forces, and yet the enemy had not won the victory in the end. The French visited Berlin and carried off the sculptured horses now on the Brandenburg Gate at the entrance to the Thiergarten, and bore them in triumph to Paris. The Prussians visited Paris in their turn, and brought the group back, and set them where they now stand, and named that part of the street Unter den Linden which is closed by the Brandenburg Gate, Pariser Platz (Paris Place) in proud memento of their recent visit and its recovered trophies. Did not De Lacy Evans, the gallant old British soldier who has just been borne to his grave, succeed in making his way into Washington itself at the head of an invading party? and yet the battle was not to the strong whom De Lacy Evans represented. But the surrender of Lee! The absolute confession by the greatest Confederate leader that the whole struggle was over and done! The surrender of the sword which it was an article of faith in England to believe invincible, to regard as conquering and to conquer! The pulling down by the hands of its own champions, the pulling down, once and for ever, of the flag which it was an essential part of the creed of Philistinism to regard as destined to float not only over Richmond, but over Washington! This was what amazed—and convinced. It was not that the Confederate cause had had a defeat, but that there was no longer any Confederate cause at all! Even Charleston, even Richmond, had not prepared Europe for Appomattox.

Therefore have I given this article the title which it bears. There were great political changes in Europe which may be justly called the echo of Appomattox. There is a political law, almost as clear and certain as anything in physics, which decrees that no great convulsion or revolution shall complete it—

self in any country without profoundly affecting some other country. Sorrows come not as single spies; the Immortals never appear alone; revolutions are never solitary. The surrender at Appomattox completed the second great American revolution. We all know what the first did for Europe. The *salons* of Louis Seize went wild with admiration over Benjamin Franklin: the principles of the Declaration of Independence set France aflame. La Fayette's greatest, almost his only genuine, service to the cause of revolution in his own country was rendered when he became the companion-in-arms of Washington. Out of America's struggle came that of France. "The last of the Gracchi, when dying," exclaimed Mirabeau, "threw dust toward heaven, and from that dust sprang Marius!" After the Gracchi of the American revolution came the Marius of the French, and the feudal system in Europe was gone for ever. So the impulse given by the anti-Bourbon revolution of July, 1830, drove on the people of England to the achievement of Earl Grey's Reform Bill—the measure which first established the bare principle of representation in England. The connection of one revolution with another in this manner is not always logical—at least the logical connection is not always obvious—but it is none the less certain and close.

The effect of Appomattox on Europe may, however, be traced out with something like precision. Naturally, to begin with, as despotic and aristocratic power had been lately gaining fresh strength from the warning afforded by the supposed failure of democratic institutions, that same power received a tremendous shock when it became apparent that the democratic institutions had triumphed after all. A positive rush of reaction took place in England. Candid and honorable men, like Gladstone, frankly owned that they had wholly misjudged the strength of democracy, and that they felt compelled to revise the whole edition of their opinions on the subject. Men less sincere, frank and disinterested began to regard

democracy as a sort of awful, irresistible power which it would be wise and needful to conciliate in time, lest worse came of it. *Punch*, that incomparable thermometer of the rise and fall of British Philistinism, took occasion in its verses on the death of Abraham Lincoln publicly to recant all its former opinions, and to make apology for its misjudgment of the late President and his cause. For *Punch* well knew that this would be the popular thing to do, and that the rush of reaction in English public opinion would go far on toward a very glorification of the men and the cause so lately bespattered with calumny and coarse abuse. Two convictions then seized hold of the minds of what are called the English ruling classes. "Democratic institutions may be trusted," said men of the character and school of Gladstone. "Democracy is far stronger than we thought: we must conciliate it and compromise with it," whispered the peers and the Tories. Acknowledgments of the virtue of success are sometimes made with astonishing frankness by English statesmen. Immediately after the Prussian victory at Sadowa, Mr. Horsman, a public man of great mark, who had held high office in more than one government, made a speech in the House of Commons in which he declared that he had always hitherto been strongly on the side of Austria and opposed directly to the Prussian claims and the policy of Count von Bismarck; but that after what had just happened he could no longer doubt that the state which had achieved such a triumph must have right upon its side; and with all his heart he bade Prussia and Bismarck God speed. This *naïve* confession of altered faith was received with general applause, and with little perception of the absurdity of the thing: indeed, Horsman only said what a great many of his fellow-members felt. Now, I do not exactly recollect any public homage to the virtue of a victory quite so direct and ingenuous as this in the case of the American civil war; but I am sure a great many English statesmen were influenced just in the same

manner. In the spring of 1865 the surrender of Lee took place: in the winter of that very same year it became known that the English ministry had made up their minds to bring in a Reform Bill. The Reform Bill then prepared was indeed defeated by the combination between the Tory opposition and the secessionists from Liberalism whom Bright immortalized as the Adullamites; but the Tories, succeeding to power, found that the public demand for reform had risen too high to be satisfied with short measure, and they were glad to buy another year of office by the concession of a Reform Bill much more liberal than any that Gladstone and Russell had spirit enough to offer. Two years before this bill was brought in—six months before the fall of the Confederacy—Reform in England seemed dead and buried.

Perhaps there is nothing for Americans to be very proud of in the fact that the success of the Federal arms let Fenianism loose over America and Ireland. But I do not believe any sincere man, acquainted with British political affairs, can deny that Fenianism, whatever its follies and sins, had much to do with the success of the policy which abolished the Irish Church. Over and again, within very recent years, had Bright appealed to the English government and the House of Commons for that measure of justice to Ireland: over and over again had Palmerston, Russell, Grey—nay, even Gladstone himself—declared that such a measure would be revolutionary and intolerable. I am not aware of any change in the actual condition of England and Ireland which could explain this sudden change in the convictions of English statesmen. The traditional Tory system of governing Ireland—the system which had had full sway since the days of Cromwell, and which had survived the English revolution of 1688 and the French revolution of 1789—laid down its arms and confessed defeat when Lee surrendered his sword at Appomattox.

In France the effect was naturally even more direct and obvious. For with the

fall of the Confederacy fell the Mexican Empire, the enterprise which Louis Napoleon had more than once declared would be the grand event of his reign. Alas for the hopeful, proud time when Drouyn de Lhuys could ask Mr. Dayton, half in jest, half in confident defiance, whether he, the American minister, brought peace or war, and the American minister had no choice but to take the thing as a mere pleasantry, and to answer with some easy commonplace about the necessity for peace! That was the time when French statesmen coolly declared their conviction that a French army could, if need were, effect a military *promenade* across the American continent, north and south alike. If Louis Napoleon could only have known what was to happen, he would probably have recognized the South at any risk at some early period of the war; for nothing could have happened worse for his *prestige* and the power of his Cæsarism than his humiliating march out of Mexico at the quiet, peremptory command of the United States government, and the utter ruin and tragic fate of his great enterprise. Louis Napoleon never again recovered, never can recover, what that enterprise and its failure cost him. His power lived on the *prestige* of his having made France the arbiter and the queen of the world's destinies; and that delusion utterly collapsed when, coldly bidden to withdraw from Mexico, he had to go without even daring a remonstrance. Practically, Bonapartism, Cæsarism, is now dead in France. Louis Napoleon has had to do what his uncle, in one of his moods of despair, vainly wished he could have done: he has had to shelter himself *sous les draps d'un roi constitutionnel*. The one great principle which in every speech from the throne, state paper and ministerial explanation was declared to be the foundation of the Second Empire was the principle of personal government—the people to choose the sovereign, and the sovereign then to govern in the name of the people, and to be responsible, he alone, to the people. This was the sort of magnificent peri-

phrasis in which was wrapped up the fact that the emperor had been elected by the army, and might do anything he pleased so long as he had the army with him and the army maintained its *prestige*. The stampede out of Mexico struck a heavy blow at that *prestige*; and then, at last, Louis Napoleon found that personal government was a terribly dangerous game. The one indispensable condition of personal government is continued success. The personal ruler is like the magician of a barbarous tribe: if his predictions once fail or his miracles do not work, his influence is gone, and he is likely enough to be made a victim instead of an idol. So Louis Napoleon has become a constitutional monarch, and governs through his ministers. When the American war was going on, the opposition to Imperialism in the French Corps Législatif was limited to a little knot of five men—five men who carried on what then seemed the most hopeless struggle against a vast and pitiless majority. Need it be said that one of these forlorn five is now the prime minister of imperial France? Surely among all recent revolutions that which has just taken place in France is not the least remarkable or the least complete. For it is not a change of ministry France has undergone, but a revolution.

Statesmen are men who learn by experience. *A priori* politicians are quacks. The difference between a Bismarck and a Metternich is that the former studies results, and the latter maintains theories. If ever any man started in the business of statesmanship with a disbelief in the fundamental theory of popular government, Bismarck did: he utterly distrusted and despised it. But when he began to see that it had results worth studying, he studied them and it; and he was as willing to be convinced by evidence as a judge or a naturalist is. The American war impressed Bismarck profoundly. He studied it as a savant might study the working of some new combination in chemistry. Count Cavour on his deathbed several times impatiently groaned out, "How I wish some one could tell me now what this

American civil war will bring forth!" The great, true statesman longed to learn the lesson which he well foresaw must come of such a struggle. He died too soon. Bismarck, the only living statesman on the European continent worthy to be named in comparison with Cavour, had the advantage of learning the lesson. When the American war began he was a believer in the oligarchic principle of government and legislation: when it ended he was a believer in universal suffrage. On the principle of universal suffrage he founded the North German Confederation, throwing over contemptuously the complicated, cumbersome system which prevailed in Prussia—a system which perhaps may be roughly described as one which applies to the choice of every parliamentary representative something like the political mechanism by which the President of the United States is elected. Bismarck himself publicly declared his conviction that popular representation as exemplified in the United States was the only sure and permanent foundation on which the governing system of a great people could rest. It was a remarkable and significant thing that Bismarck, who had so long been regarded by Englishmen as a living symbol of the most dogged and uncompromising toriyism, should come to receive, as he did, the public and cordial thanks of the English Reform League (then the most radical organization in England, composed of men who regard John Bright as slow and conservative) for his practical and complete recognition of the fundamental principle of free government. I presume we may take Bismarck's own word for it that he had learned his great lesson in the art of government from the teachings of the American war. The echo of Appomattox rolled along the Rhine, the Elbe, the Spree and the Danube.

Less direct, of course, is the evidence of the influence of the American war upon the revolution in Spain. Every one who has studied history at all knows that the mere repercussion of such an event produces startling effects very

often among communities the most remote and unsympathetic. A savage or a child is often surprised to see that if you place a long row of balls or marbles on a table and strike the one nearest to you, the ball or marble which first moves in acknowledgment of the impulse is the one farthest off. Perhaps when history is studied more closely as a science connected with and inseparable from other sciences, we may find the connection of events which seem remote and independent just as clear as that of the nearest ball and the farthest. But it is in any case a certain fact that the men who have been foremost in bringing about the Spanish revolution did count on the impulse of popular sentiments and free ideas given by the success of the Federal cause as a grand agency and influence toward the success of their own project. Let it be remembered that General Prim, the soul and spirit, heart and hand of the Spanish revolution, is one of the few statesmen of the European continent who knew anything of America. One of the finest things in Prim's career was the prompt and manly way in which he broke off from all share in the Mexican expedition, braving every risk of censure from his government, when he found what its real object was, and what manner of scheme and ambition it was intended to cover and promote. If Louis Napoleon had taken the advice of Prim (whom at the opening of the expedition he sought to purchase by public flattery), if he had judged of the prospects of the American struggle and the possibilities of a Mexican empire as Prim did, things might have gone better for him, and, by consequence, worse for France. I do, however, regard the Spanish revolution as in great part a result of the American war. Little sympathy with Spain seems to be felt in the United States. The Cuban revolt—a revolt, be it remembered, against the government which Prim overthrew, and not against that which he established—has apparently absorbed all, or nearly all, the interest and sympathy of this country. I cannot help thinking, how-

ever, that the present condition of things as between Spain and Cuba would be found, if we did but know it, to bear a closer analogy than most people think, to the relationship of the United States and the rebellious South just before the issue of the emancipation proclamation.

One thing must be borne in mind when we are endeavoring to understand how the American civil war and the triumph of the Union cause came to have such a direct and immediate effect on the politics of Europe. In every European country where any political struggle was going forward, the radical party, the champions of popular freedom, were during the whole of the American civil war the friends and advocates of the American Union. Bright and his followers in England, Jules Favre and Jules Simon and Garnier-Pagés in France, the best radicals of Germany, the few true patriots of Spain,—all these were throughout the American war branded with opprobrium or assailed with ridicule because they believed in the justice of the Union cause and the certainty of its ultimate success. The whirligig of time brought about their revenges. The cause triumphed; and the worst enemies, the dullest revilers of these men, had to acknowledge that their judgment and their predictions had been right. How immensely their hands were thereby strengthened for other work, no one who understood and watched the political life of Europe could fail to see. They had earned the right to be trusted as guides and believed in as prophets. It may well be a source of pride to this country to think that in its great struggle the purest hearts, the noblest intellects engaged everywhere in the political life of the old countries of Europe recognized the justice of the national cause and had faith in its success. America justified that faith, and rewarded it. Like Orlando, she wrestled well and overthrew more than her enemies; for in her own success she overthrew the enemies of freedom in other lands as well. For the second time within a century America revolutionized Europe.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

THE VIRGINIA TOURIST.

I.

VIRGINIA SCENERY.

IT is a subject of complaint and a sore reflection with Virginians that the natural scenery of their State, which they claim excels in interest any equal area of the Union, and surpasses that of Europe in the breadth of its panoramas and in many other effects, has been so long neglected, obtaining hitherto so small a patronage of the traveler and the artist. Certainly no other State in the Union can make the same number of exhibitions of the sublime and curious in works of the wonder and cunning of Nature. Yet these are but little known north of the Potomac, and a population unskilled in advertising the attractions of their neighborhoods sees them neglected, while inferior scenes and resorts in the North are attended every convenient season by tens of thousands of visitors, are displayed in illustrated papers, written of, ostentatiously described, and made objects of curiosity and of interest to the whole world. The writer was recently shown a book, entitled *Summer Resorts of America*, in which not a single place attractive to travelers for health or pleasure was noted south of Cape May. Yet here, in this wonderful State of Virginia, we have a well-defined belt of territory containing more than twenty mineral springs, in the variety and efficacy of their water certainly unequaled in the whole world, and offering the remarkable double attraction that these fountains of health and pleasure are set in a scenery unsurpassed, and wherein stand numerous wonders of Nature which have been sometimes esteemed by the few foreign travelers who have penetrated to our mountain lands as, indeed, the greatest sights of the American continent.

In years before the war these scenes were visited from abroad to some ex-

tent. This awakening interest must have been cut short by the war, or for some other reason curiosity has resiled from the mountains of Virginia, for it is certain that scenes among them once referred to as wonderful and interesting have fallen into comparative obscurity, and have for years since the war failed to make their appearance even in the advertisement columns of the newspapers. Yet what beauties may be swept by a glance of the eye across less than half the breadth of the State!

Take the Natural Bridge in Rock-bridge county, its arch fifty-five feet higher than Niagara Falls; its mystic rocks rising with the decision of a wall.

The Peaks of Otter (Bedford county), 5307 feet above the sea level, where John Randolph, once witnessing the sun rise over the majestic scene, turned to his servant, having no other to whom he could express his thoughts, and charged him "never from that time to believe any one who told him there was no God!"

Hawk's Nest, or Marshall's Pillar (Fayette county)—the latter name in honor of Chief Justice Marshall, who, as one of the State commissioners, stood upon its fearful brink, the entire spot not affording standing-room for half a dozen persons, and sounded its exact depth to the river margin, which exceeds one thousand feet.

The Natural Tunnel (Scott county) passing one hundred and fifty yards through the solid rock, making a huge subterranean cavern or grotto, whose vaulted roof rises seventy to eighty feet above its floor, and facing the entrance to which is an amphitheatre of rude and frightful precipices, looking like the deserted thrones of the genii of the mountain.

Weyer's Cave (Augusta county), which

17

820
320
5
487 7600
160
1763
5280
5307
27

has been compared to the celebrated Grotto of Antiparos, traversing in length more than sixteen hundred feet, its innumerable apartments filled with snowy-white concretions of a thousand various forms, among which stands "The Nation's Hero," a concretion having the form and drapery of a gigantic statue.

A mountain scenery, of a portion of which an English traveler passing through the Kanawha country to the White Sulphur Springs has written: "For one hundred and sixty miles you pass through a gallery of pictures most exquisite, most varied, most beautiful—one that will not suffer in comparison with a row along the finest portions of the Rhine."

Again, on the very waters of "the Rhine of Virginia"—beautiful, wonderful New river, cutting with its steel-blue blade into the very rock, and even at the base of its cliffs passing one hundred and fifty feet deep through glittering banks of the mineral wealth of the State.

The Bald Knob, with nothing but a crown of rock on its scarred summit, from which we may look as far as eye can reach and watch the passenger clouds into five States.

The Salt Pond, the mysterious lake hanging among the clouds on the side of Bald Knob, *unfathomable*, or measured in places only by the submerged forest which we see as if cast in bronze in the depths of the emerald waters.

A little farther away "a new Switzerland," compassed in Tazewell county, where "Burke's Garden" smiles in the shadow of "the Peak," and the swift streams dash like arrows through the mountain sides.

And lastly—that the freshness of a recent discovery may adorn the catalogue—the Puncheon Run Falls, discovered near the Alleghany Springs, the water hurled from the brow of the mountain, descending at an angle near the perpendicular eighteen hundred or two thousand feet—a scene in its union of the picturesque and grand unexcelled, yet which had never been noticed until the summer of 1866 but by the rude and

stoical mountaineers, who had never thought of advertising it to the world.

DISCOVERY BY THE YANKEES.

A SOUTHERN writer has ingeniously remarked: "A Northern editor recently visited Virginia, and on his return wrote just such a descriptive account of the people and the country as we should expect from an explorer into an unknown region. Indeed, one of the most noticeable things of the late civil war was the *discovery* of Virginia and the Southern States by the Yankees."

While capital and immigrants stand gazing into this *terra incognita*, we may disclose aspects of it to yet another class of adventure and of travel. Fortunately, at the time of this writing the attention of the country has been powerfully drawn toward Virginia in the interest of its wonderful industrial resources and of a system of internal improvements that has risen to national importance. It is reasonable that such a vivid and searching regard of the State must, in the end, suggest and develop all the elements of interest which it contains; that the natural scenery which envelops its resources will not be much longer slighted by the world; that the tourist will follow in the tracks of adventurers in other pursuits, bringing a novel and important element of travel into the State, and discovering a new world of beauty, as well as new kingdoms of commerce and industry.

THE SANITARIUM OF AMERICA.

WHAT is most remarkable of the Virginia springs is their peculiar accommodation as a summer retreat from those vast malarious districts which extend through the richest portions of the South and lie in the Valley of the Mississippi. The fertile regions of the Mississippi are liable to fevers (the *calentures* of the Spaniards' times), and will always be so: wherever vegetation is prolific and exuberant—precisely in the richest portions of the South—the wealth which Nature has bestowed is counterbalanced

by chills and fevers. The escape from these malarious influences, and from the diseases which abound in summer along all the tributaries of the Mississippi, is naturally to the springs and mountains of Virginia—that area of high land crowned with health-giving waters and beautified by the finest natural scenery of America. It is when the tide of the class of visitors we have described is fully turned into the springs' region of Virginia that this portion of the State will be developed in its peculiar element of prosperity, creating sources of wealth as real as those to be found in any of the producing industries of the commonwealth. The springs of Virginia have a future before them that can scarcely be measured. It will be realized when those tides of summer travel from the South which were formerly extended to tours in the North, and were distributed from Saratoga and Cape May, are collected, and obtain their true direction to the mineral waters and mountain scenes of Virginia. The extent and peculiarities of the vast populations of the South naturally turned to these as a summer retreat, the numbers, the wealth and munificent habits of a class of visitors coming from the richest portions of the cotton and sugar regions of the South will constitute the future prosperity of the springs of Virginia, and be the only limits to what are already the just expectations of the thoughtful and the enterprising.

The only difficulty will be as to the comforts and accommodations of these places. This difficulty is already apparent. The hotel accommodations of the springs of Virginia are generally insufficient or imperfect or unattractive. People traveling for health or for pleasure—especially the latter, persons accustomed to the luxuries of cities—will not visit places, however blessed and adorned by Nature, where there is only a dreary hotel of whitewashed boards, and some thin cottages uniformed with wooden washstands, bare floors and cheap, crying bedsteads. Nor will they be satisfied where the untraveled proprietor, in his coarse estimate

of human needs, thinks that only certain quantities of food have to be put into the stomachs of his guests, insensible of the truth that the human stomach of the civilization outside of his mountains needs a delicate chemistry, and that the *cuisine* is really an *art*—not contemptible, as some vulgar satirists have supposed, but one belonging to the dignity of man.

But even where the accommodations are finer and irreproachable, the hotel establishments of the Virginia springs may be said generally to be conducted on false and defective principles. They are usually conducted on the narrow methods of short and exclusive leases; or there is a monopoly of proprietorship that excludes from the grounds everything but its own ideas and fancies. The North builds at all its watering-places *competitive* hotels; it sets up shops and competes for every want of its visitors; and the entire hotel system at such places is conducted on the principle of adaptation to different classes of visitors—comfortable accommodations and necessities for all, and luxuries for those who wish them and are able to pay for them. The hotel establishment of the Virginia springs is generally a single caravansary, with *uniformity* of accommodations throughout—the narrow, one-price system of the single hotel, and its stiff rows of cottages as alike as the barracks of a regiment, even to the pine furniture and the huckaback towels. The hotel proprietor of the Northern watering-place calculates that the man who is able and willing to spend his six dollars a day shall find occasion for it; while at the same time he does not neglect the privileges of another who does not want luxuries, who is not able to pay for a private parlor or a special chamber, and who does not demand a degree of accommodation beyond the average guest. The hotel proprietor of the Virginia springs, on the contrary, has but one price and one accommodation. There are no degrees of comfort, or, what is more, degrees of privacy, such as are found in the hotel life of the North; none of its wonderful resources;

in short, too much of the old country tavern as it existed before the modern hotel became one of the phenomena of our civilization, an "institution," an empire and a study.

The defective hotel establishment (generally speaking) of the Virginia springs is doubtless a check on the prosperity of these places. Happily, however, it is a check that may be readily removed; and the present disposition, shown at the time of this writing, to improve and develop springs' property argues the commencement of an expansion of prosperity that will not be the least among the great elements of wealth in the State. The argument is simply this: there is no disposition now among the people of the Cotton States to go to the Northern cities or watering-places; they greatly prefer the Virginia springs: *only give them, and advertise to them, the accommodations, and they will come.* It is said that in the summer of 1869 there were two thousand visitors at one of these springs. There might as well have been ten thousand there from the great stock of summer custom—persons not only from the South, but from every part of the Union, who should find at these favored spots of Nature the comforts of home and the pleasures of gay society, and who would delight to linger there for at least four months of the year.

Enterprise and better management are yet to be more fully learned by the proprietors of these places. In the lesson of the latter is the art of advertising. It is the custom of the Virginia springs to advertise in a few local papers—the lowest appreciation of advertising, a system of waste, since it addresses only those best calculated to know otherwise of subjects in their neighborhood, neglecting those who are removed from sources of information other than comes to them by the skill and enterprise of the advertiser. Such skill and enterprise are yet to carry a knowledge of the springs' region of Virginia beyond the contracted borders of special localities and to all parts of the country—the knowledge that here, accessible to the

traveler from North, South, East and West, is a region more healthful than the fabled islands and more beautiful than Dreamland—a region where Nature has intermingled the fountains of health with the feasts of the eye—where she presses to the lips of the invalid the living waters in the garnished and jeweled urns of mountain rock, and spreads before the eyes scenes lovelier and grander than those which imagination with remote and wandering steps pursues beyond seas and deserts.

It is a striking knowledge: it cannot fail of effects. When the invalids who sigh in every corner of the country shall know the true value of the mineral waters of Virginia; when the æsthetic man of the North, the artist and the tourist, shall learn that there is a natural scenery in Virginia which in the richness and variety of its expressions is so admirable, unsurpassed perhaps in its whole effects in any equal spaces of the world; when the guide-book of Virginia is admitted into the current literature of our times as freely and commonly as the pretentious and more intricate *vade mecum* of Northern and European tours,—we may justly then expect that a bulk of travel and of wealth will be poured through this region not much less than that which has built up Long Branches and Saratogas, or that which, each summer, crosses the Atlantic to dissipate its curiosity and its money in foreign lands. The future of the Virginia springs is a magnificent speculation, and there are great prizes bound up in it.

At present I am firmly persuaded that there is no field of investment in Virginia that presents such opportunities as does the already awakened improvement of springs' property. Nor do I regard this matter only in the light of benefits to a class of property-holders; nor even exclusively in the interest of the numbers resorting to these places for health and pleasure. It is a real element of public prosperity—part of the economy of the resources of Virginia and pertaining to the interest of the whole commonwealth. The aggre-

gate results to the whole State of the development of the springs' region is no mean consideration. It is an interest not only to the philanthropist concerned with the ills of humanity, not only to men of sentiment and pleasure, but an interest to be cultivated in our public economy, our legislation, our system of internal improvements, our press, our literature, and to be shared by all who truly and in all respects desire the prosperity of Virginia.

DISTANCES IN VIRGINIA.

FROM the town of Liberty, twenty-five miles, on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, from Lynchburg, the turnpike to Buchanan leads through a gap high up on the side of the mountain, and a country road deflects to the summit of the Peak. The distance is good fourteen miles. And here I may give an admonition to the traveler that should avail him in all the mountain region of Virginia: it is, never to lose time or temper by asking distances of the country people. If he does so, he will be driven out of his wits by the inconsistencies and absurdities of the answers given; and it is not only ignorant people who will innocently misinform and annoy him, but it is remarkable that the most intelligent persons residing in the country blunder most unaccountably as to distances, and that on roads familiar to them. "Just over the mountain" is generally ten miles; and "a piece farther" may be half a mile or five miles. When, at Liberty, I mounted for the Peak, I was told by the nimble barkeeper at the hotel that it was ten miles away: the fat proprietor, who shuffled in slippers, said fifteen. I had ridden a mile out of town when I met a wagoner and asked the distance to the Peak. "It's nigh onto nine mile." I had traveled five miles farther, when I accosted a man on horseback, "How far to the top of the mountain?" "It is eleven miles," he said, solemnly. I was halfway up the mountain when I discovered a sleek negro at the door of a cabin, to whom I repeated the incessant question. "Yes,

sir"—with an air of importance: then throwing up his eyes to the sun as if making an astronomical calculation—"yes, sir: it's just exactly about *twenty-five miles!*" I answered nothing, and rode on. I have no commentary to make, except the assurance that each answer was given me precisely as recorded, and that I have related an actual experience.

THE PEAKS OF OTTER.

At last I am ascending the mountain through a succession of panoramic views. The road at one time seems going away from the Peak: now it bends back with new determination; now it flattens out on an observatory, where I pause with involuntary exclamations as I see the country below rolled out, and far beneath me the red stripe of road by which I have come. It is a wild and desolate country immediately around me. I ride for miles with no sign of human life by the roadside but what some hut contains; some dogs bark at the horse's heels; and an old, half-nude negro glares at the traveler with savage curiosity, ceasing his work in a half-scratched field of withered corn. Suddenly, and as if by a magical translation, the road that has hesitated in such scenes comes out upon a broad shoulder of the mountain, in sight of a pleasing mansion, and where are noticed with infinite surprise all the evidences of the broad and garnished farm of a wealthy planter.

A LANDED PROPRIETOR.

It was indeed a surprising revelation to find displayed here something like a vision of feudal proprietorship. I had got to the "gap" of the Peak before I was aware: fenced in by the hills, it affords no view of the country below, and thus gives no idea of its elevation, save by comparison with the yet unscaled top of the mountain; and I had thus insensibly ridden from an almost savage surrounding into a scene of broad acres and cultivated rural life.

Mr. H——, a well-known gentleman of Virginia, owns three thousand acres here, and has a numerous tenantry. It was a picture of the old plantation life of Virginia hid away in the niche of a mountain—the romantic home of a modern feudatory suspended in the clouds. The hospitality of the proprietor detained me; and it was indeed as refreshing as it was unexpected to dismount at a house which would have been of no mean pretensions even among our lowland gentry, crossing a cultivated lawn to it, and noting evidences around of a thrifty industry as well as a refined taste. The name of the place is "Bellevue." But there is no view, so concealed is the place in the mountain gap, except the Peak, which stares into the sky and throws a shadow down sharp as a spear-head at evening. The neck of land which constitutes the farm is well cultivated, tobacco being the staple production. There were no workmen in the fields; and their absence there was painfully explained to me when a few minutes later there passed a funeral procession of negroes in their decentest attire, following a short pine coffin placed in a rude wagon, that drove slowly to a grave dug in the obscure side of the mountain that perhaps had bounded all that the dead one ever knew of the life of this world.

Mr. H——, a representative of the best of the intelligent large land-proprietors of Virginia, instructed and interested me greatly in descriptions of the resources of the mountain region which he so eminently occupied. I found that the people were developing a new industry here in the raising of fruit, and especially in the culture of the grape. Mr. H—— had just sold for fourteen hundred dollars the apples he had gathered from trees scattered about in the fields, and hitherto grown without the least attention. He was now about to make a large experiment in the production of wine from the Joplin grape. The description of the country about the Peaks of Otter answers, in respect to the grape, for nearly the whole length of the

Blue Ridge in Virginia. On the sunny slopes of these mountains there are said to be precisely the conditions needed for the growing of wine-making grapes. The air is dry, the warmth entirely sufficient, the soil suitable; so that there would be no mildew, the fruit would ripen at the proper time, and the crop would be abundant. These are the conditions indispensable to the production of the juicy wine-grape. The want of proper geniality and warmth in the climate of the North disables that country from producing the wine-grape, while it succeeds well in producing the solid table-grape. On the other hand, south of Virginia there is danger of mildew from the dews and fogs. Mildew is the great enemy of the grape, and it cannot flourish where the causes of the disease prevail. On the sunny slopes of the Blue Ridge there is no danger of this evil, and I was assured that there the wine-grape could be produced to perfection, and to an extent that would soon make a new feature of industry and a new resource of wealth in the State.

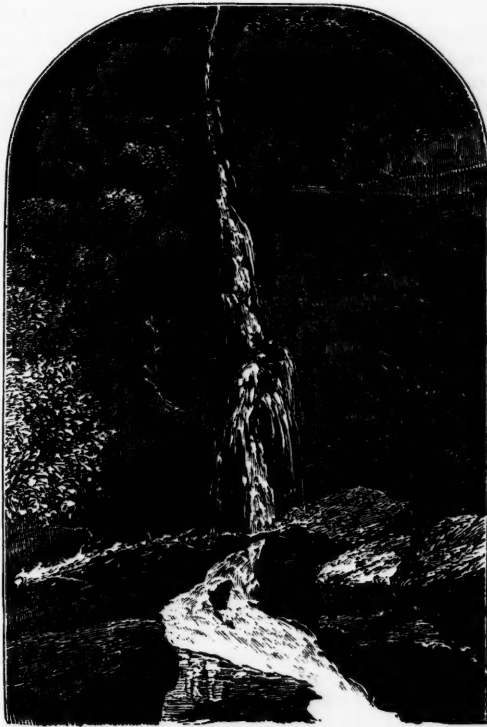
PUNCHEON RUN FALLS.

WITHIN the leafy and untrodden forest of Montgomery county, in the southwestern quarter of Virginia, on one of the rocky ribs of the Alleghanies, not more than eight miles from the famous Alleghany Springs, which for years have numbered their visitors by the thousand from all parts of the Union, a gentleman (Dr. Isaac White, the resident physician of the springs), rambling for trout up one of the forks of the Roanoke river, found hid in the green curtains of the woods, and defended by fortress and palisade of rock, what is now known as, or rudely called, the "Puncheon Run Falls," and what is destined (if I can trust my own impressions) to exceed in its attractions those already well-known "sights," such as the Natural Bridge, the Peaks of Otter, Weyer's Cave, etc., which have made Virginia famous for its monuments of the beauty and cunning of Nature. In the midst of what must have been

once a grand convulsion of the elements, and where the mountain side appears to have been torn open almost to the primitive rock—a wound from an unknown source, unhealed, and kept open and fretted with huge masses of stone—a mountain stream descends, not perpendicularly, nor yet by stages of descent, but at an angle near the perpendicular, in a smooth plait of currents, knotted with white cascades, some eighteen hundred or two thousand feet, measuring the length of the water. But the scene and its surroundings are best described from different stand-points of personal observation. The journey to secure these was not without interest, but I have not the space here for a record of the trip which made for me a day of various and ineffaceable memories.

The first expression of curious inquiry which is made by the visitor at Alleghany Springs concerning this grand and even sublime scene, so close to a resort thronged no less by lovers of Nature than by those who come to drink of the most wonderful health-giving waters of this State, is, that it should have remained so long undiscovered, or rather unnoticed, to the world. It is wonderful, almost ludicrously so, that a singular class of people, for whom there is no other name here but the general one of "Mountaineers," living close to the Falls, where they scratch the ground for a meagre subsistence, and sometimes visiting the springs, bringing chickens, eggs, fruit, etc., should yet never have mentioned, not even signified by a word casually dropped in conversation, the existence of this wonder of Nature, in the presence

or within the sound of which they lived daily, and some of them had been born. There is a "settlement" within a quarter of a mile of the foot of the Falls, and a number of clearings about their top. The people who inhabit these spaces on the mountains are a singular class of country people; very ignorant, of course, but yet possessing much of the silence and stoicism of the red man.



PUNCHEON RUN FALLS.

They are little disposed to converse, except with those who have the art to fall in with their manners—jealous or disdainful of "city folks," and in their uncouth life show much more of harsh reserve than of mere rustic shyness. They are not communicative (except in whisky)—of course are desperately ignorant; but their singular impassiveness is what most strikes the traveler. Those

who lived near the Puncheon Run Falls saw nothing remarkable in them, and therefore never spoke of them. Not a word, not even an accidental allusion by these people, ever discovered that there was within eight miles of Alleghany Springs what was worth crossing half the breadth of this continent to see. But for the adventurous steps of an enthusiastic sportsman, the ramparts of rocks and the veil of the forest would yet have secured against intrusion this grand and cunning work of Nature, now accessible to the army of tourists and the thousands who pursue in all the ways of travel the genius of natural scenery.

Speaking to a neighboring mountaineer after his first impression from the discovery of these Falls, Doctor White moderately remarked that they were a great curiosity.

"I don't see nothing kewrus about 'em," responded the man, disdainfully. "When the water comes over the top it is bound to run down to the bottom, and der ain't nothing kewrus or *comical*" (a rustic synonym for "strange") "in that. Now"—adding, meditatively—"if the water was to *run up*, you see, then I allow it would be a *kewrosity*"—a characteristic expression truly of rustic philosophy.

CAMP OF DESERTERS.

THERE are local associations of the Falls of a singularly romantic nature, which are not to be omitted from my narrative, and which appropriately conclude its interest. In the almost inaccessible country near the top of the Falls, where there was a more modern settlement known as Puncheon Camp, there are remains of a noted refuge of deserters in the war of 1812. There are imperfect walls of stone yet visible where they constructed rude abodes and defied pursuit. Farther down the side of the mountain, perched on a steep slope, where a single man might hold in check a thousand pursuers, there is an object of yet greater interest—a house or cabin built of large stones, and so cunningly

thatched with mosses that to the distant eye it has the appearance of one large rock on the perilous edge of the precipice. This singular structure is now known as the fortress and abode of a number of deserters from the Confederate army in the late war; and it is reported that as many as forty or fifty of them harbored here, making predatory excursions into the surrounding country for subsistence, and invariably escaping those who pursued them by the ingenuity of their refuge. The place knows them no more, but it yet hangs on the mountain side, its loosened thatches of moss fluttering in the breeze, one of the most interesting relics of a war whose crooked paths of romance are yet untrampled by historical detail, and are yet to be illuminated in story.

THE MONTGOMERY WHITE SULPHUR.

IT is not so much as an invalid resort that these springs are famous; and the proprietors appear to have the good sense to understand that, after all, the invalid patronage of watering-places is but a small proportion of their profits, and have therefore determined to keep their place in a style of elegance and comfort that will afford to that large portion of the public in motion in summer an attractive resort and a social rendezvous. For the gayeties of its seasons the Montgomery White Sulphur has a peculiar and unrivaled reputation among the watering-places of Virginia. There is nothing of the sapless and uninteresting life of an invalid resort. The social life here, high as it is, is peculiarly *Southern*; drawing its animation from the principal Southern cities, such as New Orleans, and having less of that Northern shoddyism which it has been attempted to import into some of our summer resorts in Virginia. Our Southern belles might perhaps improve their taste in decoration, but we are sure that people of fashion in the North might improve their own style by imbibing some of that earnest and natural gayety and enthusiasm, that unconcealed sense of happiness and enjoyment, which cha-

racterize the more impulsive and demonstrative people of the South in places designed for pleasure and recreation.

MOUNTAIN SOCIETY.

THERE is a social and literary cultivation in this mountainous country which often takes the stranger by surprise. The hospitality of some of these homes is elegantly dispensed; some of the finest private libraries in Virginia are found here; the daughters of the wealthier proprietors are sent to distant cities to be educated, and it is not unfrequent to find them giving that excellent grace to the social circle which we may expect from the real refinements of culture without the affectations of fashion. But what is remarkable of Tazewell and of other parts of Virginia, rudely called "the mountains," is that with such a degree of intelligence and refinement as that noticed we should find the most violent and even grotesque mixture of the abjectest ignorance. The contrasts in this respect are of the sharpest and most painful sort. What may now be the scale of popular intelligence in Tazewell I do not know, but before the common-school system was instituted in Virginia, it was estimated that of 3317 persons in the county over twenty-one years of age, 1490 were unable to read or write!

A RIDE THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS.

THE people who inhabit the wild country which breaks into a succession of mountain and valley in the southwestern corner of the State are designated generally as "mountaineers." They are a peculiar class, with very strong marks of character and manners upon them. They differ widely from the lowland rustic in the freedom of their manners, in their superiority to the bashfulness and slouching manner of the bumpkin of Eastern Virginia, and in the energy and even sharpness of their discourse. When you ride to the cabin of a mountaineer there is no scampering of an astonished family, and no un-

pleasant incident of small, uncombed rustics peeping through the intervals of brush-heaps or through the cracks of fences at the sudden apparition of "the stranger;" no whining, distrustful greeting of "Mister;" no feeling on your part that "the man in the store clothes" is on exhibition in a curious circle of unmannerly wonder. The master of the house advances to meet you with a free manner: he has not much to say, but generally his words are meet and sufficient: you discover that while he has the stoicism, he exhibits the *nil admirari*, the silence, the self-collection of the red man of the forest; and it is only when he discovers you to be as unaffected and natural as himself that he warms into discourse, yet speaking with a strange energy, in loud, distinct, decisive tones, and with a brevity and sententiousness that sometimes really rise to the dignity of a literary study.

"Look here," said I, "old man" (a term of dignity always appreciated by the mountaineer), "why do you smoke so much?" for I had observed him filling pipe after pipe, without a moment's intermission, in the space of an hour. "Well, sir, I live *here*"—tapping his pipe: "I has my pleasure in whatsoever I is at for de time I am at it." Could there be any more brief or pregnant exposition of the philosophy of *carpe diem*?

In an intercourse of some days I found that the dialect of the Virginia mountaineer was not without peculiarities. If he wishes to explain that he is well and in spirits, he is "hunky;" but if he wishes to give you a very emphatic assurance of his feeling very agreeable, he is "hunky-dory." Whatever is not sweet and fruitful is "flashy." The peaches were "flashy" on account of the drouth. But the word of greatest pregnancy—that in which the eloquence of contempt is boiled down, strained and compressed—is "extrornificacious." It was explained to me as the derivative of a verb meaning to build up and to pull down. A worthless busybody, a man busy, but with little results, is "extrornificacious;" and woe to the unhappy wight upon whom the weight of

this word is laid—to whom this fearful adjective once attaches in the critical distribution of the mountaineer's opinions and judgments of men!

From the roads running through Tazewell county the writer, being conveniently on horseback, turned off several times to explore the irregular tracts of mountains on the wayside, and to claim the hospitality of their singular inhabitants. That hospitality was never once denied. Indeed, its abundance was at times embarrassing. "Stay all night," and the addition, "I'll treat you as well as any man," was the unfailing invitation on our journey. Once, when I had said, "Good-evening, gentlemen," after having mounted my horse, my companion replied, as we rode away, "*Gentlemen* indeed!—for I offered one of them a dollar for having pursued and caught my horse up the side of the mountain, and he actually refused it, as if he had been hurt by the offer."

The county of Tazewell is, as we have observed, far away from markets: the people sell only those things which "walk away"—meaning cattle, horses, swine, etc. In midsummer the farmers begin to gather their cattle for the drovers, who start usually about the first of September on their way to the Eastern markets. Before the war, this county exported, annually, about seven thousand head of cattle, and it was not unusual to see the roads lined with them for miles, many of them passing to market through the county from Kentucky and Tennessee. The traditions of the commerce of Tazewell are among the most interesting of Southwestern Virginia, and the modern traveler gathers from stories of the old settlers many curiosities of the early history of this part of the State. One of the early settlers, yet remembered by name (James Witten), had, one day at a house-raising, jocosely inquired of his comrades what they would think if in twenty-five years wagons actually came into the county and passed along the very valley in which they were at work? "We think," they replied, "you are a fool." Yet in less than twenty-five

years there were roads in Tazewell county, and wagons traveled to it from cities hundreds of miles away. The local historian (Doctor Bickley) says: "Goods were then wagoned into Tazewell from Philadelphia, one wagon-load generally sufficing the whole county. About the year 1800 a sack of coffee, for the first time, was brought into the county. It was kept by Mr. Graham, the merchant, a year and a half, and then sent back as altogether *unsalable*." The mountaineers had not yet learned the use of the prime staple of the breakfast-table, which is yet an uncommon consolation of their poor descendants—a consolation which, adulterated at the cheap grocery and stirred up with the native sugar of the maple, is by no means an unmixed one.

But what is most surprising to the modern tourist is the size and value of farms (mostly devoted to grazing purposes) owned by rude men, living in smoked log-cabins, whose appearance would betoken them as dire, half-nude children of poverty. There is many a feudal proprietor here in the guise of hickory shirt and disproportioned pantaloons. "Uncle Billy"—the avuncular title is only one of dignity—owns twelve hundred acres, a beautiful domain on a broad tableland, probably three thousand feet above the sea level. There is a natural park here of chestnut and white pine, some of the trees fifteen to twenty feet in girth, fit to be the ornaments of a nobleman's estate: there are bursting granaries; the broad fields are picturesque with cattle; there are store-houses of hides, tallow, butter and wool; yet "Uncle Billy" goes in his shirt-sleeves, lives in a log-cabin, and having taken several drams, villainously sweetened with maple sugar, on the day we alighted at his cabin, whines dismally, "Ole Billy is poor, but Ole Billy, you know, doctor, is bound to have his spree; and Ole Billy had his jaws slapped at the saw-mill last night by one of the boys; and Ole Billy cussed him to h—ll and back again; and Ole Billy has a white man's principle," etc., etc. But Uncle Billy is happy and contented

in his own way: he raises the finest cattle to be found in the Eastern markets, and he puts the money in more lands, which he farms out on shares to the boys—a characteristic of these mountaineers being an ambition of tenantry, and an extreme tenacity of landed property.

It is painful to notice the seclusion in which these mountaineers—even the better class of them—are satisfied to live. It is a seclusion which nurtures some virtues, but which begets a habit of life, a slipshod industry, difficult to be understood in the populous and cultivated old Northern States. A mountaineer will live in what he esteems comfort, and in what he exhibits as contentment, in a cabin to which there is no access but a hog-path, and cut off by unbridged mountain streams, which, swelled by freshets, may imprison him for weeks. The blacksmith, the harness-maker, the wagon-maker, are unknown in his neighborhood. He will do his work of all sorts—cobble harness, work a farm with one poor wornout plough, and will have about as many tools for five hundred acres of land as a live Yankee will require for fifty. The loneliness of his life never troubles him. Mr. Horace Greeley, traveling in another part of South-west Virginia (Pulaski county), says: "Coming down from the mountains to Wolf Creek, our party struck the clearing of a pioneer who had probably lived here fifteen to twenty years, had cleared twenty to thirty acres, and had most of it in grain; yet who had no outlet but a bridle-path—no sign of cart, sled or wagon-track—to the road, half a mile distant, and perhaps three hundred feet below him, through a forest of superb oak, where a good week's work would have made a very passable cart-way." This is a picture which we may see in almost any mountain hollow of South-west Virginia—a bridle-path going up dry beds of streams and along precipices to a mean log-house squat in a recess, the master of which, though

comparatively a man of means, has been satisfied for years to plod the same way to his dwelling as when he first picked his steps through the forest and made a clearing for his home.

Altogether, the mountaineers of Virginia are remarkable for a simplicity of primitive life—a simplicity of some hardy and manly aspects, quite unlike that mere want of cultivation or that degeneracy which, among the opportunities of more populous communities, designates the lower and ignorant classes. There is nothing of the squalor or wretchedness of poverty in the mountains. It is the native simplicity of the lives of this people that interests us, not the vicious or slouching poverty that comes from loss of caste or neglect of opportunities in other societies. There is nothing in common between the poorest mountaineer and the "mudsills" of the lowland community. The poverty of the mountain is picturesque: it is hardy, healthful; it is a school of rude but independent manners, not one of degradation or of mendicancy, as elsewhere. One excellent trait in the life of this people will be testified to by the observant traveler. It is the exceeding cleanness of even their humblest homes. The exterior of the log dwelling is uninviting enough, but it would be unjust to omit the surprised experience of the traveler at the neatness and comfort he finds across the rough-hewn threshold. The few articles of furniture are well arranged. The bed, which is always found in the main room where strangers are received, is almost uniformly spread with a coverlet of snowy white, forming a contrast to the dingy log walls and rough floor of boards or puncheons. The dress of the inmates, though often scanty, is clean homespun. Their appearance is healthful: the men gaunt, muscular, remarkable for the want of color in the face, but having nothing of the sallowness of a sickly or ill-conditioned people.

EDWARD A. POLLARD.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

HALF a decade has elapsed since Hawthorne died, and in the retrospect we find his literary example emphasized by a survey of our limited native field of artistic development in letters; for he eminently possessed the patience of the true artist; he obeyed the laws of intellectual achievement; he subdued that vivacity of temperament which is only content with immediate and obvious results; he turned resolutely aside from the thoroughfare and the arena, and in solitude wrought out his conceptions with conscientious skill and calm reflection; and therefore it is they still appeal to us, still conserve for us not only his name, but his nature—not his fancies merely, but his life; therefore it is they are a permanent trophy, and not a casual memorial, and, amid so much that is incomplete and ephemeral, retain intact their graceful individuality and normal interest. Nor is this an accidental result. It was assured by the earliest as it was confirmed by the latest of his productions; for both are alike distinguished by pure taste in expression, high finish, distinct aim and artistic fidelity—the conservative elements of literature. Years ago, when Hawthorne's name was scarcely known beyond his native region, we wrote of him in an old diary thus:

"I have passed this long, balmy forenoon delightfully—reading Hawthorne. How considerate in B—— to send these winsome volumes to refresh my exile! I remember, when I first encountered one of his sketches in a Boston annual, I thought Hawthorne was an assumed name quaintly devised for an Elia-ish incognito; and it struck me as quite appropriate, for is not Hawthorn the favorite hedge, and is not its very mention suggestive of verdure, home and a cheering wayside? I know not how long I remained under this delusion, but being accustomed to haunt the Athenæum, I would sometimes look up from my book

and speculate upon the silent figures around me in the reading-room. I cannot affirm that there was often anything in them upon which imagination might complacently repose; neither did their habitual attitudes emulate the graces of Praxiteles. They were chiefly retired merchants who dozed or mumbled over the newspapers, and whose physiognomies betokened Mammon's votaries:

'Across whose brain scarce dares to creep
Aught but Thrift's parent pair—to get, to keep.'

"There was occasionally, indeed, a sprinkling of professional youths whose fees were inadequate to their office rents, and whose leisurely movements betokened a hopeless ignorance of patients or clients. Sometimes, too, a well-to-do physician, with that air of self-esteem consequent upon being a domestic necessity to sundry prosperous families, would step rapidly in, whip in hand, and stand a few moments at the table carelessly glancing at an English Review; or a popular divine would ensconce himself in an arm-chair and very snugly gloat over Hook's jokes or *Blackwood's* sneers, peering ever and anon about, to assure himself he was unobserved by any prying member of 'our parish.' Into this heterogeneous assembly I more than once observed a personage glide with a very unobtrusive step, and a certain gentle self-withdrawal of bearing that awakened in my breast a vague sympathy. His figure was completely enveloped in a cloak—the high cape almost concealing his features. He walked, as I have said, very modestly in, seated himself noiselessly by the table, drew a magazine toward him, and, leaning his head with a kind of subdued content above it, seemed to read like a man who could fold an author's thoughts up in his own with an affectionate patience. He never looked around. There was a harmonized quietude in his position. In fact he wore that aspect which makes one of lively

sympathies instinctively say, 'A penny for your thoughts'—only there was that about him which repelled all idle curiosity. You felt there was a rich human sweetness in the silent oracle that forbade untimely interrogation, but if it were to breathe spontaneously, could not but 'discourse most excellent music.' Repose of manner is not common among us, and to an observant mind its rarity makes it very welcome. It betokens inward resources. Perhaps this is why it is deemed characteristic of a gentleman—as one whose position secures him from that eagerness of outward aim that marks the demeanor of the vulgar. There is something that whispers of faith, too, in repose. We are apt, and with justice, to imagine that a quiet conscience, a satisfied affection or a serene trust thus diffuses calmness over the pilgrim of life. I saw a dark and lustrous eye gleam from under my quiet neighbor's brow, and knew thereby that his was not the tranquillity of a stagnant or indifferent spirit. One day, for the first time, I saw him acknowledge, by a slight inclination, the greeting of a friend of mine as he left the reading-room. I hastily followed and inquired the name of the unknown. It was Hawthorne, and thus those dreamy sketches that had charmed me in the annuals as they gracefully reposed, like Goldsmith's memory, under the Hawthorn 'for whispering lovers made,' became associated with my gentle mystery of the Athenæum.

"What charms me in this writer's genius is his felicity in the use of common materials. It is very difficult to give an imaginative scope to a scene or a topic which familiarity has robbed of illusion. It is by the association of ideas, by the halo of remembrance and the magic of love, that an object usually presents itself to the mind under fanciful relations. From a foreign country our native spot becomes picturesque, and from the hill of manhood the valley of youth appears romantic; but that is a peculiar and rare mental alchemy which can transmute the dross of the common and the immediate into gold.

Yet so doth Hawthorne. His 'Old Apple-dealer' yet sits by the old South Church, and 'The Willey House' is inscribed every summer-day by the penknives of ambitious cits. He is able to illustrate by his rich invention, places and themes that are before our very eyes and in our daily speech. His fancy is as free of wing at the North-end or on Salem turnpike as that of other poets in the Vale of Cashmere or amid the Isles of Greece. He does not seem to feel the necessity of distance either of time or space to realize his enchantments. He has succeeded in attracting an ethereal interest to home subjects, which is no small triumph. Somewhat of that poetic charm which Wilson has thrown over Scottish life in his *Lights and Shadows*, and Irving over English in his *Sketch Book*, and Lamb over metropolitan in his *Elia*, has Hawthorne cast around New England, and his tales here and there blend, as it were, the traits which endear these authors. His best efforts, I think, are those in which the human predominates. Ingenuity and moral significance are finely displayed, it is true, in his allegories; but sometimes they are coldly fanciful, and do not win the sympathies as in those instances where the play of the heart relieves the dim workings of the abstract and the supernatural. Hawthorne, like all individualities, must be read in the appropriate mood. This secret of appreciation is now understood as regards Wordsworth. It is due to all genuine authors. To many whose mental ailment has been exciting and coarse, the delicacy, meek beauties and calm spirit of these writings will but gradually unfold themselves; but those capable of placing themselves in relation with Hawthorne will discover a native genius for which to be grateful and proud, and a brother whom to know is to love. He certainly has done much to obviate the reproach which a philosophical writer, not without reason, has cast upon our authors, when he asserts their object to be to astonish rather than please."

Although Hawthorne, the man, was

comparatively so little known in his lifetime in that social way that affords such available material for gossip and criticism in the case of so many contemporary authors, yet in another sense few writers of the time are more thoroughly revealed in their inmost personality to such as meditate his record; for this is essentially the history of his mind—the revelation of his consciousness; and as if to complete and confirm it, copious extracts from his note-books and letters have been published since his decease. A leading English critical journal sneered at these data of observation and experience as too unimportant to be interesting; but to the student of literature and the analyst of character they are eminently so, for thereby we learn the process of his authorship, the fidelity of his observation, and his manner of regarding the most familiar elements of life. Taken in connection with his finished works, in these notes we trace his development and his career step by step: we see the details of his daily experience, and realize how he garnered and arranged them for purposes of art. That these are often the reverse of extraordinary, that they are such as thousands are familiar with, and to an unreflecting and unobservant mind they convey no romantic hints, ethical truths or infinite possibilities, only render their statement more suggestive of the latent significance of the most common lot and surroundings when noted by patient intelligence or meditated by an earnest soul. To such, Nature is an ever-new and inspiring picture, sentiment and sensation a conscious relation to the universe and to destiny, and life itself a wonderful drama. From old Salem to Brook Farm, thence to Berkshire valleys and a Massachusetts village, or across the ocean; at an English seaport and in the heart of Italy; as an officer of the customs, a Socialistic novice, a consul, farmer, author; in an old manse of New England or lone villa in Tuscany; wandering in his native fields, along the green lanes of old England or beside moonlit Roman fountains,—we follow his thoughtful

step and his dreamy eye, and feel anew the mysterious process through which life is interpreted, Nature described and Art illustrated by Experience. What strikes us in these desultory notes is the variety of his observation, the facility of his psychological sympathies. Not only secluded dell and radiant sunset, historic scenes and the trophies of genius, but the homeliest details and least inspiring facts of daily life find mention—a wharf and a bar-room not less than a wood or a lake; the weather, a garden, an orchard, a roadside encounter with vagrants, the talk of the gifted, a solitary ramble, the advent of apple blossoms or the ripening of a gourd—whatever the eye beholds or the heart responds to yields food for speculation or a glimpse into the philosophy of life. Open the casual record at hazard and you light on a glimpse that hints a picture, a humorous sketch or idea, an anecdote that may be expanded into a tale, a fantasy which is the germ of an allegory, a trait of human character to be wrought into dramatic interest. Slight as are the incidents, familiar as are the scenes, we can imagine that to such a mind they have a meaning and a use, and learn to appreciate the great truth that “a man's best things are nearest him—lie close about his feet.” Hawthorne noted moods of mind as well as external facts: he elicited with zest the ideas of diverse human beings, to compare and contrast them; and found suggestive alike the talk of critic and vagabond, sailor and farmer, politician and bigot. The Notch in the White Hills, the limited view from a city window, and the sights and sounds of a lunatic asylum, were each and all to him sources of curious knowledge and avenues of truth. How simple the habits, intent the observation and patient the record of the reticent man thus humbly yet profoundly occupied in the study of life; which, to most of his fellows, was and is a whirlpool absorbing consciousness and whelming individuality! “I bathed in the cave o'erhung with maples and walnuts—the water cool and thrilling;” “what a beautiful afternoon this has

been!" "men of cold passions have quick eyes;" "the natural tastes of man for the original Adam's occupation is fast developing in me: I find I am a good deal interested in our garden;" "O perfect day! It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward;" "I found one cracker in the tureen, and exulted over it as if it had been gold;" "I take an interest in all the nooks and crannies and every development of cities;" "a morning mist fills up the whole length and breadth of the valley between my house and Monument Mountain;" "the wind-turn—the lightning-catch—a child's phrases for weathercock and lightning-rod;" "a walk with the children: we went through the wood: they found Houstonias there more than a week ago;" "one thing, if no more, I have gained by my custom-house experience—to know a politician. It is a knowledge which no previous thought or power of sympathy could have taught me, because the animal, or the machine rather, is not in Nature."

There is one remarkable passage in these note-books which tells the whole story of Hawthorne's authorship, and tells it from his inmost heart: there is a great lesson to be thence learned, and a singular pathos and power involved therein. On one of his visits to the home of his childhood, just as prosperity began faintly to dawn upon his long and sequestered life-work, local associations, always strong in their appeal to his nature, seem to have inspired him to unwonted self-revelation; and he thus recorded his baffled zeal and self-reliant loyalty, so unconsciously indicative of rare natural gifts and an intensely reflective character: "*Salem, Oct. 4, 1840—Union St. Family Mansion.* If ever I should have a biographer, he ought to mention this chamber in my memoirs. Here I sit in my old accustomed chair, where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales—many that have been burned to ashes, many that doubtless deserved the same fate. This claims to be a haunted chamber, for thousands upon thousands of visions have appeared to me in it; and some

few of them have become visible to the world, because so much of my lonely youth was wasted here, and here my mind and character were formed; and here I have been glad and hopeful, and here I have been despondent; and here I sat a long, long time waiting for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all—at least till I was in my grave. And sometimes it seemed as if I were already in the grave, with only life enough to be chilled and be numbed. But often I was happy—at least as happy as I then knew how to be or was aware of the possibility of being. By and by the world found me out in my lonely chamber, and called me forth—not, indeed, with a roar of acclamation, but rather with a still, small voice—and forth I went, and found nothing in the world I thought preferable to my old solitude till now. And now I begin to understand why I was imprisoned so many years in this lonely chamber, and why I could never break through the viewless bolts and bars; for if I had sooner made my escape into the world, I should have grown hard and rough, and been covered with earthly dust, and my heart might have become callous by rude encounters with the multitude. But living in solitude till the fullness of time was come, I still kept the dew of my youth and the freshness of my heart. I used to think I could imagine all passion, all feeling, all states of the heart and mind; but how little did I know! We are not endowed with real life, and all that seems real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream till the heart be troubled: that touch creates us; then we begin to be; thenceforth we are beings of reality and inheritors of eternity."

This last conviction lies at the basis of all genuine productiveness in Art—verbal, plastic and pictorial—and fidelity thereto is a test of the integrity of genius. De Quincey has well defined the two great divisions of literature—that of power and that of knowledge; the former, being in its essence creative, im-

plies an absolute inward experience as the condition and inspiration of original and genuine work: all earnest natures recognize the law, and are not to be lured into factitious labor or ingenious imitation as a substitute for what must be born of personal emotion and imperative consciousness. These were the traits which made Charlotte Brontë's few novels memorable; and her biographer tells us that "she thought every serious delineation of life ought to be the product of personal experience and observation—experience naturally occurring, and observation of a normal kind." "I have not accumulated since I published *Shirley*," she said. "What makes it needful for me to speak again? and till I do so, may God give me grace to be dumb." There are special temptations for an American author to evade this ethical condition—the demands of the immediate are so pertinacious, while vanity and gain conspire to compromise both fame and faculty. It is a rare distinction of Hawthorne that he was so true to himself in this regard.

He alludes to the number of stories which he burned as unsatisfactory to his mind: those he published at first appeared in a casual form: they came out successively in periodicals—some of the earliest in a literary annual, then a favorite mode of dispensing the best obtainable prose and verse. In 1837 these were collected in a volume under the name of *Twice-Told Tales*: his old classmate, Longfellow, praised them in the *North American Review*; and long before their descriptive merit, "glancing wit, tender satire and subtle analysis" had been recognized by a few, another fellow-collegian, the Rev. Dr. Cheever, had also written of their "darkly passionate and weird" inspiration. They were more finished in style than any writings of the kind since the appearance of the *Sketch Book* and *The Idle Man*, yet they made their way slowly; and their author, from sheer necessity, had to have recourse to less artistic and more temporary expedients, such as a political brochure—the *Life of Pierce*, when he became the Democratic can-

didate for the Presidency—and the *Journal of an African Cruiser*, which he edited for his friend Bridges. It was on the appearance of this latter volume that I received from Hawthorne a letter which evidently cost him no small effort to write to one then comparatively a stranger. The book appeared in New York, and he wrote that, having learned I took an interest in his writings, he wished I would call attention to this new venture in the journals of that city, stating, by way of apology for the request, that he understood such advertisement of New England products was essential to their sale beyond the limits of the Eastern States, and that this was now to him of vital importance, inasmuch as for twenty years he had been writing with little pecuniary remuneration, and had a family to maintain by his pen. This consideration it evidently was that induced him to overcome his pride and reserve and endeavor to enlist external aid. The letter was singularly modest and courteous. Fortunately, his wishes had been anticipated: before the gentle and dignified appeal was made I had sent an article to a leading magazine, wherein the claims of his genius were inadequately but sincerely affirmed. Soon after, the *Scarlet Letter* was published, and its success revived the fortunes of his previous work: he had also proved apt and inventive in juvenile literature. Although still restricted and secluded, he did not work in vain. "I live," he wrote me in June, 1851, from his humble home among the Berkshire hills—"I live in the very ugliest little bit of an old red farm-house you ever saw, but with a beautiful view before, or rather behind, it. In the vicinity there is every sort of walk—mountain walks, and wood walks, and walks by the lake shore; but sometimes, I must own, I sigh for walks on a pavement. For more than a year past I have not been ten miles from Lenox: thus far, since the summer began, I have been busy with a book of stories for children." Thenceforth his literary activity, alternating with periods of official duty, kept him prosperously

occupied; his actual life and environment always forming the vestibule of his romance—as in the introductory picture of the "old manse" in the *Mosses* therefrom, of the Salem custom-house in the *House of the Seven Gables*, and of the consular experiences in *Our Old Home*. Whether a weigher and gauger (like Burns) in Boston, where it appears he was a favorite with sailors, or a volunteer delver and mower at Brook Farm, an experiment embalmed so subtly in his *Blithedale Romance*; in the old parsonage at Concord (with Thoreau and Emerson for neighbors), "from whose windows the old clergyman watched the fight between his parishioners and the British in the Revolution;" at his busy post in Liverpool, where he gave away no small amount of his salary to impoverished countrymen—whence he made charming excursions into the rural interior of England, and where he had such formidable encounters with "civic banquets"—all forming delightful chapters of his English sketch-book; in his walks and talks in old Rome, so vividly embodied in the *Marble Faun*; and the brief interval of competence and repose on his return from his long exile to his new house in Concord—shadowed and saddened by the war for the Union, which seemed to cast down his soul in unutterable protest and pity,—his authorship and experience kept pace together, with graceful emphasis and progressive significance—at once the fruit and flower of that loyalty to his high vocation which had sustained his long and lonely novitiate.

Thoroughly American, and of the genuine Eastern type, were the antecedents of Hawthorne: his nature and surroundings were fitted to deepen the traditional idiosyncrasies of his birthplace, and endow him to become their most characteristic interpreter. Born in the old New England town whose colonial history is so tragically memorable, on the fourth of July, 1804, his progenitors had emigrated from England and participated in the persecution of the Quakers so pathetically illustrated

by their descendant in his first successful sketch as a verbal artist—"The Gentle Boy." On the father's side his ancestors were seafaring men—"a gray-haired shipmaster, in each generation, returning from the quarter-deck to the homestead, while a boy of fourteen took the hereditary place before the mast." Here we have the origin of the adventurous and observant vein in the future author, over whose young soul a domestic bereavement cast no transitory shadow, when, in 1810, his father died of yellow fever at Havana, and made his mother a sorrowful recluse for life. She is described as beautiful, and this widowed loyalty proves her rare sensibility, which her son inherited. She sent him, when ten years old, to a farm belonging to the family on Sebago Lake, in Maine, to regain his health: he returned invigorated, and completed his studies in a year, so as to enter Bowdoin College in that State in 1825, with Longfellow, Cheever and Franklin Pierce. After graduating, Hawthorne lived retired in his native town—a hermit, a dreamer and a thinker—"passing the day alone in his room, writing wild tales, most of which he destroyed; and walking out at night." In 1832 he published an anonymous romance, which he never claimed, and the public could not identify. Such a youth is exceptional in America, where the struggle for life's prizes begins at its threshold, and the exigencies of the hour usually launch the collegian into the world prematurely to work for bread and fame. The inestimable benefit of an interval of rest—for the mind to lie fallow and the faculties to strengthen—in our busy land, between academic education and the career of manhood, is obvious, especially in the instance of such refined aspirations as those of Hawthorne. This episode, so unusual then and there, has been described as a "wandering, uncertain and mostly unnoticed life;" but that it was auspicious to the author's development and conservative of the man's best nature, he, as we have seen, long after recorded as his grateful conviction. After his contributions to the

Token and the *Democratic Review* had made manifest his rare gifts, he received an appointment from the Boston collector, but lost it on Harrison's inauguration in 1841: then passed a few months in a co-operative community in West Roxbury, Massachusetts, which furnished him with several types of character—"the self-conceited philanthropist; the high-spirited woman bruising herself against the narrow limitations of her sex; the weakly maiden whose trembling nerves endowed her with Sibylline attributes; the minor poet beginning life with strenuous aspirations which die out with his youthful fervor." In 1843 he married and settled at Concord, where he lived for three years, when a change in the political world made him surveyor of the port of Salem, where, for another three years, he was the chief executive officer of "the decayed old custom-house." When, in 1850, the Whigs were once more in the ascendant, Hawthorne lost his office and retired to Lenox, Massachusetts, to dwell on the borders of the lake called the Stockbridge Bowl, and resume, with new zest and success, his literary pursuits. In 1852 he returned to Concord, and on the election of Franklin Pierce as President of the United States was appointed United States consul at Liverpool, where he remained eight years; and after visiting the Continent and passing a winter in Rome and a summer in Tuscany, returned to his native land, crowned with fame in literature, and so far prosperous in circumstances as, for the first time, to feel himself independent. A long and happy evening to his days was anticipated by all who knew and honored him; but his pleasure in being once more at home was embittered by the sanguinary, and, as he long thought, hopeless, struggle that convulsed the nation. Still, in the serene exercise of his rare powers, in the congenial retrospect of his foreign experience, and the comfort and cheer of assured success as the reward of past waiting and vicissitude—in domestic happiness and social recognition and genial activity—benign were the closing

years of Hawthorne; but their close none the less seemed sadly premature. A future for him and for us had shaped itself nobly from the firm and faithful basis of past achievement, and to the natural grief for the departure of a gifted spirit and an illustrious countryman, was added the pang which attends the abrupt ending of a happy dream.

Introspective authors, known intimately as such, excite singular personal interest, and we eagerly desire to be admitted to their consciousness when the crises of life occur or the shadow of death is upon them. All who followed Hawthorne with sympathetic insight as a man through the discipline and self-distrust of hope deferred, and as an author in his psychological and picturesque delineations of life, character and their environments, felt a tender and reverent curiosity, when his own existence on earth closed, to realize his feelings and faith in those waning hours which had become too sacred for the familiar record he used to keep in more vital and observant days. Such knowledge is only obtainable through the confidence of intimate friends. Reticent as Hawthorne was by nature and habit, and few as were his associates, we have sought not in vain to follow his patient and faltering steps as he descended into the dark valley. The friend of his youth was alone the witness of his departure. It has been thought and said that Hawthorne's friendships were unaccountable: it has created surprise that he found apparent congeniality in men of totally diverse tastes and temperaments from his own. This, however, is explicable if we consider that men of genius, especially of the kind which distinguished him, are feminine in this—that they find solace and satisfaction in "variety of the accustomed." Constitutional shyness makes the process of intimacy and confidence long and often irksome with them. They may enjoy, to the full, intercourse with kindred minds, and appreciate the regard and fellowship of those devoted to the same pursuits, but they shrink from self-revelation to such: they reserve their

"abandon" for those with whom old and early habit has made them perfectly at home. In college, as we know, Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce grew into the most intimate relations—first, through constant association, and then by virtue of the very diversity of their natures. This kind of fellowship, if it survives youth, is rarely superseded by later ties; and it is therefore quite natural that the friend Hawthorne chose to be near him in the days of his decline, and who felt himself drawn specially to that sad ministry, should be he who learned to love the reserved student, and, when politically successful, sought and secured prosperity for the gifted author.

Many remember the surprise created by the nomination of Franklin Pierce for President of the United States—one of those partisan exigencies which have again and again thwarted the plans of the sagacious and disappointed the most prominent and probable candidates. The astonishment was shared, in this case, by the candidate himself: he heard of his nomination while sojourning at a Boston hotel, which was immediately besieged by office-seekers and politicians, who, for some hours, were refused admittance by the bewildered nominee. When, however, Hawthorne's card was handed him, he was glad to see the friend of his youth at such a time. The latter's first greeting was, "Frank, I pity you;" to which the candidate replied, "I pity myself." All lovers of genius and of literary integrity, of whatever party, rejoiced that Hawthorne's friend had it in his power to honorably provide for a man who had so bravely endured privation and so modestly awaited the ordeal of public appreciation. He had the fortitude and pride, as well as the sensitiveness and delicacy, of true and high genius. Not even his nearest country neighbors knew aught of his meagre larder or brave economies: he never complained, even when editors were dilatory in their remuneration and friends forgetful of their promises. When the poor author had the money he would buy a beefsteak

for dinner: when he had not, he would make a meal of chestnuts and potatoes. He had the self-control and the probity to fulfill that essential condition of self-respect alike for those who subsist by brain-work and those who inherit fortunes—he always lived within his income; and it was only by a kind of pious fraud that a trio of his oldest friends occasionally managed to pay his rent.

For many months it had been evident that the vital forces of Hawthorne were declining. He grew easily fatigued; his step was less certain; he became more and more silent; he was often sad. Like all men of intense mental activity and sensitive temperament, when overworked or discouraged his chief resource was a ramble or a journey. In the spring of 1864 he accompanied one of his publishers to Philadelphia, escaping a while the bleak atmosphere of that season in New England. His relations to this his best financial friend were peculiar: through him his first literary success was secured; he received and invested the surplus earnings of the absentee author when American consul at Liverpool, and had obtained from Hawthorne a promise, on the eve of his departure for his post, that he would faithfully keep a journal of his observations and experiences, and that he would send him all he could spare from his official income, to be carefully nursed into a competence for his family. Never was better advice given or wiser service performed by publisher to author. The investments, pecuniary and intellectual, thus made, became the means of comfort and genial as well as lucrative occupation to the returned writer in the maturity of his years and his fame.

They started on this brief excursion—Hawthorne an invalid and Ticknor in health; but the latter was stricken down and died at the hotel in Philadelphia, and the former, as he afterward expressed it, "saw him through;" an anxious and terrible vigil for one in his enfeebled condition and with his delicate sympathies. The care and the shock precipitated his own death. When, after his

return home, his strength continued obviously to decline, he and his old friend proposed a little jaunt, such as in days of health Hawthorne specially enjoyed—a drive in their own vehicle, and as convenience or caprice might dictate, amid the hills and valleys of New England, just as May was bringing out the early wild flowers, tinging the maples with red buds, and making the woods pure and fresh with the blossoms of the dogwood and the star-like anemones on the moss below. Hawthorne, probably owing to his nervous condition, felt better in a carriage than when sitting still or lying down: the movement soothed him. At times his old pedestrian habits revived, and he walked miles through the snow late in the winter. They left Concord, Massachusetts, and drove to Centre Harbor. A continuous rain had kept them in doors, but when it cleared, next day, and Hawthorne declared himself better, his friend was encouraged, and they started for Plymouth, New Hampshire.

Before leaving home, he was much depressed, and wrote in a memorandum-book what seemed like the intention of a will—commencing, "In the name of God, amen. I, N. H., being in danger of sudden death," etc.; but it was simply a request to his wife to give a certain sum to his sister, living at Beverly, to whom he was tenderly attached. It was afterward a not unnatural surmise of his companion that, with his curious introspection and affectionate nature, he may have gone on this journey with a presentiment that it was his last, and undertaken it for the express purpose of avoiding the painful parting with his family; like Sterne preferring to die at an inn. As they proceeded, Hawthorne seemed to revive, but he had no appetite and little strength; and when they reached the Warner House at Plymouth, where they were to pass the night, he declined dinner. On the way he asked his friend if he saw Thackeray when in this country—that author's death had recently occurred—and Mr. Pierce, wishing to beguile the invalid into a literary or personal discussion which would di-

vert his attention from himself, replied to the inquiry, "Yes, I saw him, and he said an extraordinary thing to me—viz.: that your *Blithedale Romance* was your best."

Instead of dwelling upon this opinion of the famous satirist, however, Hawthorne's mind was evidently intent upon Thackeray's recent departure, and he replied, "But there is another thing: we must all go." "Yes," acquiesced his friend, "but not yet, I hope," and tried to engage him in cheerful talk until their arrival at the inn; but his mind was evidently occupied with the idea of his approaching dissolution, although there was no apparent cause for immediate apprehension. "We must all go," he continued, "and if we could go without the agony and the consciousness, what a blessing!" Toward evening he was tempted to a slight repast, which he seemed to relish, and then lay down upon a sofa and fell asleep. In two hours his faithful companion awoke him and said, "You will be more comfortable in bed." "I think so," he said, cheerfully. Assisted to undress, he was soon in a tranquil sleep again. It was the 19th of May, 1864, at three o'clock in the morning, when his friend looked into the room, which adjoined and communicated with his own, and noticed that Hawthorne had not moved from the posture assumed when he first retired. Alarmed at this immobility, he went and leaned over him and found he had ceased to breathe: neither temple nor heart responded to his touch. The gifted thinker, the weird dreamer, the baffled aspirant, the patient artist, to whom life had been so deep a mystery, so long a struggle, so pure a triumph—Hawthorne was no more: his spirit had passed quietly, unconsciously, peacefully, as he had, a few hours before, prayed that it might.

In one of his early sketches, "The Haunted Mind," there is a prophetic hint, as it were, of his own calm and mysterious departure from earth: he alludes to the vague line of demarcation between sleeping and waking as akin to that which divides present con-

scious being and "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns:"

"With an involuntary start, you seize hold on consciousness, and prove yourself but half awake by running a doubtful parallel between human life and the hour which has now elapsed. In both you emerge from mystery, pass through a vicissitude that you can but imperfectly control, and are borne onward to another mystery. Now comes the peal of the distant clock, with fainter and fainter strokes as you plunge farther into the wilderness of sleep. It is the knell of a temporary death. Your spirit has departed, and strays like a free citizen among the people of a shadowy world, beholding strange sights, yet without wonder or dismay. So calm, perhaps, will be the final change—so undisturbed, as if among familiar things, the entrance of the soul to its eternal home!"

Irving was buried on so beautiful an Indian-summer day in December that its tranquil and misty glow is associated in the minds of those present with the last scene of his life and the memorable landscape his fancy and fondness had peopled with legend and lore, as if Nature had sympathized with the sad rites

of his funeral day. A like charm, though of spring-time, hallowed the obsequies of Hawthorne, and is commemorated by one of the gifted group who assembled around his bier. It was one of those days of sudden transition from an easterly rain-storm to tempered sunshine, when the air is fragrant with the odor of fruit blossoms wafted on a light southern breeze: it was too subtle in its loveliness to be called a "crystal day;" an afternoon of brooding elemental life, the calm mystery whereof seemed analogous to the psychological suggestiveness of him whom sudden and quiet flitting awed while it melted the mourners—a mingled and overpowering sentiment truly expressed by Longfellow:

"Across the meadows, by the gray old manse,
The historic river flowed:
I was as one who wanders in a trance,
Unconscious of his road.

"The faces of familiar friends seemed strange:
Their voices I could hear;
And yet the words they uttered seemed to change
Their meaning to the ear.

"For the one face I looked for was not there,
The one low voice was mute:
Only an unseen presence filled the air,
And baffled my pursuit."

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

HOW I FOUND MY FATE.

MY husband wandered about the room, moving chairs out of right angles, pulling out curtain-folds, and making it homelike after a man's fashion, while I sat in an arm-chair, and hugged myself that the Fates had made such a pet of me.

We were married yesterday at noon, and then had a "reception"; that is, all the neighbors for ten miles around who could lay hands upon a wedding garment came in in a promiscuous way, and made my hand lame with shaking it and my cheeks rough with kisses.

Then we traveled all night, and came into New York between daylight and dark, in the "owl train."

We went to the "Aladdin," where our rooms were engaged, and in two seconds the gaslight and the blazing coal fire brought back all the glow of romance of our condition that the chilly night ride had somewhat dissipated.

"New Yorkers ought to be a handsome set of people, they are so fond of lining their walls with mirrors and multiplying themselves all about the room," I said, for the sake of saying something, as I

detected Sydney watching me in the opposite glass with a very lover-like expression.

"It was in a looking-glass that I first made your acquaintance, do you remember?"

I answered only with a look, which acted on him like a magnet, and when we had gone over that old story, it seemed so long ago, and so much had happened since, that we began to feel quite like old married people.

When we went to breakfast, I don't think even a waiter suspected us of being a bridal couple, unless we overdid it by being too indifferent.

There is no pleasanter touch in all the weddings to which Dickens has invited us than the little breakfast at Richmond with John and Bella Roke-smith, whose newly-married state could not be mistaken for a moment; yet they kept up vigorous allusions to former anniversaries of their wedding-day, till a sympathetic and fatuous young waiter placed before Bella a wilted spray of orange-blossoms in a wine-glass: that exploded the mystery.

On our way up stairs again we walked deliberately to the great mirror which made one end of the long hall, and looked at ourselves from head to foot, smiling at each other meantime in a way that would have convinced any intelligent witness of the proceeding that we were a couple of runaway idiots, whose friends ought to be notified at once.

Sydney has gone up town now to fetch his married sister to see me. I dread her coming very much, and instead of thinking about it, I mean to tell the story of that looking-glass. I suppose no woman ever had a great gift of fortune fall to her lot without thinking many times afterward (for woman's work usually leaves a wide margin for useless thinking) how small a pivot the whole matter turned on, and how easily a few words, or a few steps to the right or left, would have put it wholly out of her reach.

I am fully persuaded that if the furnisher of the "Aladdin" had put a painted panel or a carved hat-rack at

the end of that long hall, instead of an enormous mirror, I should never have been Mrs. Sydney Van Hoeck; and this was how it all came about.

I rushed into our house one day last spring out of breath with running, and with one hand shut very tight, for into the glove on that hand I had tucked my fortune. Banditti are not numerous in the high latitudes of New Hampshire, but the trustees of Beacham Academy on that day had paid me my salary for a year's work as assistant teacher, and the responsibility of riches was heavy upon me.

My father is a well-to-do farmer, and liberal enough with his money in all things which tend to any practical use; but when I intimated to him that I must have ten dollars to buy a bonnet, or five for a bit of a collar which perhaps no mortal in Beacham would know from cotton lace unless they were told, he parted with the money so regretfully that I have known a little corner of the bill to be pinched off before it reached me. I vexed his soul with hankering after impossible luxuries, and took up school-teaching that I might have a little money to waste at my own sweet will.

I grew almost despondent, nevertheless, when I laid the little pile of bills on the ironing-table, and began to realize the difficulty of getting out of them all their hidden possibilities of pleasure.

"It was a good notion," said my father, "to hold your hand till you could take it all at once. Women mostly take their wages by dribbles, and never have nothing ahead. Now, what do you mean to do with it?"

"I am open to advice, but I don't promise to follow it."

"I say, put it in the bank. I'll take it over the next time I go to Burlington."

"No indeed: I should never see it again. I would sooner paste the bills into my scrap-book."

"You'd better save it for a rainy day," said Aunt Rebecca: "you never know when it's coming."

"I don't want to know when it's coming: there's always time to borrow an umbrella when it does come."

"If I were you," said Aunt Floranthe, who long ago absorbed all the sentiment of the family, "I would buy a lot of linen and damask, and have a handsome fit-out all ready to put into your own house when you have one."

"I must see the 'man of the house' first, auntie," I said; and I am glad I had the grace not to say a word about that great chestful of housewifely treasures which Aunt Floranthe had made in her youth. They were going to decay, and she had found no use for them. My precious money should never be wasted in that way.

Later in the day, when no one was near, my mother whispered in my ear, "You might buy some books and a picture or two, but you need not say you did it by my advice."

"So I might. I'll sleep upon it."

My school-work had been sheer drudgery, and I did not mean to go back to it. The books and pictures would be lovely, yet not wasteful enough. I wanted no reminder of my bondage.

When I went down next morning I found Miss Janet Perkins in the kitchen.

"Oh, Mari-an," she began (my name is Marian, but Miss Janet always accents it on the last syllable), "I'm in a peck of trouble. I've got that dress-maker from Burlington, and she can't stay but one day, nohow, because there's so many folks without a dress to their backs waitin' for her; so I've come over to borrow you to help her sew, 'cause you've got such a knack in your fingers; and if you'll come right away, maybe she can get all the fittin' done to-day, so I can do the rest myself. And if you can't, or don't want to, say so;" and Miss Janet reined up her long sentence with a jerk.

"Yes, I'll go this minute; but what can you do with so many new dresses?"

The etiquette of our village does not forbid leading questions.

"Ain't a-goin' to be married, I suppose?" said Aunt Floranthe.

"Not if I know it. The fact is, I hain't never been out of sight of my own chimney smoke, and I don't feel like going

into another world without having a pretty good notion of this one. I've got some business in New York, and I reckon there ain't no likelier place to see folks and buildin's. I may come home next day, and I may stay a week or so: can't tell till I get there. I don't want to be hooted at in the street as if I'd stepped out of Noah's ark and been travelin' ever since; so I've got some new gowns, and a woman that knows what's what to fit 'em. You needn't all look so struck-up, as if the meetin'-house was going to take a walk. I never played any when I was young, so I have to do it when I am old. I s'pose you think I'm an old fool, but I know you won't say so to my face if I set here till sunset. Come, Mari-an, don't prink any more."

The peculiarity of Miss Janet's conversation was, that nobody could get in a word edgewise till she stopped to request it.

"Well, I never!" said Aunt Floranthe when we were fairly outside the door. "It's enough to make Uncle Kiah come out of his grave to see the way she makes his money fly."

"Didn't I help earn the money?" retorted Miss Janet, putting her head in at the open window. "Didn't I raise more'n a thousand hens, and every one of 'em needed more tendin' than a baby? What with warm dough, and boilin' potatoes, and poundin' up plastering, and their always wantin' to set when there wa'n't no reason in it, I didn't have any peace of my life, to say nothin' of hatchin' out chickens in the oven, when the hens thought it wa'n't worth while to set any longer just for one more."

"It's all true, Miss Janet: you've made more money than any other woman in town," said my mother; and Miss Janet's ruffled feathers were so smoothed down by this concession that she suffered herself to go on with me to her little gambrel-roofed house, as weather-beaten and stubborn a fact in the landscape as Miss Janet herself.

I sewed with might and main, and all was done that two pairs of hands could compass in a day. When the

dressmaker had departed, to the relief of the many "without a dress to their backs," Miss Janet fastened all the doors and windows, turned the lamp down to the sepulchral point and came close to me:

"Now, Mari-an, I'm a-goin' to tell you somethin'. I s'pose it don't make a straw's difference to you whether I like you or don't like you (it's only old folks that knows that a good, strong liking ain't to be had for the askin'), but you are just such a gal as I should have picked out for a daughter if I'd got married and there was such a thing as pickin' and choosin' in the matter of children. I did have a sort of a kind of a leanin' to your father when we was both young folks (I never thought I should have told anybody of it), but he never showed no sort of a leanin' toward me: and maybe it's just as well, for I never could have stood Rebecca and Floranthe peckin' at me all my days, as your mother has. She don't dare to say her soul's her own. I do think two old maids in a house are more than one woman's allowance."

Miss Janet paused for breath, and I seized my opportunity to say it was late for me to go home alone.

"Sakes alive! so 'tis; but you see I get so full of talk when I'm here alone (for hens ain't no company) that when I do get a crack at anybody, it all comes out at once. I'll walk up with you myself (I'm good as a man any day), and say what I had on my mind before 'em all."

They were all sitting up for me.

"Miss Janet is going to make a speech to us all," said I.

"That'll be something new," said Aunt Floranthe, between whom and Miss Janet there had been chronic warfare longer than I could remember.

"I don't come here to keep honest folks out of bed for nothin'; and it ain't none of your children, Floranthe, that I'm goin' to talk about, though no doubt they'd have been perfect if you'd ever had any. It's just this: David Gay, I want to take Mari-an to New York with me. If you've got anything to say

against it, let's hear it;" and having delivered her challenge, Miss Janet folded her arms and compressed herself to listen.

"It would take a great piece of money."

"That's my lookout."

"No," said my father after a pause, "I don't want to be under obligations to nobody. I'd let her go and pay the bill myself, if there was any use in it, but I've made up my mind there ain't."

"'Twon't hurt your mind to take it to pieces again; and you needn't talk about obligation. I'm goin' to take her to be useful to me—to look up street while I look down when we're crossin' it; and if hotel-cookin' should send me into a fit in the night, I want her there to bring me to; and, if she couldn't do that, to see that I wasn't buried among a set of folks that I never spoke to in my life."

"It's an obligation, all the same, and we should never be sure when we had made it up to you. She's got foolish notions enough in her head now, readin' that yellow-covered stuff every month." This was my father's disrespectful way of speaking of the pale-ale color of the *Atlantic* and the creamy tint of *Harper's Magazine*, which my mother subscribed for out of a bit of a dividend that was all her own.

"Have your own way, and live the longer," said Miss Janet; "but you've refused a good offer, which is more than Floranthe ever did."

"Oh, Miss Janet, would a hundred dollars pay my share of the journey?" I cried out with a sudden thought of my unused capital up stairs.

"To be sure, if you didn't stay too long; but where's it to come from?"

"I've got it under my pillow, and that's the way I'll spend it."

"And save the other fifty?" said my father.

"Oh no: I shall want that for a new dress to take with me."

"You sha'n't be a bit poorer for pleasin' an old woman," Miss Janet said, and departed in triumph.

I think my father was glad in his heart to gratify her without giving up

his own will : he had such a horror of indebtedness that I think he would gladly have paid for the air he breathed. It was a great relief to have settled upon a sufficiently wasteful way of spending my fortune.

I selected black silk for my new dress, because that comes nearest to making a woman invisible. It is said that even at Newport there is a black-silk phalanx among the ladies which safely defies the evil eye of criticism. The dress was made with a train, the rustling of which made music in my ears. Not so the elders when I tried it on for their benefit : they looked upon it with open scorn.

"I s'pose your new dresses are made that way too?" said Aunt Floranthe to Miss Janet, with a fearful depth of sarcasm.

"Not a bit of it. I should feel like a dog with a tin kettle tied to his tail if I had to drag all that cloth after me. My gowns always *have* cleared the ground and always will, and folks have begun to come round to my fashion, as I knew they would if I waited long enough."

I encroached on my hundred dollars to buy a white piqué for morning, and at the eleventh hour Miss Janet gave me a lovely brown suit, matched throughout, from the gauntlet gloves to the brown bird with a scarlet crest on its head, which looked as if it had just lighted on the hat to rest its wings. I actually cried for joy when I saw it, and left my father to think what he liked of the capabilities of fifty dollars.

Miss Janet suggested that two or three old dresses should be rejuvenated for the occasion, which was done accordingly, in spite of various asides that we were making great preparation for so short an absence.

"Short! I don't know about that. We may sprain an ankle apiece and have to stay three months. There ain't a live critter left on my place, not even a hen : a lame bantam was the last, and she didn't earn her board, so I gave her away yesterday. I can stay as long as I live if the notion takes me," said Miss Janet.

Aunt Rebecca regarded me as an

Israelite going into Babylonish captivity, and gave me much good advice on my last evening at home :

"Now don't pick up anything in the street, no matter if it's a diamond ring, for fear some dreadful creetur has worn it ; and if anybody holds out a paper to you, don't take it : it might be a tract, and make a Roman Catholic of you. And, above all things, don't have anything to say to strange men, for the heart of man in the city, and everywhere else, for the matter of that, is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

I gave her my promise, like the Jesuits, "with a mental reservation."

Aunt Floranthe had a more favorable opinion of men : she was a woman of one book, and that one, *Sir Charles Grandison*. At the last moment she called me into her bed-room and drew a vivid comparison between the perils of matrimony encountered by Harriet Byron on her visit to London and those which I might look for in New York.

"Do you suppose, auntie," I asked with wicked levity, "that a row of fine young men will be waiting for me at the cars, and running after me all the time to offer themselves?"

"I hope it won't be so bad as that," said Aunt Floranthe, seriously ; "but don't you know how hard the New York girls are spoken of in the papers? Nobody wants to marry them because they paint their cheeks and are so extravagant. I guess they will know a nice modest girl, with a pious bringing-up, when they see one."

"I hope so, I am sure."

"And, Marian," she went on in a whisper, lest a bird of the air should carry it to her sister's ears, "if you should see anybody anyways like Sir Charles who seems to like you, don't be too stiff with him, but kind o' go half way to meet him ; and if it comes out right, I'll give you all my sheets and pillow-cases. I do wish I could be there to advise you."

I put up a mental thanksgiving that she could not, but I must confess that I pondered her advice in my heart most

of the night, without a thought for Aunt Rebecca's wisdom.

Miss Janet traveled as heartily as she did everything else, and criticised the passengers and the scenery with equal freedom.

"Verily, the Philistines be upon us!" she said as a dozen or more hackmen attacked her right and left; but she charged in among them valiantly, selected the least vociferous one, and scattered the rest like chaff before the wind.

Even the splendors of that noble caravanserai, the "Aladdin," did not abash her spirit in the least.

"Are you the head man here?" she said, marching up to the desk, with me following in her wake.

"I represent him, madam," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"Well, I've just come from most the highest place in New Hampshire, and I've heard you keep your attics for country-folks: now I live in a one-story house when I'm at home, and have the rheumatiz besides, and I can't go up more'n three pair of stairs. If you've got a room no higher than that, say so: if not, I'll look farther."

I know not if this address made any difference, but we were at once furnished with a pleasant room within Miss Janet's limits.

Her ideas must have been made on a large scale to begin with, for all the little economies of her life had not narrowed them. She viewed the gay upholstery and herself in the long mirrors with a complacent yet critical eye.

"It hain't got but one fault, as I see," was her conclusion: "it's too high-studded for comfort."

The first morning we took an early breakfast, and found no one in the dining-room but a few business men. Afterward, Miss Janet insisted on waiting till eight o'clock, though it broke the habit of a lifetime.

"We've come to see the folly of it, and we'll see it. When you're in Turkey you must gobble."

The magnificence of the dining-room at the "Aladdin," which seems to frown

on any food less refined than nightingales' tongues and peacocks' combs, at first took away my appetite, but I soon recovered it. In time I got over the idea that everybody was looking at me, and dared to take notes for myself. Miss Janet's notes were always audible to the half dozen people who frequented the same small table with us.

Two young men always sat opposite to us at breakfast, and I could not help smiling back sometimes to the merriment which danced in the eyes of one of them when Miss Janet was more than commonly graphic. Those eyes were the only fine features about him: he was decidedly homely, in the Yankee sense of the word; but his eyes lighted up his face, just as the flower which he sometimes wore in his buttonhole brightened the rest of his dress. I wondered if he dared to be sentimental enough to wear it to his business.

"That old woman is as good as a play," I heard him say once as we were close behind him in the hall. "I wonder how she is related to that little rosebud of a girl that sticks so close to her?"

"Mother, perhaps," said his companion.

"Can't be. Didn't you hear her say this morning she thanked her stars that she was never in bondage to any man?" And then they were out of hearing.

If Miss Janet had heard it too, she made no sign. It was very pleasant—the "rosebud of a girl." I thought of it often through the day. Miss Janet was punctual as a town clock; it would have been safe to set your watch by her any time; and we had nearly reached the dining-room door next morning when she stopped and began to search herself in a distracted way.

"There! I've certainly left my glasses up stairs. I'll leave 'em to you in my will if you'll run up and get 'em for me. There's some stairs at the end of this hall that'll take you there quicker: I was prowlin' round last night, and found 'em."

I was rushing quickly through the hall to which Miss Janet had pointed, when I saw a young girl coming fast to-

ward me, dressed in white like myself, and with a strangely familiar face. I went to one side to pass her: she turned the same way, and I brought up hard against the great mirror which formed one end of the hall. For the fraction of an instant I saw myself, and was bitterly disappointed. Could it be that I was no prettier than that? The shock was severe enough to bring tears to my eyes.

"Are you hurt?" said a voice beside me, and I looked again into the pleasant eyes of my neighbor across the table. It was the one who had called me "a rosebud of a girl."

"No, I am not hurt."

"What is it, then?"

"I was only disappointed a little."

"Disappointed! What do you mean?"

Then I realized the absurdity of having committed myself to a stranger, but being in for it, there was nothing left but to explain:

"I mean that I saw myself as others see me, and was the least bit disappointed that I did not look better."

"What a vain little girl you must have been!" and he went on his way, repeating in a low tone, but I caught it—

"O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as ithers see us!
'Twould from many a whimsy free us,
And foolish notion."

I thought, How could anything have been more unlucky than my foolish confession? but before I found the glasses I had strained a drop of comfort out of his reply.

I persuaded Miss Janet to wait in the parlor till he should have left the dining-room; and when we went to the table at last a splendid white flower, the like of which had never blessed my sight before, lay beside my plate. Miss Janet took no notice, and I carried it away with me.

In the evening we caught a rumor of a banquet to be given in honor of a scientific man who had just made the world ring with a great success: we joined ourselves to the crowd in the parlors, who were lounging about if per-

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adventure they might catch "some collateral sweets" and "sidelong odors" from the feast.

"Miss Perkins," said the hotel clerk suddenly appearing at her elbow, "one of your neighbors at table wishes to be introduced to you and Miss Gay. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Van Hoeck." And my bright-eyed friend sat down beside Miss Janet and made talk with her, till I could look at him without blushing at the thought of my morning trouble.

"I suppose you're a Dutchman," said Miss Jane, breaking a pause.

"I beg you won't suppose anything of the sort. My family have been born in this country since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. Miss Gay, the ladies are beginning to come to the banquet (at least to the after-clap, for they are not admitted till after the dinner). Will you walk in the hall with me and see them come out of their dressing-rooms?"

I went gladly, but when I was leaning on his arm I had nothing to say for myself. I had thought when I went about with the young farmers at home, and was so tired of their talk about their breed of sheep and their "medder-land," that I should be perfectly at ease with such young men as were described in my favorite stories—city-bred, cultivated and well-mannered—yet here was their very model, and I was dumb: it was my second disappointment in that day.

"Oh don't go there!" I entreated as he turned into the hall where was the great mirror. "I was so silly this morning."

"Not at all. I suppose every woman thinks herself prettier than she really is—it's a part of her happiness—but not one in a thousand would have acknowledged her mistake as you did. I haven't deliberately gone about the world with Diogenes' lantern looking for an honest woman, but I was very glad to find one, nevertheless."

This was pleasant, but oppressive.

"I wish I knew the names of some of these ladies," I said: "they look so lovely they ought to be famous."

Just then an exquisite robe of white

satin covered with lace and rosebuds flitted across the hall: it was so perfect that I forgot to look at the face that crowned it.

"I am glad to be able to gratify you in one or two instances," said Mr. Van Hoeck. "That one in white was Miss Caroline Pettitoes. She knows all that is worth knowing in the art of dress."

The name was familiar. All at once I remembered the *Potiphar Papers*, and realized that my new friend was quietly amusing himself at my expense.

"I did not see her face," I said: "is she pretty?"

"Perfect as a wax figure. Now look at this one in black lace and corals: it is Ethel Newcome, who scorns all these airy nothings, but comes, nevertheless."

Then a great wave of bright colors and gleaming shoulders swept across the hall into the ante-room: the doors were shut, and the performance was over for us.

"I am sorry not to have seen Polly Potiphar and Mrs. Pendennis: they are great friends of mine," I said. "Miss Janet is looking for me: I must leave you now." I would not look at him, and gathered nothing from his quiet "good-evening."

"There's no nonsense about that young man," said Miss Janet: "he treads right up to the dough-dish and gets introduced to me first, instead of winkin' and blinkin' at you behind my back."

Meeting us in the hall next morning, he made particular inquiries for Miss Janet's health, and gave me a snowy camellia in a nest of rosebuds, saying under his breath, "A peace-offering."

In hotel-life a mere bud of acquaintance soon blossoms into intimacy. In the most natural way in the world I was sure to see Mr. Van Hoeck two or three times a day, and a week made us old friends.

Miss Janet was an omnivorous reader: there was not a book in Beacham that she had not read again and again; and when Mr. Van Hoeck introduced her to a circulating library, she browsed on it all day and every day, and brought

home a book for the evening. I began to see New York through his eyes; and it might as well have been London or Paris, for all the resemblance it bore to the city of which I had caught glimpses from under Miss Janet's wing. She kept us always in sight for a time, but after trying Mr. Van Hoeck with many test questions, and springing various original traps upon him, from which he came out scatheless, she suffered me to go about under his sole care.

"You don't want an old dragon like me always taggin' after you," she said one day; "but see here, boy: I want you to remember there's some old folks up in Beacham that set their eyes by that gal, and you must be sure to keep hold of her when you are crossin' the street."

Mr. Van Hoeck gave his promise, and kept it to the letter.

His manner to me was so winning that I soon told him all about the farm and my maiden aunts, even about my school-fortune and how I was spending it—everything that there was to tell about myself; yet he gave me no grain of his own confidence in return for mine.

Only once, in a quiet avenue, he bade me walk more slowly, and I saw him mount the steps and let himself into a stately house: he came out presently with a few of those strange flowers which had puzzled me before.

"Now confess," he said, "that you are dying to know how I came by them."

"I plead guilty."

"It is my sister's house, left in a servant's care while she is away. I have a key, and sleep there nearly every night."

And this was literally all I knew of him. I sat in the parlor one evening in the early twilight, reading the last pages of one of his books and listening for his step in the hall, when a girlish apparition suddenly entered the room and pulled the bell-cord impatiently: then with a little whirl she sat down on a sofa. When the waiter appeared, she said, with that supercilious air which can be attained only by severe practice,

"If Mr. Sydney Van Hoeck has come in, tell him a lady wishes to see him at once."

The name startled me a little, and perhaps she perceived it, for she glanced at me carelessly and coldly, then more intently, till her look hardened into a fixed stare. Her face was wonderfully pretty, and her whole attire so perfect, with a certain Frenchness about it not to be described, but sure to be felt by all womankind, that I felt myself at once the most unmitigated dowdy that ever left her native hills.

I would not stay to witness her meeting with Mr. Van Hoeck: the dreadful difference between us would dawn upon him if he should see us together. In avoiding Scylla of course I fell into Charybdis.

"What are you running away for?" said my friend, meeting me just at the door. "I thought it was you who sent for me."

"You know better. I would not send for you if I never saw you again."

"Are you not coming down again?"

"Not to-night."

Then I left him and my delusion behind me. In the instant when that dreadful young woman asked for Mr. Van Hoeck the veil of friendship which had hid my regard for him was rent in twain, and I realized that he was my "man of men." My heart sank lower and lower, till I seemed to be dragging an actual weight up the stairs like a convict. I had no reason to hope that he regarded me in any other light than as a little country girl who amused him. There seemed to be nothing left but to go home and fight it out alone.

"Miss Janet," said I, "we have been here nearly three weeks: my fortune must be nearly spent."

"What's a week to a settin' hen?" said Miss Janet. "I ain't near ready to go home yet, and you've got money enough for a week or two more. They take off a lot from the regular price when you stay a good while."

"Do they?" I said, listlessly.

"To be sure, or they will when I've argued it with 'em; but what's come

over you? If that Dutchman has said anything to you that you don't like, I'll go down and give him a piece of my mind that'll last him the rest of his life."

"No, no: he hasn't said a word."

"Oh, that's the trouble, is it? Well, 'tain't time. Just you keep a stiff upper lip and wait. Men are as contrary as hens: you never know when they'll fly in your face."

This was so unbearable that I laid my head on her shoulder and told her all my trouble, which did seem to grow less bitter when I put it into words.

"She stared at me, that pretty Gorgon down stairs, as if she read all my liking for Mr. Van Hoeck in my face," said I, wetting Miss Janet's best collar through and through with tears.

"I always heard it took two to make a stare," said Miss Janet, meditatively.

Then she stroked my hair a long time with her horny hand, and at last she spoke her mind:

"If you go home now, you'll be an old maid as sure as a gun, because you'll waste all your young years gettin' over this. There's a good many kinds of old maids—doleful ones, like your aunt Rebecca: her harp's been on the willers for years and years—and there's sentimental ones, like Floranthe, that can't think of nothin' but marryin' and givin' in marriage, so that I wonder what they'll have to talk about when they get to heaven, where there ain't no such thing. Then there's the stiff, independent kind, like me, that everybody gives a wide berth to. I don't think you are cut out to be an ornament to either of them classes. It don't follow because you can see into your own heart that there's a winder in it for anybody else to look through. If you're happy with him, and can have a fortnight more of it, it's so much clear gain: you won't have no heavier load to take home with you then than now. And you won't be sorry for it when you're old, and all the rough places in your life get kind o' moss-covered with much thinkin' about 'em. After all, a good sharp agony is better than an emptiness, you may take my word for it."

I did take Miss Janet's word for it, and was comforted.

I meant to say no word to Mr. Van Hoeck concerning his visitor, but he began it:

"Did you see my cousin last night?"

"I suppose so."

"And she saw you: indeed I think she came chiefly for that. She recognized us in the avenue that day, and she has always looked upon me as her especial property."

"Then you must some time have given her the title-deeds," said I, half questioning him; but he immediately became silent and grave, and could not be induced to mention her afterward.

My last fortnight was undeniably happy: I owned it to Miss Janet on our last evening, just before Mr. Van Hoeck found us in one of those little parlors which make the "Aladdin" so homelike in spite of its immensity.

"I wish I could take you somewhere for a last look at New York," he said. "Can you think of any place?"

"I should like to walk up Broadway, in the brightest part, once more," said I, "for I may never see it again."

"Never" is a dreadful long word," said Miss Janet.

"We will go this minute," said Mr. Van Hoeck.

"Do you remember," he said when we were walking slowly up the street, "how Traddles and 'the dearest girl' used to walk out in the London gaslight, and select in the shop-windows what they would give each other if they were rich enough? I am not very rich, but I want to give something to another dearest girl if she will take it. It is only for remembrance," he went on, as he slipped a ring on one of the fingers that lay within his arm. "I am bound by a single thread from asking you for all that woman can give. If I can snap that thread, I will come to you at midsummer, but I may find it a rope that I cannot break without dishonor, and then we must both forget this pleasant month as soon as may be."

"There are things that will not let themselves be forgotten," I said after a

while; "but it is joy enough for me to know that you will wish to come to me."

"My little wild rose," he said in the shadow of the doorway, "are you sure that thought would be joy enough? Would you never care for more?"

He drew me close to him for an instant, and then put me away suddenly, and we went up stairs to find Miss Janet as if nothing had happened.

When I could look at my hand I saw the small and brilliant diamond which I had often noticed on his own finger. Miss Janet saw it at once, but said not a word, which would seem to prove that she was either more or less than a woman.

I was in a sort of glorified state, neither in nor out of the body, on the journey, till just at dusk we jolted over the Hill Difficulty into Beacham.

"There'll be sure to be some news," said Miss Janet: "a kettle never biles till you take your eye off of it, and nothing ever happens till you go away for a week, and then some old critter will come to a realizin' sense that he's lived long enough; and when you come home, you'll find an empty place in the meetin'-house."

"Anybody dead or married?" she asked after the first buzz of welcome.

"Not exactly—only Deacon Robbins is courtin' Floranthe," said Aunt Rebecca.

"While there's life there's hope," said Miss Janet, with uplifted hands.

"Did you get your money's worth?" said my father to me.

"I don't know yet."

"When will you know, then?"

"When the dividends begin to come in, to be sure," said Miss Janet, coming to the rescue promptly.

The first one came two or three weeks later, in the shape of a beautiful little picture, with the name of a well-known artist in the corner. A young girl leans on the fence in a mossy old orchard in a listening attitude, while out of her sight, yet hastening toward her, rides the lover. The one word "Waiting" was printed on the frame. It kept my heart up wonderfully.

When midsummer began, I tramped upon all the New England proprieties by wearing my best dresses and my freshest ribbons every day, and verily I had my reward.

I ran down one evening to see Miss Janet, and, seated at her tea-table as naturally as if he had eaten his first bread and milk there, was Mr. Van Hoeck. We took a little walk through the orchard by and by, and he never asked any question at all that I remember, but just took things for granted, in the masterful way which some men are born with.

But I "speered at" him after this wise: "You mentioned a certain 'thread' once upon a time: did that beautiful cousin of yours hold the other end of it?"

"Yes, if you will have it. We were boy and girl lovers, but we soon quarreled. She became secretly engaged to an intimate friend of mine—a fact which I constantly suspected, but could never verify. When she heard of you, she threatened to hold me strictly to my old promise."

With great difficulty I impressed upon him the necessity of keeping early hours in the country, in spite of the bewitching moonlight in Miss Janet's orchard.

"It seems to me," he said when I had given him just five minutes more to make his adieux, "that my wild rose has put on a thorn or two. You are a shade less meek than when I first knew you."

"My foot is on 'my native heather' now."

"I see, and my safety lies in transplanting you to mine as soon as may be."

And this was how it was settled after a solemn interview with my father in the best room with closed doors. He was to come to Beacham once more in the fall—only once more—and then on the first day of the New Year I was to be ready to go back with him to the "Aladdin," to spend the first few months of our married life.

This poor clerk, as I had fondly supposed him, was only so by his own choice: he preferred to rise through all grades of mercantile life to a partnership with "Van Hoeck & Sons," rather than to take that position as a gift from his father.

Aunt Floranthe revoked her promise as to the linen chest, as her wedding came before mine.

Of all the last words that followed me out of my old home, I shall remember Miss Janet's longest:

"You're eatin' the frostin' of your cake now, Mari-an, and I hope you'll never find nothin' but cake underneath. Sydney will think for a while that the ground ain't good enough for you to walk on, but don't *you* never fall into that notion, nor take on when he begins to treat you like other folks. I never had a husband myself, but I take it the real comfort don't begin till a man gets over worshipping, and begins to like you for what you really are."

Miss Janet insists that she made our match for us, but I think it was the looking-glass, after all.

I hear my husband's step in the hall, and a silken rustle that makes me quake, but since Sydney has taken me for better or worse, his sister must do so too.

W. A. THOMPSON.

THE CROSS IN LEGEND, POETRY AND ART.

"O dulce et nobile lignum."

PROBABLY no symbol has been so universally employed in religion and art as the cross in its various forms and modifications. We see it fashioned of gold or silver, richly wrought and encrusted with gems—of amber and onyx, of ebony and ivory, and other rare and costly materials. It is graven on the eucharistic vessels, embroidered on altar-cloths and priestly vestments, and cut in relief on tombs and ecclesiastical structures. Popes, bishops, priests and abbesses wear it upon their breasts. It may here be remarked, *en passant*, that any person of good taste, or having a proper sense of the fitness of things, would avoid wearing, for display merely, ornaments in the form of a Latin cross—that on which our Lord suffered. There are the Maltese cross and others used in heraldry, which are more suitable for such a purpose.

The most common forms of the cross are the *crux immissa*, or Latin cross, having one of its arms longer than the other three; the Greek cross, which has the arms all of equal length; the *crux decussata*, saltire, or St. Andrew's cross, so named because legend affirms that that saint suffered upon such a one; and the *crux ansata*, or St. Anthony's cross. This is also the sacred Tau of the Egyptians. Then there is the Constantine cross, which consists of the Greek letters X and P, answering to our Ch and R, and thus forming the initial letters of the word *Christos*; the Maltese cross; and many others used in heraldry, such as *cramponée*, *pattée*, *fourchée*, etc. In religious processions a triple cross is carried before the Pope, a double one before a patriarch or cardinal, and a single one before a bishop.

Some very well-meaning but narrow-minded persons object to the form of the Latin cross, as savoring too much of the Church of Rome. I remember an

instance of a vestryman insisting upon the removal of such a one which had been placed above the communion-table, because it was a Roman Catholic cross. He found no fault with the Greek cross embroidered upon the altar-cloth, for that, forsooth, to use his own words, "was a Protestant cross!"

In the Roman Catholic and Greek churches scarcely any sacrament is held valid unless accompanied by the sign of the cross. The devout worshiper makes the sign of the cross upon entering or leaving the church, and it is believed that it is efficacious in repelling the assaults of the Evil One and warding off pestilence and dangers. In European countries the church-bells were rung during the prevalence of thunder-storms, in order to dispel them. It is probable that in this case the virtue was in the sign of the cross which was engraven on most bells. The Russian peasant, in the midst of his noisy carousing and reveling, makes the sign of the cross over his drinking-cup, just as did King Olaf, whom Longfellow tells about:

"O'er his drinking-horn, the sign
He made of the cross divine."

Churches and cathedrals are frequently built in the cruciform shape; and in many European countries it is very common to see large crosses erected in places of public concourse, for purposes of worship or to commemorate some event. The famous Charing (*cher reine*) Cross, London, derives its name from its being one of the places where King Edward set up a cross to mark where the body of his queen, Eleanor, rested during the progress of the funeral cortège to Westminster.

The old English game "Cross and Pile" points to the fact that in former times coins bore upon their obverse the sign of the cross. Another expression, "Criss-cross row," is derived from the

old custom of putting the sign of the cross before the alphabet. The same sign was used by those persons who were unable to write their names.

But it is not among Christians only that the cross has been employed as a religious symbol. It was used as such by the aborigines of North and South America, as well as by the most ancient nations of the Old World. Prescott relates that the Spaniards found the cross as an object of worship in the temples of Mexico; and researches in Central America and Peru prove that it was used in the same way by the inhabitants of those countries. Lately, in Licking county, Ohio, there were found several crosses, among many other hieroglyphics, sculptured upon a rock; relics, doubtless, of great antiquity. Mr. Brinton, in *Myths of the New World*, says that the Indians regard the cross as an emblem of the four cardinal points of the compass.

The ancient Phœnicians, Persians, Assyrians and Brahmins looked upon the cross as a holy symbol, as is abundantly testified by the numerous hieroglyphics and the other pictorial representations on their monumental remains. The cross is figured on Egyptian coins of the time of the Ptolemies; and Rufinus, Socrates and Sozomen, ecclesiastical historians of the fourth and fifth centuries, all refer to the discovery of the sign of the cross in the temple of Serapis, and which was regarded by the Egyptians as emblematic of the future life.

Then, again, traces of the cross are found in ancient Gallic remains, and in relics of the lacustrine cities in Northern Italy. Mr. Baring-Gould is of the opinion that the shamrock or trefoil was held sacred among the Druids on account of its shape—the stalk representing the long arm of the cross, and the three-lobed leaves the shorter arms.

The same writer gives authority for saying that "the T on the roll of the Roman soldiery was the sign of life, while the \ominus designated death." It is difficult to reconcile this statement with that of Cicero, where he says, "The

very name of the cross should be removed afar, not only from the body, but from the thoughts, the eyes, the ears, of Roman citizens; for of all these things, not only the actual occurrence and endurance, but the very contingency and expectation—nay the mention itself—are unworthy of a Roman citizen and a free man." From many other writers also we derive the opinion that among the Romans the cross was a synonym of shame and ignominy.

Some legends affirm that Sts. Peter and Paul suffered death at the same time and place—St. Peter by crucifixion; St. Paul by the sword. St. Paul probably escaped suffering death upon the cross from the fact of his being a Roman citizen, as he had once escaped scourging by advancing that plea.

It is certain, too, that crucifixion was a mode of punishment practiced among the Scythians, Persians and Egyptians. Xenophon records that the latter people fastened the body to the cross by means of cords. Among the Jews it was an accursed death: hence the force of St. Paul's remarks when he alludes in so many passages to the shame and humiliation which Christ endured when he suffered death upon the cross. It was precisely this very idea which made the early Christians seize upon the cross as the emblem of their faith. That which had been the symbol of shame now became their glory. The instrument of Christ's passion, by his death upon it, became hallowed for all time.

As our Saviour, the Virgin, John the Baptist, the Evangelists and the Apostles have all had their antitypes or prefigurements in the Old Testament, so there have not been wanting those who could trace out the analogies to the cross in the Old Testament. Thus in Isaac bearing the wood of the sacrifice both Christ and the cross are prefigured. Another beautiful figure of Christ and the cross is found in Num. xiii. 23, the cross being the pole on which the bunch of grapes rested. A favorite subject in mediæval art was the representation of a vine clustering and clinging round the tree of the cross:

"Round thine arms entwining is the true and living
Vine,
And from the blood-stained stem distills the new
and heavenly wine."

Some have seen a type of the cross in the way the lamb of the Passover was prepared for sacrifice; and again in the two sticks gathered by the woman of Sarepta.

In Ezekiel (ix. 4) we read, "Go through the midst of the city, through the midst of Jerusalem, and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men," etc. The word which is here rendered "mark" is in the Vulgate, "Signa thau." According to Hemans, the author of *A History of Early Christianity and Art in Italy*, the Tau, which was regarded by the heathen as a "sign of life, felicity and safety," was often seen engraved on the garments of the Saviour and the Apostles.

The early Christians saw the form of the cross in a bird flying in the air, a ship sailing, and in the attitude of a person in prayer standing with arms extended. This last was represented in fresco in the Catacombs, where many symbolic forms of the cross were to be seen, sometimes accompanied by other symbols. One of the most frequent was a fish, emblematic of the waters of baptism. It was also a symbol of Christ himself—the initial letters of the title Jesus Christ, Son of God, the Saviour, in Greek, forming the word *ichthus*, fish. Sometimes a dove, sometimes a serpent, and sometimes the letters Alpha and Omega, were represented with the cross. The pelican, a type of Christ, was often seen at the foot of the cross. In representations of the Eucharist the bread is always marked with the sign of the cross. The Constantine cross, which has already been described, was a very common form of the cross in use among the early Christians. According to the received tradition, a luminous cross of this shape appeared in the heavens to confirm the wavering faith of Constantine; and he forthwith directed that this sign should be set upon the top of a long spear, crossed by another piece of wood. From this cross-piece depended a

square purple banner, on which was the likeness of the emperor. The whole formed the famous "labarum" borne at the head of the imperial armies.

Tertullian, who lived in the second century, wrote, "At every setting out or entry upon business, whenever we come in or go out from any place, when we dress for a journey, when we go into a bath, when we go to meat, when the candles are brought in, when we lie down or sit down, and whatever business we have, we make on our foreheads the sign of the cross."

In the apocryphal Gospel of Nicodemus we read of the penitent thief who approached the gates of Paradise with the cross on his back, and at that sign the gates flew wide open.

No adoration was paid to the cross until the discovery of the true cross in 326 by St. Helena, the mother of Constantine. Socrates and Theodoret say that she was impelled by a dream to go to Jerusalem, being then about eighty years of age. A statue of Jupiter and a temple to Venus had been erected over the place where Christ suffered and was buried, so that no traces remained of the mighty events which had there taken place. But a Jew named Judas, partly by threats and partly by bribes, was made to reveal where the cross was buried. Three crosses were found, and the true cross of our Saviour was distinguished from the others by being applied to the person of a sick lady in Jerusalem, who immediately rose up, completely restored to health. According to another legend, a funeral was passing by at the moment the crosses were exhumed: two of the crosses were laid upon the dead body, but produced no effect, but as soon as the third cross touched the body of the dead man he rose up; and thus was the identity of the true cross of our Saviour fully established. The inscription which it bore was found in another place, lying by itself.

Judas, by whose instrumentality the cross was discovered, was baptized, and took the name of Syriacus and became bishop of Jerusalem. The devil, on

hearing of his conversion, said, "By the first Judas I gained much profit, but by this one's conversion I shall lose many souls."

St. Helena deposited the greater part of the holy cross in a church which she built at Jerusalem specially for that purpose. A second part she sent to her son Constantine, who enclosed it in the head of a statue of himself, which was regarded as the palladium of the city; and we are told that the people were in the habit of assembling around this statue with lighted candles in their hands. The rest of the cross was sent to Rome and placed in the church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme, where it remains to this day. The inscription, which was in red letters on white wood, was also sent to the same church in Rome, and placed in a leaden case. The part left at Jerusalem was enclosed in a silver shrine, and entrusted to the care of the holy bishop Macarius; and although little chips of it were constantly cut off and given to devout pilgrims, who resorted thither in great numbers, it suffered no diminution, but miraculously reproduced itself, so that "at last," wrote St. Cyril, "the whole earth was filled with this sacred wood." This part remained at Jerusalem until Chosroes II., king of Persia, captured the city in 614, and took it away with him. In the year 629 the Roman emperor Heraclius restored it to its former station with great pomp and rejoicing, himself bearing the cross upon his shoulders. The festival of the "Invention of the Holy Cross" is kept on the 3d of May, and the "Exaltation of the Holy Cross" is commemorated on the 14th of September, called Holy Rood Day. An officer, entitled *Staurophulax*, was appointed to take entire charge of the cross. When the Arabs conquered Palestine, it was removed to Constantinople and placed in the church of St. Sophia. The Crusaders bore it with them at the head of their armies; and a part of it was taken from them by Saladin at the battle of Hattin. The remaining fragment came into the possession of the king of Hungary: it then passed successively into the hands of

the emperor of Constantinople and the king of France, which last placed it in a chapel which he built for it in Paris. From this place it disappeared in some mysterious manner, and no trace of it has since been found. Other authorities affirm that it remained in Poland until the seventeenth century, when it fell into the possession of the monks of St. Germain in Paris.

Golgotha, "the place of a skull," where the second Adam died and rose again, was, as tradition affirms, the place where the first Adam was created: here he ate of the forbidden tree, and here he was buried. And as by the disobedience of Adam that tree of life brought death upon all his posterity, so by the obedience of Christ the tree of his cross became indeed the true *lignum vite*.

In the *Evangelium Nicodemi*, Seth in Hades tells those assembled around him that his father Adam, being old and nigh unto death, sent him to the angel who kept the gate of Paradise to beg a little of the oil of mercy, wherewith to be anointed and so be healed. The angel replied that it could not be so now, but when the Son of God should descend upon earth—that is, in fifty-five hundred years—his father should be healed of his sickness.

This apocryphal legend has been amplified and embellished by many additions, and has formed the groundwork of many others; all, however, embodying the idea that from the tree of life which stood in Paradise sprang the other tree which eventually furnished the wood of the Passion. The same thought has been wrought out in several hymns by the mediæval Latin poets, as may be seen in Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*. Below is given part of Mrs. Charles' translation of one by Venantius Fortunatus, who lived in the sixth century. The whole Latin title is, "Pange Lingua Gloriosi Proelium Certaminis:"

"Pitying did the Great Redeemer Adam's fall and
ruin see,
Sentenced then to death by tasting fruit of the for-
bidden tree,
And he marked that wood the weapon of redeem-
ing love to be.

" Thus the scheme of our redemption was of old in order laid;
Thus the wily arts were baffled of the foe who man betrayed,
And the armor of redemption from Death's army was made.

" Faithful Cross! of all earth's produce only rich and noble tree:
No such flower, or leaf, or fruitage, we in all the world can see:
Sweet to us thy wood and nails, for sweetest weight is hung on thee.

" Bend thy branches, lofty Tree, and, yielding, let thine arms extend;
Let the rigor of thy nature, softened, tenderly unbend,
Since the King of kings eternal on thine arms they thus suspend."

Dr. Neale's translation of this hymn is more frequently met with. Fortunatus also wrote "*Vexilla Regis Prodeunt*," on the triumph of the cross.

To return to the legend. I shall give it substantially as it is in the *Legenda Aurea*, with a few additions from other sources: When Adam was far advanced in years and at the point of death, he sent his son to the angel Michael, who kept the gate of Paradise, to pray for the oil of mercy, so that he could be healed. The angel answered that it could not be until fifty-five hundred years, but he gave Seth a branch of the tree of which Adam had eaten, bidding him plant it on Mount Lebanon, and that when it bore fruit his father should be healed. Seth planted the branch on his father's grave: it took root and grew, and from it were made Aaron's rod, and Moses' staff with which he struck the rock and sweetened the waters of Marah. It also formed the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up, and the ark of the testimony. At last it came into the hands of Solomon, who used it in building his palace; but it continually resisted the efforts of the builders to adjust it. Now it was too long, and then again too short. The builders, being angry, then threw it into a marsh, so that it might serve as a bridge. The queen of Sheba would not walk upon it, but adored it, and told Solomon that upon it should be suspended the man through whose death the kingdom should be destroyed. Solo-

mon then had it buried deep in the ground, where afterward the Pool of Bethesda was dug, and from the virtues of this tree healing properties were imparted to the waters. After it had been buried three hundred years it rose to the surface of the water, and the Jews took it and made of it the cross of our Saviour.

A variation of this legend says that when the queen of Sheba informed Solomon that on this beam of wood should hang one who was to be the Saviour of the race, he raised it up, overlaid it with gold and silver and placed it in a conspicuous place in the temple. Abijah, son of Rehoboam, stripped it of the gold and silver and buried it.

It is a widely-spread tradition that the tree of the Fall was an apple tree; so of course, then, according to the legend, the cross would be of the same wood. One legend has it that the angel gave to Seth three pips like unto apple seeds, which would seem to favor this idea. In another legend these three seeds grew into a cedar, a cypress and a pine; but after a while their branches touched and their several natures were united in a single tree. Again, in another legend, the cross of the Saviour was made of four kinds of wood—the stem being of cedar, the cross-beam of cypress, the piece on which the feet rested was of palm, and the piece which bore the superscription was of olive.

Another beautiful tradition is, that the cross was made of the wood of the aspen, and ever since that time the leaves have not ceased to quiver, as if mute Nature were more in sympathy with her Maker than the cruel hands which nailed him to the cross. Mrs. Hemans alludes to this tradition in the following lines:

" The cross, the blessed cross, whereon
The meek Redeemer bowed his head to death,
Was framed of aspen wood; and since that hour,
Through all its race, the pale tree hath sent down
A thrilling consciousness, a secret awe,
Making them tremulous when not a breeze
Disturbs the airy thistle-down, or shakes
The light lines of the shining gossamer."

The following lines, whose author is unknown to me, may here be quoted.

Men, armed with axes, went into the forest looking for a suitable tree: they

"Passed by many a tree majestic—
Cypress grove and olive wood—
Till they came where in the thicket
Fair and proud the aspen stood.

"This will serve: we choose the aspen,
For its stem is strong and high,
For the cross on which to-morrow
Must a malefactor die."

"In the air did listening spirits
Shrink those men to hear and see,
And with awful voice they whisper,
'Jesus 'tis of Galilee.'

"The aspen heard them, and she trembled—
Trembled at that fearful sound—
As they bowed her down, and dragged her
Slowly from the forest ground.

"On the morrow stood she trembling
At the awful weight she bore,
When the sun in midnight blackness
Darkened on Judea's shore

"Still, when not a breeze is stirring,
When the mist sleeps on the hill,
And all other trees are moveless,
Stands she ever trembling still."

Another reason, however, is assigned for the tremulous motion of the aspen. Once when our Saviour went through a wood all the trees bowed down and adored him, but the proud aspen would not acknowledge him as her Lord and Master; and so ever from that time she has trembled as with the prickings of a guilty conscience, and so must she ever continue to tremble.

Another tradition, still, says that the cross was made of elder, and on this account the lightning will never strike that tree.

The legend of the cross was a fertile subject for the artist in stained glass

and fresco. It is treated as a series in the choir of Santa Croce in Florence, while in the body of the church are represented the events in the history of our Blessed Lord in connection with the cross.

Lady Eastlake says that the cross is sometimes represented of a green color, which, she remarks, is a far-fetched allusion to the words of our Saviour: "If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?"

In some old paintings the cross is shown so as to represent the tree in Revelation, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations.

Besides the poems alluded to above, there are Calderon's and Giles Fletcher's, some of which I would fain transcribe; but lest the patience of the reader should be wearied, I will close this already too long article by quoting some lines written to the cross by Bonaventura, translated by Dr. Washburne:

"O faithful cross! O noblest tree!
In all our woods there's none like thee!
No earthly groves, no shady bowers,
Produce such leaves, such fruit, such flowers;
Sweet are the nails, and sweet the wood,
That bears a weight so sweet, so good.

"With pity our Creator saw
His noblest work transgress his law
When our first parents rashly ate
The fatal tree's forbidden meat:
He then resolved the Cross's wood
Should make that tree's sad damage good.

"Cross! the tree in beauty growing,
Hallowed by Christ's lifeblood flowing,
Hanging with full-ripened load;
Bounty for all spirits bearing,
An immortal banquet sharing
With the blessed sons of God!"

MARY A. LLOYD.

ECCENTRICITY AS A PURSUIT.

THE next work we have on the subject of eccentric people will certainly contain a memoir of the Count de Châteauevillard. Since the time of "Messenger Monsey," "Dirty Dick," the Reverend George Harvest and other distinguished oddities, no one has earned such a reputation for being "excessively peculiar" as the nobleman above named. Unfortunately, his follies have come to an end at last: he died only the other day in Paris.

The count commenced life with plenty of money and nothing to do. I do not know that this turned his head, although it has done as much for many a better man, but from the moment he felt himself securely established he began a series of fantastic tricks that, as some one said about Dean Swift, would have in the end got anybody else into a mad-house. The worst of it—or best of it—was, that he was not to be turned from the career of his humor by the greatest efforts that could be made. Paper bullets of the brain, ridicule in the newspapers, witticisms passing from mouth to mouth in French society, threats and coaxings, had no effect upon him whatever. He began life by setting up a coach and six. Now, that was once to Johnson and Goldsmith nearly the highest point of human ambition. Read the old letters and Bozzy's gossip and the light papers of the time, and you will see how much a man was thought of who could have his chariot. But our friend the count made this distinction: his was a stage-coach. The two front horses were the highest and heaviest and blackest that could be found: old King Frederick never selected the van of his Potsdams with more circumspection. The two middle horses were of another color, and much smaller in size. The two last were of a third hue, and ponies. The reins were of bright scarlet, the harness of various odd

patterns, and the entire equipage all over bells.

About six in the morning, whenever the humor took him, the count mounted his box as postillion, looking, by the way, not at all like what he represented, and took some road out of Paris. This was never done when it was too sunny or when it was very cold. There would have been under those circumstances a little too much reality about it. But on a pleasant spring or autumn day, with cool weather and two or three choice spirits for companions, inside and out, there was plenty of romance and excitement in galloping along the pleasant roads; and, indeed, a more agreeable lark altogether could not have been devised. If there was anything needed, it was only a highwayman to ride out of the woods about dusk, masked with crape and pointing his pistol, to demand all the watches and rings among the company, and an immediate surrender of all the money in the mail. But, alas! the highwaymen are gone, and the sound of the wheels of a modern stage-coach like Châteauevillard's will never be able to bring them back again.

The count seems to have had one imitator in his first freak. It will be remembered that the papers not long ago were full of accounts of an extraordinary scene in a London police court on the trial of Lord Carrington for assaulting Mr. Grenville Murray. The trouble grew out of his lordship driving a stage-coach from London once a week or so, himself in the character of postillion, which excited Mr. Murray's sense of humor. He said it was an absurdity, and ridiculed the nobleman in some publication or other; and presently had his nose pulled on the Athenæum Club steps, which he did not expect. So there was a trial, a fight before the magistrate, as we all know, and finally Lord

Carrington paid a fine, and the matter ended.

Count de Châteaullard's residence was worth a visit almost as much as any place in France. The grounds about his house were guarded by a high wall for the purpose of keeping people out. It seems that he had a great hatred of company at indiscriminate hours—or, indeed, on indiscriminate days. But let us suppose you have got in (your photograph sent some days in advance) by communicating with the bell in the turret and calling forth from his covert the man-servant in green and purple. Your face by him viséd, you are safe through the grounds at least. You do not progress three yards, however, before you stand paralyzed under the glare of a crouching tiger. Merciful Heavens! it must be an animal supposed to be tame that, at the sight of a stranger, has recovered all its old ferocity. Your limbs refuse their office—your tongue will not even pronounce a prayer—you are lost! Seconds grow into minutes, and minutes creep slowly past. You begin to have faint hopes again of escape. Can you steal away? To move might be madness. Thus you debate when you hear a suppressed titter. Your pride is touched: somebody is laughing at you. To be ridiculed were worse than destruction; and nerving yourself, you advance. Fool! the tiger is stuffed! *Bisque*, says the *gamin* of a conductor who has been all the while behind you. There is also a face behind a wire-screen at the window of the green-house.

Ah! here we have the fish-pond. It is a beautiful lakelet, with nearly every rare specimen of the finny tribe, and in the centre there is an island with a house on it, made out of papier-mache and looking precisely like a Chinese pagoda. This is never used for any purpose except to eat ices in on summer evenings. In the distance you see several white swans, but as they are quite motionless, you ask your conductor, who has become very grave again, to have them move about. He goes off a short distance and procures two

articles like shuttle-fans. He hurls them in the direction of the swans, as Hermann used to do the cards after he had finished with them, and when they fall into the water the three beauties make for them slowly and majestically. Then he goes round to the other side and holds out a long fishing-rod. One of the three instantly leaps up, bill foremost, into the air. Egad! that's very curious. Who ever saw a swan leap so before? Ere you may make another exclamation, the porter, or whoever he is, is discovered aiming a gun at his pets. Is the man mad? Bang! goes his piece, and in your amazed sight they all collapse and sink. The fact is, they were not alive.

You are now in quite a good humor. How nicely you were played upon! The tiger was good, but the swans were splendid. Think of your ridiculous trepidation when you came upon the stuffed skin! Really it was superb, the count's joke. Stay: what is that by the post asleep? It looks a great deal like a bear. Yes, that is precisely what it is. Aha! Monsieur the count, we shall not be deceived again. No more fright at a bale of straw. However, let us not permit the opportunity to pass without our folly in return. You, the visitor, are filled with mirth at the idea of turning the tables upon your noble host. How he shall nearly burst his noble sides with laughing! How he shall draw up his noble mouth with chagrin! Artistically now, as you hope to win! The aim is to advance with a defiant halloo, crying, "Come forth, Imbecile, and have the dust beaten from your woolly coat! A plague on all cowards, marry and amen!" You press forward with the stage swing of another Edmund Kean. You shall find your sport at the count's table directly, or there's no wit or humor left in this vile costermonger world! You punch the black mass curled up by the post with your stick. *Hercule!* it moves!—it rises—it turns growling toward you! *Sacre bleu!* but you run then! It is a dancing bear, tame, but nevertheless unpleasant, having a hoarse voice in its conversation.

So you fly toward the porter. He is laughing again, and there is music of the same kind to be heard at the wire window of the green-house.

So you progress all the way. It is something like visiting an enchanted palace, or the home of one of those dreadful persons we read about in children's story-books. After you have got safely through two or three adventures, it would not surprise you in the least to meet a necromancer in a tall hat reclining on a slab of marble at the top of a flight of gold steps, with an inscription over his head in hieroglyphics, just as it is in the *Arabian Nights*; or to be welcomed by a gigantic gentleman twelve feet high, carrying a club and wearing nothing but a pair of very tight pantaloons.

For instance, you have taken your dog with you. Suddenly there is a whistle heard and he is called off. You follow to get him back, and presently discover him very dejectedly running about in a state of bewilderment, having been the subject of a parrot's practical joke. You go into arbors and can't find your way out; you stroll through an inviting garden, and before you know it are frantically seeking a clue from a labyrinth worse than Rosamond's. You are horrified at discerning a man suspended from the limb of a tree: it is a servant, you think, who has hanged himself, but on a closer examination you are relieved by perceiving it to be only a bundle of old clothes. You fall upon a gun and some powder and shot: here at least there is no danger. You load up and thrust in the ramrod. Alas! it sticks fast, and in pulling at it off comes the barrel. Startling announcements greet you at every turn. An enchanting walk through the sweetest shrubbery is before you, and you follow it. But you are no sooner well in than you are petrified with terror at a signboard which says, "Trespassers here are warned that four spring-guns are set;" or, "Nest of boa constrictors beneath;" or, "Visitors must be careful not to provoke the lion." Whither can you turn? You look about for your

conductor, but he is nowhere to be seen. You are ready to sink with fright. Every leaf that falls strikes terror to your soul. Ghastly pale, you creep out, stepping lightly and carefully; and once more into the open way you are confronted by—the villain who let you in. "What are you laughing at, sirrah?" "Monsieur is mistaken, begging his pardon." What redress is there?

By this time you are nearly in a state of frenzy, and as you get toward the house you keep close to your conductor, never permitting him to leave your sight for an instant. Consequently it happens that you reach there at last. You are shown into the library. The count will be with you directly: he is just at the moment engaged. You more than half suspect for his the face at which you had a brief glance some time since, full of smiles, in the window of the green-house. Well, as time hangs heavily, you look around at the books. Certainly there is a great number of them. Up near the ceiling you notice some particularly imposing and magnificently bound, but unfortunately you have no means of reading more of the print than their titles. The designation above the shelf is: "Choice novels and other works." Here are some quite curious indeed, and unquestionably rare: *L'Eau*, par La Fontaine; *Les Querelles*, par Des Accords; *La Statu Eve*, par M. Adam, sculpteur, 1739; *Les Arbres*, par M. Nath. l'Aubépin, Amerique; *Le Chef d'Escadre*, par M. Banier; *Le Nid*, par La Caille; *Bossuë*, par Bossuet; *Biographie Universelle*—Locke, par M. le Clef. Oh, now you perceive! It reminds you of Tom Hood, but *his* titles were so much cleverer. Of course the choice works have no existence off the wall. *Bien!* you are amused at the least. And with a smile you now greet him who enters at the door. It is the Count de Châteauvillard himself—handsome, intelligent, delightful. He greets you warmly: presently your trials and annoyances are forgotten; two or three hours go almost like so many minutes; and at last your visit comes to an end.

To enumerate the freaks of the eccentric subject of this sketch would require nearly all the pages in this Magazine. One day he rode up the steps of the Jockey Club (then at the corner of Rue Druet and the Third Boulevard) and played a game of billiards on horseback. Equestrianism was his passion. He rode for some time a most vicious horse. A friend said: "If you ride that horse three months longer, I'll bet that he will kill you." "What will you bet?" asked the count. "Twenty-five thousand francs." "Taken!" The count felt in honor bound to his friend to ride the horse every day, and the horse showed himself to be so very vicious that the count had his coffin made and sent home, for he was sure that he would require it before long. His wife, who had long been extremely uneasy lest the horse should kill him, seeing her husband look upon the animal as dangerous as she herself considered him, no sooner saw the coffin placed in her husband's dressing-room than she went to the stable armed with a pair of pistols, and shot the dangerous steed through the head.

On one occasion the count was asked by a friend, a marquise, to see her to her carriage. They were at a ball. Going down stairs, somebody trod on her dress and tore it. She asked for a pin. The count took from his scarf a diamond pin, worth about one hundred and fifty pounds, and presented it to her. She declined, saying, "Oh, count, it is entirely too valuable." "Is that the only objection to the pin?" "Certainly." This word was no sooner out of the marquise's mouth than he broke off the diamond, threw it out of the neighboring window, and gave the golden pin to her.

But there was nothing more amusing than the count's courtship. The lady who afterward became his wife—and who married him, as so many other women have done their lovers, to effect in him a reformation, which is perhaps being at once cruel and merciful—it seems, had a great dislike for too much music. She could not, for in-

stance, bear the opera, and never touched her own piano without a sigh. Now, the count was not precisely devoted to music himself, but so whimsical a man could not refrain from a whim to win the lady's love by affecting an opposite taste in every direction to hers, and consequently protested a delight in harmonies that was positively unendurable. He came a-wooing first with an accordion. Its preliminary notes were torture to the ears of his love, and she bade him be off with it and never return carrying anything with him again.

"Permit me to bring my cane, at least," he said, beseechingly.

"Certainly, your cane; but that is all."

When he next presented himself it was with his cane. After a while, however, leaving off sucking the end, he crept lower down, and, balancing the stick properly, breathed into newly-made holes. It had become a flute!

Again he was banished unless he promised to give up his cane. He agreed, and when he called in due season his hands were empty. But he had a new hat on. This in the course of the evening transformed itself marvelously enough into a music-box.

The lady was furious. She vowed that she would never marry him in the world, so their courtship had better come to an end at once. He was quite independent, however, and prepared to go.

"You do not ask that your sentence be remitted," she said as he placed his hand on the knob of the door.

"No—for two reasons."

"What are they?"

"I am aware," he replied, "that you are relentless, and so am I."

"So you suppose yourself capable of reading character, I perceive. But try me."

"It would be useless: you would say positively no."

"But then use perseverance."

"To do that," answered the count, "would be in this case wasting most excellent virtue."

"Ah, you are very peculiar, count."

Well, you may come again; but bring no accordeon, no cane, no musical hat—nothing of the kind."

He took her at her word, for on the next occasion he appeared not only without the other proscribed articles, but even without any hat at all. The evening went gayly by. When he arose to go he stopped for an instant to brush his pantaloons at the bottom. But, strange to relate, as he walked afterward there were sounds of music issuing from the heels of his shoes! In fact, since his last adventure he had provided himself with a little instrument which made a sort of melody when it was pressed upon, and, having placed it under his foot, in moving about it was quite successful in producing all the music necessary. This was too much for the lady of the count's love: she surrendered without conditions.

It is easy to infer from the account already given that the count was a man of wit. His was of the sarcastic kind, and most effective, I warrant you.

One day, at a dinner given by M. Erlach, an officer named Combault was boasting of his own valor. They were all, in fact, talking about what constitutes real courage. Said Combault, hitting his bosom and looking about him, "I call *myself* a brave man, messieurs, because I can show my wounds. They are all over my body. I am not afraid of death, then, you may suppose. Look at my cheek—a bullet went in here and grazed my tongue."

"What a pity," whispered Châteauevillard, "that it only *grazed* it!"

Some bore was endeavoring to dissuade him from his eccentric follies by talking of a man's responsibility to him-

self and others. "Why," said the tiresome fellow, becoming indignant, "don't you even believe in a sense of duty?"

"No," replied the count, with an air worthy of Charles Lamb: "I believe in the nonsense of duty."

An old lady was once talking of making her will in the presence of the count and a certain well-known advocate, who expected to fall heir to some of her fortune. But she continued to enumerate the legacies destined for Châteauevillard.

"Why, madame," exclaimed the lawyer at last, "are you going to leave everything to the count?"

"No," broke in our eccentric friend: "she intends to leave you her politeness."

It is a question how much of the count's eccentricity was affected and how much real. He used to profess a contempt for the opinion of the world, but I fear it was Diogenes trampling on the pride of Plato with greater pride. It is very certain that if he had lived in America, his relations would have very expeditiously clapped him into a mad-house, and Heaven only knows what they might have done with his will after he died. But in Paris he was a spice that society there requires and invariably will have. His whims were laughed at and his wit admired, and, in short, he was absolutely courted for his peculiarities alone. Here we have no eccentric public characters. Our nobility generally think about very different things—which is perhaps fortunate for everybody—and I find that if they *do* chance to be guilty of eccentricity, it is not quite so harmless as Count de Châteauevillard's.

WALTER EDGAR MCCANN.

THE COMING WOMAN.

SOME one has been good enough to ask me to write about the Coming Woman. I feel inclined to comply, the subject is so temptingly easy—easy as sermons on the management of children to very young unmarried ministers. One has only to peruse the diatribes on the fashions and the Girl of the Period with which newspapers teem now-a-days, and then retire into the depths of his own moral consciousness and there construct the peerless She.

The Coming Woman will have the great advantage of being brought up by the Coming Father and Mother. Hence she will start in life under decidedly more favorable auspices than her less fortunate ancestors, now living. Those estimable people, the Coming Father and Mother, believing fully in the wisdom of the old German saw,

"Air, Exercise and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose,"

will judiciously encourage her to tan her face, scratch her hands, spread her feet out going barefoot, climb trees and fences, slide down hill, wade in brooks, run races, make mud-pies, ride on hay-carts. They won't faint away if they happen to detect her whistling. On the contrary, they will be delighted, knowing that whistling is a sure indication of strong vitality, good spirits, a merry heart and a clear conscience. People only whistle when all is well with them, mentally and bodily. "Hoyden" and "Tomboy" will then be obsolete terms. Clothes will no longer be the idol to which her young life is the holocaust. The body will then be more than raiment. The main considerations as regards her dress will be that it shall be not an exact copy of some impossible—or what should be impossible—fashion-plate, but simply something loose, stout and warm, adapted to the business of her life at present, having a good time and building up a fine physique. The Bad Child about whom Sun-

day-school books will be written, and who will be held up as a solemn warning, will be the naughty little girl who never tore her dress, who always sewed more than her "stent," who cried for her grammar, who obstinately refused to play out doors, and who died, of dyspepsia.

Even more carefully than with regard to her brothers will they consider for what occupation or art she shows a decided taste, and for that will specially train and educate her, whatever it be. She will be made to feel that something is expected of her too—that she is to have a living interest in the world and all its doings—that she is one of the factors of the common whole—that the days are past when

"Men must work, and women must weep,"

and nothing else. Instead of endeavoring to crush all originality out of her into the one mould of standard conventional young-ladyhood, she will be recognized as an independent, individual soul, free to work out her own life in her own way.

And so, after this education, the Coming Woman steps on to the stage. Her appearance is prepossessing. She stands before us erect, supple, bright-eyed, alert. Perfect health shines in her eyes, glows in her cheeks, gives elasticity to her walk, a radiant cheerfulness to her face. Now what will she do with herself? Sit meekly down, a nonentity, a mere consumer of bread and butter, sighing, like "Mariana in the Moated Grange"—

"'He cometh not,' she said.
She said, 'I am weary, weary,
I would that I were dead!'"

Not she. She will have some plan for her life—some real business in the world, some special work. It may be small, but it is hers, and she will throw herself into it with her whole soul, doing with her might whatsoever her hands find to do, and the Spirit of God, speak-

ing through her obvious talents, calls her to do; be it housework, writing books, keeping them, teaching, lecturing, farming, preaching, or what not. No one will wonder at it in that good time coming. It will be taken as a matter of course that every one shall do what they can do well. The bugbear of the Proper, on whose altar so many women have sacrificed unusual gifts and talents as propitiatory offerings to its awful power, will have vanished—banished to the same shades where wanders disconsolately the spirit of the late lamented Mrs. Grundy. Her pay will be in exact proportion to the worth of her work. The days when a woman was employed because "she will do it just as well as a man, and we shall not have to pay her but a third as much," will be looked back upon with the same incredulous disgust with which we contemplate the dark deeds of the Middle Ages. Such meanness, such taking advantage of weakness and necessity, will hardly be credited.

This new order of things, this freedom and encouragement to follow out, unrestrained, the leadings of her own nature, will develop many new and even undreamed-of qualities and talents in woman. What, we cannot of course now know, but, in spite of those wise-aces who seem to think God would make a sad bungle of managing this world were it not for their assistance, it is hardly necessary to lose sleep worrying lest she "unsex" herself or transgress her "sphere." It is probable God is still at work in the progress of the world, as much as when in old historic times feudalism was done away with, the fetters of the Pope cast off by Luther, the Pilgrim Fathers were moved to seek "freedom to worship God." It's as absurd to be frightened at the prospect of change and improvement for woman, to prate about "woman as God made her," as it would be to lament that America as God made it had been ruined by civilization and railways. Some of these unco' wise people remind one of that sage fowl, Henny Penny, who thought the world had come to an end

because a feather dropped on her own head. What a pity it is that "woman as God made her" in more primitive times, when she was a Briseis, a Helen, a mere prize of war to be possessed by the strongest, or later, when, unable to read, a whole life was spent shut up in castles embroidering tapestry, should have degenerated into a Mrs. Browning, a Florence Nightingale, a Harriet Hosmer, a Rosa Bonheur, or even everybody's mother and sister that we meet daily! Wherein the Coming Woman differs from the Woman of the Period it will be for the better, not the worse. Created by God, living in His world under influences He has ordained, she cannot help being woman as God made her.

How the Coming Woman will dress cannot, of course, now be predicted, but it is safe to say she will not make a fright of herself, either by slavishly following the fashions or strong-mindedly ignoring them. In fact, I cannot but think it an open question whether in those days of enlightenment there will be any Paris fashions, though perhaps it is not best to yield to such dreary speculations. Life without Paris fashions! The feminine mind shrinks back appalled from the horrible suggestion. At all events, she will contrive, somehow, to get herself up attractively, in a manner calculated to raise a flutter in the heart of the Coming Man, and yet not endanger her health or make herself an object of scorn, a quarry for *Punch* and the other illustrators. She won't wear false hair, because she will have such an abundance of her own. The same objection will apply to rouge, to say nothing of her good sense. She won't wear more than forty ruffles, puffs, paniers and sashes on her dress, because, having something to do, her time and thoughts will be devoted to things of more importance. If shown what passes now for a "love of a bonnet," I fear she would say, with Petruccio,

"Why, 'tis a cockle or a walnut-shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:
Away with it! come, let me have a bigger."

In due course of time the Coming Man will appear—in whom, by the by,

no one but Mr. Parton seems to take the slightest interest. If she loves him, and thinks, all things considered, she shall be happier as his wife than in "paddling her own canoe," she will marry him, provided he asks her. I don't believe she will ever "dare," Mr. Epes Sargent to the contrary notwithstanding. Being independent, having a character and support of her own earning, she won't feel obliged to strike her colors and come down at the Coming Man's summons, be he ever so poor a stick of a widower with a large family of aggravating children, for a home, for fear she shall be an old maid, to gain a position, for an object in life. She will have a distinct value of her own, not be the cipher which is nothing until attached to a significant figure, though even then the latter's value is increased tenfold by the union.

If the Coming Man succeeds in winning her, how happy he will be with her! She will possess a certain judgment, discretion, common sense, patience, taught by her experience, her successes and failures in the work she had chosen for her own. The fact of having helped herself will make her all the more able to help others. And then what a housekeeper this healthy, bright, energetic woman will make! Solomon must have had a presentiment of her when he wrote: "Strength and honor are her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come. Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Probably housekeeping will then be made easy by new conditions undreamed of now. The Coming Woman will not have to contend with headaches, backaches, the innumerable ills flesh is heir to now-a-days. She will be able to put her own shoulder to the wheel in any domestic crisis. The Coming Irish Girl will be a neat, active, honest, respectful maiden, quick to understand, ready and skillful to do, anxious to please, indifferent to the seductive charms of "evenings out," balls, followers. Then there are the Chinese and co-operative housekeeping, both possible elements

of the future we cannot rightly measure now. Who knows that the Esquimaux, Kamschatkans, Terra-del-Fuegians may not all emigrate to this country and prove domestic treasures? The idea opens a pleasing field for reflection. Who knows what labor-saving machines the Universal Yankee may yet bring forth from his busy and by no means exhausted brain? The Great Unrivaled American Dish-washer, the Invincible Spread-Eagle Sweeping Machine, the Self-acting, Mechanical Cook, of the best iron and India rubber, warranted to go all day if properly wound up,—all these are possibilities of genius. What would our grandmothers have said to sewing, wringing and washing machines, and John Chinaman as a maid-of-all-work, I should like to know?

Will the Coming Woman go to Congress, be a Governess? I think not, though I should not like to speak with that positive certainty that marks most of our dogmatizings—about the future life, for instance, or any subject of which we know little or nothing. Why I think not is that, as she will have full freedom and every advantage for developing her natural powers, she will find other fields for her energies more in accordance with her tastes. Women like to idealize their surroundings and occupations—to throw over them, if possible, a touch of poetry, or romance, or sympathy, or religion. It would be somewhat difficult to do this with Congressional and political associations—certainly, unless they too change greatly in the mean time. She may not possibly be a minister or a doctor. Helping the fallen, inspiring the struggling and downcast soul, strengthening the tempted, lifting herself and others up to the highest and best, or trying to alleviate physical suffering,—these consecrated callings would be especially attractive to woman's native instincts. Perhaps she may succeed as well as some who now "try their 'prentice hands" on us. But I hardly think she will choose to degrade her mind by flooding it with the strife, the clamor and brawl, the corruption, the belittling

and lowering influences of politics. At all events, I have that confidence in her I feel I can trust her to act her own pleasure, especially as the old couplet, so flatteringly descriptive of the gentle feminine nature, will doubtless hold as true then as now:

"If she will, she will, you may depend on't:

If she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

Imagine the Coming Woman, in overhauling her great-grandmother's effects, lighting by chance on a stray number

of *Lippincott's* containing this article! How its short-sightedness, its narrow and limited views, the distance it falls behind the truth, will amuse her! And yet, as she will be more strong, more wise, more "tender and true," more thoughtful, more earnest than we, contempt will not alloy her pity as she peruses our feeble predictions of the glorious reality; nor indeed, being a woman, will she be wholly insensible to our admiration. P. THORNE.

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE FATE OF THE PUDDLEHAMITES.

FENWICK and Gilmore breakfasted together on the morning that the former left London for Bullhampton; and by that time the vicar had assured himself that it would be quite impossible to induce his friend to go back to his home. "I shall turn up after some years if I live," said the squire; "and I suppose I sha'n't think so much about it then; but for the present I will not go to the place."

He authorized Fenwick to do what he pleased about the house and the gardens, and promised to give instructions as to the sale of his horses. If the whole place were not let, the bailiff might, he suggested, carry on the farm himself. When he was urged as to his duty, he again answered by his illustration of the man without a leg. "It may be all very true," he said, "that a man ought to walk, but if you cut off his leg he can't walk." Fenwick at last found that there was nothing more to be said, and he was constrained to take his leave.

"May I tell her that you forgive her?" the vicar asked, as they were walking

together up and down the station in the Waterloo road.

"She will not care a brass farthing for my forgiveness," said Gilmore.

"You wrong her there. I am sure that nothing would give her so much comfort as such a message."

Gilmore walked half the length of the platform before he replied.

"What is the good of telling a lie about it?" he said, at last.

"I certainly would not tell a lie."

"Then I can't say that I forgive her. How is a man to forgive such treatment? If I said that I did you wouldn't believe me. I will keep out of her way, and that will be better for her than forgiving her."

"Some of your wrath, I fear, falls to my lot?" said the vicar.

"No, Frank. You and your wife have done the best for me all through—as far as you thought was best."

"We have meant to do so."

"And if she has been false to me as no woman was ever false before, that is not your fault. As for the jewels, tell your wife to lock them up—or to throw them away if she likes that better. My brother's wife will have them some day, I suppose." Now his brother was in

India, and his brother's wife he had never seen. Then there was a pledge given that Gilmore would inform his friend by letter of his future destination; and so they parted.

This was on Tuesday, and Fenwick had desired that his gig might meet him at the Bullhampton road station. He had learned by this time of the condemnation of one man for the murder and the acquittal of the other, and was full of the subject when his groom was seated beside him. Had the Brattles come back to the mill? And what of Sam? And what did the people say about Acorn's escape? These, and many other questions he asked, but he found that his servant was so burdened with a matter of separate and of infinitely greater interest that he could not be got to give his mind to the late trial. He believed the Brattles were back; he had seen nothing of Sam; he didn't know anything about Acorn;—but the new chapel was going to be pulled down.

"What!" exclaimed the vicar—"not at once?"

"So they was saying, sir, when I come away. And the men was at it—that is, standing all about. And there is to be no more preaching, sir. And missus was out on the front looking at 'em as I drove out of the yard."

Fenwick asked twenty questions, but could obtain no other information than was given in the first announcement of these astounding news. And as he entered the vicarage he was still asking questions, and the man was still endeavoring to express his own conviction that that horrible, damnable and most heart-breaking red brick building would be demolished and carted clean away before the end of the week. For the servants and dependants of the vicarage were staunch to the interests of the Church Establishment, with a degree of fervor of which the vicar himself knew nothing. They hated Puddleham and Dissent. This groom would have liked nothing better than a commission to punch the head of Mr. Puddleham's eldest son, a young man who had been

employed in a banker's office at Warminster, but had lately come home because he had been found to have a taste for late hours and public-house parlors; and had made himself busy on the question of the chapel. The maid-servants at the vicarage looked down as from a mighty great height on the young women of Bullhampton who attended the chapel; and the vicarage gardener, since he had found out that the chapel stood on glebe land, and ought therefore to be placed under his hands, had hardly been able to keep himself off the ground. His proposed cure for the evil that had been done—as an immediate remedy before eviction and demolition could be carried out—was to form the vicarage manure-pit close against the chapel door, "and then let anybody touch our property who dares!" He had, however, been too cautious to carry out any such strategy as this without direct authority from the commander-in-chief. "Master thinks a deal too much on 'em," he had said to the groom, almost in disgust at the vicar's pusillanimity.

When Fenwick reached his own gate there was a crowd of men loitering around the chapel, and he got out from his gig and joined them. His eye first fell upon Mr. Puddleham, who was standing directly in front of the door, with his back to the building, wearing on his face an expression of infinite displeasure. The vicar was desirous of assuring the minister that no steps need be taken, at any rate for the present, toward removing the chapel from its present situation. But before he could speak to Mr. Puddleham he perceived the builder from Salisbury, who appeared to be very busy—Grimes, the Bullhampton tradesman, so lately discomfited, but now triumphant—Bolt, the elder, close at Mr. Puddleham's elbow—his own churchwarden, with one or two other farmers—and lastly, Lord St. George himself, walking in company with Mr. Packer, the agent. Many others from the village were there, so that there was quite a public meeting on the bit of ground which had been ap-

propriated to Mr. Puddleham's preachings. Fenwick, as soon as he saw Lord St. George, accosted him before he spoke to the others.

"My friend Mr. Puddleham," said he, "seems to have the benefit of a distinguished congregation this morning."

"The last, I fear, he will ever have on this spot," said the lord, as he shook hands with the vicar.

"I am very sorry to hear you say so, my lord. Of course, I don't know what you are doing, and I can't make Mr. Puddleham preach here if he be not willing."

Mr. Puddleham had now joined them. "I am ready and willing," said he, "to do my duty in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call me." And it was evident that he thought that the sphere to which he had been called was that special chapel opposite to the vicarage entrance.

"As I was saying," continued the vicar, "I have neither the wish nor the power to control my neighbor; but, as far as I am concerned, no step need be taken to displace him. I did not like this site for the chapel at first, but I have got quit of all that feeling, and Mr. Puddleham may preach to his heart's content—as he will, no doubt to his hearers' welfare—and will not annoy me in the least." On hearing this, Mr. Puddleham pushed his hat off his forehead and looked up and frowned, as though the levity of expression in which his rival indulged was altogether unbecoming the solemnity of the occasion.

"Mr. Fenwick," said the lord, "we have taken advice, and we find the thing ought to be done, and to be done instantly. The leading men of the congregation are quite of that view."

"They are of course unwilling to oppose your noble father, my lord," said the minister.

"And to tell you the truth, Mr. Fenwick," continued Lord St. George, "you might be put, most unjustly, into a peck of troubles if we did not do this. You have no right to let the glebe on a building lease, even if you were willing, and high ecclesiastical authority would

call upon you at once to have the nuisance removed."

"Nuisance, my lord!" said Mr. Puddleham, who had seen with half an eye that the son was by no means worthy of the father.

"Well, yes—placed in the middle of the vicar's ground. What would you say if Mr. Fenwick demanded leave to use your parlor for his vestry-room, and to lock up his surplice in your cupboard?"

"I'm sure he'd try it on before he'd had it a day," said the vicar, "and very well he'd look in it;" whereupon the minister again raised his hat and again frowned.

"The long and the short of it is," continued the lord, "that we've, among us, made a most absurd mistake, and the sooner we put it right the better. My father, feeling that our mistake has led to all the others, and that we have caused all this confusion, thinks it to be his duty to pull the chapel down and build it up on the site before proposed, near the cross-roads. We'll begin at once, and hope to get it done by Christmas. In the mean time, Mr. Puddleham has consented to go back to the old chapel."

"Why not let him stay here till the other is finished?" asked the vicar.

"My dear sir," replied the lord, "we are going to transfer the chapel, body and bones. If we were Yankees, we should know how to do it without pulling it in pieces. As it is, we've got to do it piecemeal. So now, Mr. Hickbody," he continued, turning round to the builder from Salisbury, "you may go to work at once. The marquis will be much obliged to you if you will press it on."

"Certainly, my lord," said Mr. Hickbody, taking off his hat. "We'll put on quite a body of men, my lord, and his lordship's commands shall be obeyed."

After which, Lord St. George and Mr. Fenwick withdrew together from the chapel and walked into the vicarage.

"If all that be absolutely necessary—" began the vicar.

"It is, Mr. Fenwick: we've made a

mistake." Lord St. George always spoke of his father as "we" when there came upon him the necessity of retrieving his father's errors. "And our only way out of it is to take the bull by the horns at once and put the thing right. It will cost us about seven hundred pounds; and then there is the bore of having to own ourselves to be wrong. But that is much better than a fight."

"I should not have fought."

"You would have been driven to fight. And then there is the one absolute fact—the chapel ought not to be there. And now I've one other word to say. Don't you think this quarreling between clergyman and landlord is bad for the parish?"

"Very bad indeed, Lord St. George."

"Now I'm not going to measure out censure, or to say that we have been wrong or that you have been wrong."

"If you do I shall defend myself," said the vicar.

"Exactly so. But if by-gones can be by-gones, there need be neither offence nor defence."

"What can a clergyman think, Lord St. George, when the landlord of his parish writes letters against him to his bishop, maligning his private character and spreading reports for which there is not the slightest foundation?"

"Mr. Fenwick, is that the way in which you let by-gones be by-gones?"

"It is very hard to say that I can forget such an injury."

"My father, at any rate, is willing to forget, and, as he hopes, to forgive. In all disputes each party of course thinks that he has been right. If you, for the sake of the parish and for the sake of Christian charity and good-will, are ready to meet him halfway, all this ill-will may be buried in the ground."

What could the vicar do? He felt that he was being cunningly cheated out of his grievance. He would have had not a minute's hesitation as to forgiving the marquis, had the marquis owned himself to be wrong. But he was now invited to bury the hatchet on even terms, and he knew that the terms should not be even. And he resented

all this the more in his heart because he understood very well how clever and cunning was the son of his enemy. He did not like to be cheated out of his forgiveness. But, after all, what did it matter? Would it not be enough for him to know, himself, that he had been right? Was it not much to feel himself free from all pricks of conscience in the matter?

"If Lord Trowbridge is willing to let it all pass," said he, "so am I."

"I am delighted," said Lord St. George, with spirit. "I will not come in now, because I have already overstayed my time, but I will hope that you may hear from my father before long in a spirit of kindness."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE END OF MARY LOWTHER'S STORY.

SIR GREGORY MARRABLE'S headache was not of long duration. Allusion is here made to that especial headache under the acute effects of which he had taken so very unpromising a farewell of his nephew and heir. It lasted, however, for two or three days, during which he had frequent consultations with Mrs. Brownlow, and had one conversation with Edith. He was disappointed, sorry and sore at heart because the desire on which he had set his mind could not be fulfilled, but he was too weak to cling either to his hope or to his anger. His own son had gone from him, and this young man must be his heir and the owner of Dunripple. No doubt he might punish the young man by excluding him from any share of ownership for the present, but there would be neither comfort nor advantage in that. It is true that he might save any money that Walter would cost him and give it to Edith, but such a scheme of saving for such a purpose was contrary to the old man's nature. He wanted to have his heir near him at Dunripple. He hated the feeling of desolation which was presented to him by the idea of Dunripple without some young male Marrable at hand to help him. He desired, uncon-

sciously, to fill up the void made by the death of his son with as little trouble as might be. And therefore he consulted Mrs. Brownlow.

Mrs. Brownlow was clearly of opinion that he had better take his nephew with the encumbrance of Mary Lowther, and make them both welcome to the house. "We have all heard so much good of Miss Lowther, you know," said Mrs. Brownlow; "and she is not at all the same as a stranger."

"That is true," said Sir Gregory, willing to be talked over.

"And then, you know, who can say whether Edith would ever have liked him or not? You never can tell what way a young woman's feelings will go."

On hearing this, Sir Gregory uttered some sound intended to express mildly a divergence of opinion. He did not doubt but what Edith would have been quite willing to fall in love with Walter had all things been conformable to her doing so. Mrs. Brownlow did not notice this as she continued: "At any rate, the poor girl would suffer dreadfully now if she were allowed to think that you should be divided from your nephew by your regard for her. Indeed, she could hardly stay at Dunripple if that were so."

Mrs. Brownlow in a mild way suggested that nothing should be said to Edith, and Sir Gregory gave half a promise that he would be silent. But it was against his nature not to speak. When the moment came the temptation to say something that could be easily said, and which would produce some mild excitement, was always too strong for him. "My dear," he said, one evening when Edith was hovering round his chair, "you remember what I once said to you about your cousin Walter?"

"About Captain Marrable, uncle?"

"Well—he is just the same as a cousin—it turns out that he is engaged to marry another cousin—Mary Lowther."

"She is his real cousin, Uncle Gregory."

"I never saw the young lady, that I know of."

"Nor have I, but I've heard so much about her! And everybody says she is nice. I hope they'll come and live here."

"I don't know yet, my dear."

"He told me all about it when he was here."

"Told you he was going to be married?"

"No, uncle, he did not tell me that exactly, but he said that—that— He told me how much he loved Mary Lowther, and a great deal about her, and I felt sure it would come so."

"Then you are aware that what I had hinted about you and Walter—"

"Don't talk about that, Uncle Gregory. I knew that it was ever so unlikely, and I didn't think about it. You are so good to me that of course I couldn't say anything. But you may be sure he is ever so much in love with Miss Lowther; and I do hope we shall be so fond of her."

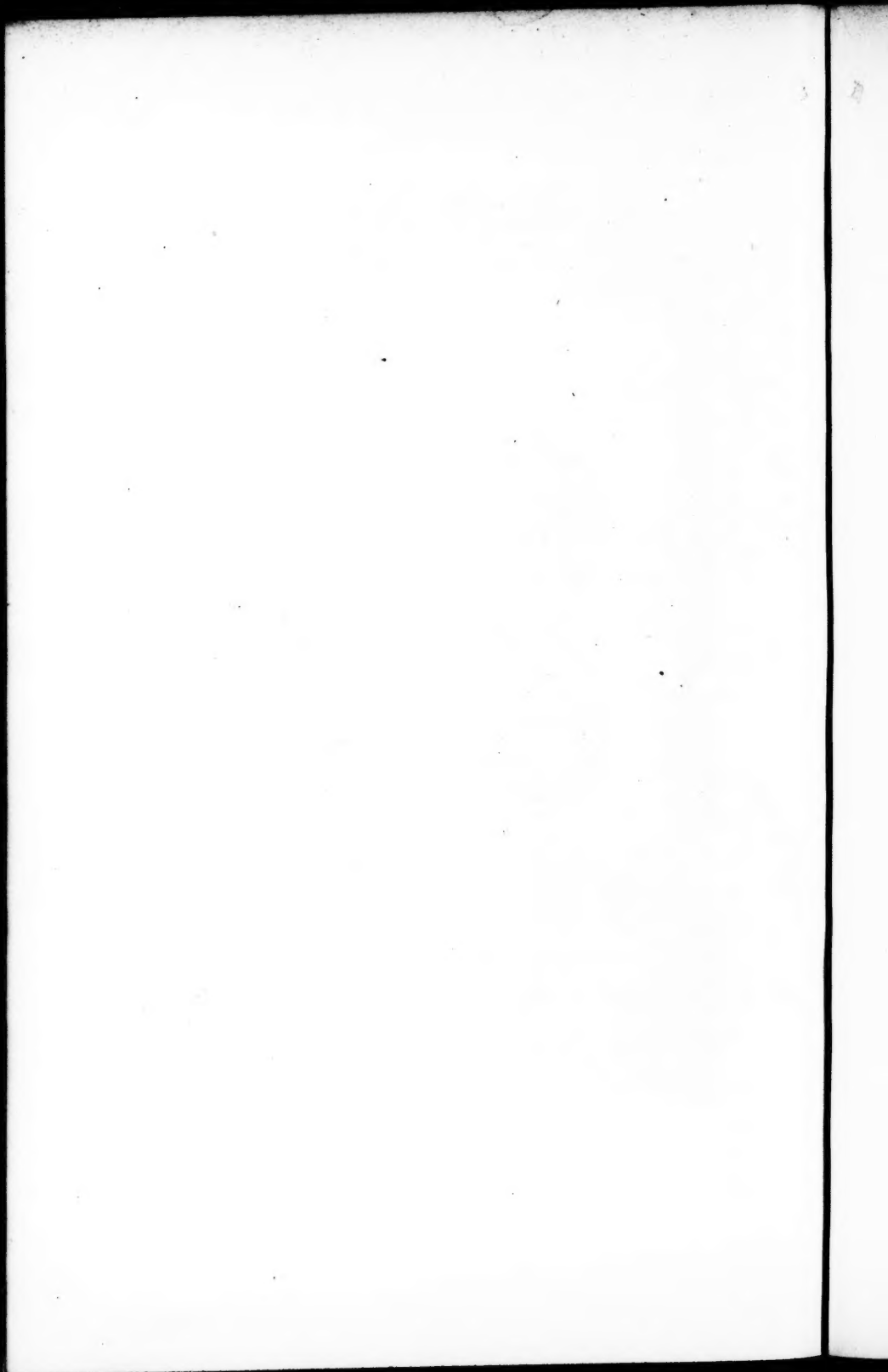
Sir Gregory was pacified, and his headache for the time was cured. He had had his little scheme, and it had failed. Edith was very good, and she should still be his pet and his favorite, but Walter Marrable should be told that he might marry and bring his bride to Dunripple, and that if he would sell out of his regiment the family lawyer should be instructed to make such arrangements for him as would have been made had he actually been a son. There would be some little difficulty about the colonel's rights, but the colonel had already seized upon so much that it could not but be easy to deal with him. On the next morning the letter was written to Walter by Mrs. Brownlow herself.

About a week after this, Mary Lowther, who was waiting at Loring with an outward show of patience, but with much inward anxiety, for further tidings from her lover, received two letters—one from Walter, and the other from her friend, Janet Fenwick. The reader shall see these, and the replies which Mary made to them, and then our whole story will have been told as far as the loves and hopes and cares and troubles of Mary Lowther are concerned:



“Carry,” he said, coming back to her, “it wasn’t all for him that I came.”

[Vicar of Bullhampton. Chap. XXV.]



"BULLHAMPTON, 1st September.

"DEAREST MARY:

"I write a line just because I said I would. Frank went up to London last week, and was away one Sunday. He found his poor friend in town, and was with him for two or three days. He has made up his mind to let the Privets and go abroad, and nothing that Frank could say would move him. I do not know whether it may not be for the best. We shall lose such a neighbor as we never shall have again. He was the same as a brother to both of us; and I can only say that, loving him like a brother, I endeavored to do the best for him that I could. This I do know—that nothing on earth shall ever tempt me to set my hand at match-making again. But it was alluring—the idea of bringing my two dearest friends near me together.

"If you have anything to tell me of your happiness, I shall be delighted to hear it. I will not set my heart against this other man, but you can hardly expect me to say that he will be as much to me as might have been that other. God bless you!

"Your most affectionate friend,

"JANET FENWICK.

"I must tell you the fate of the chapel. They are already pulling it down, and carting away the things to the other place. They are doing it so quick that it will all be gone before we know where we are. I own I am glad. As for Frank, I really believe he'd rather let it remain. But this is not all. The marquis has promised that we shall hear from him 'in a spirit of kindness.' I wonder what this will come to? It certainly was not a spirit of kindness that made him write to the bishop and call Frank an infidel."

And this was the other letter:

"BARRACKS, 1st September, 186—.

"DEAREST LOVE:

"I hope this will be one of the last letters I shall write from this abominable place, for I am going to sell out at once. It is all settled, and I'm to be a sort of deputy squire at Dunripple, under my

uncle. As that is to be my fate in life, I may as well begin it at once. But that's not the whole of my fate, nor the best of it. You are to be admitted as deputy squires—or rather as squires-in-chief, seeing that you will be mistress of the house. Dearest Mary, may I hope that you won't object to the promotion?

"I have had a long letter from Mrs. Brownlow, and I ran over yesterday and saw my uncle. I was so hurried that I could not write from Dunripple. I would send you Mrs. Brownlow's letter, only perhaps it would not be quite fair. I dare say you will see it some day. She says ever so much about you, and as complimentary as possible. And then she declares her purpose to resign all rights, honors, pains, privileges and duties of mistress of Dunripple into your hands as soon as you are Mrs. Marrable. And this she repeated yesterday with some stateliness and a great deal of high-minded resignation. But I don't mean to laugh at her, because I know she means to do what is right.

"My own, own Mary, write me a line instantly to say that it is right, and to say also that you agree with me that as it is to be done, 'twere well it were done quickly.

"Yours always, with all my heart,

"W. M."

It was of course necessary that Mary should consult with her aunt before she answered the second letter. Of that which she received from Mrs. Fenwick she determined to say nothing. Why should she ever mention to her aunt again a name so painful to her as that of Mr. Gilmore? The thinking of him could not be avoided. In this, the great struggle of her life, she had endeavored to do right, and yet she could not acquit herself of evil. But the pain, though it existed, might at least be kept out of sight.

"And so you are to go and live at Dunripple at once?" said Miss Marrable.

"I suppose we shall."

"Ah, well! It's all right, I'm sure.

Of course there is not a word to be said against it. I hope Sir Gregory won't die before the colonel, that's all."

"The colonel is his father, you know."

"I hope there may not come to be trouble about it, that's all. I shall be very lonely, but of course I had to expect that."

"You'll come to us, Aunt Sarah? You'll be as much there as here."

"Thank you, dear. I don't quite know about that. Sir Gregory is all very well, but one does like one's own house."

From all which Mary understood that her dear aunt still wished that she might have had her own way in disposing of her niece's hand, as her dear friends at Bullhampton had wished to have theirs.

The following were the answers from Mary to the two letters given above:

LORING, 2d September, 186—.

"DEAR JANET:

"I am very, very, very sorry. I do not know what more I can say. I meant to do well, all through. When I first told Mr. Gilmore that it could not be as he wished it, I was right. When I made up my mind that it must be so at last, I was right also. I fear I cannot say so much of myself as to that middle step which I took, thinking it was best to do as I was bidden. I meant to be right, but of course I was wrong, and I am very, very sorry. Nevertheless, I am much obliged to you for writing to me. Of course I cannot but desire to know what he does. If he writes, and seems to be happy on his travels, pray tell me.

"I have much to tell you of my own happiness, though, in truth, I feel a remorse at being happy when I have caused so much unhappiness. Walter is to sell out and to live at Dunripple, and I also am to live there when we are married. I suppose it will not be long now. I am writing to him to-day, though I do not yet know what I shall say to him. Sir Gregory has assented, and arrangements are to be made and lawyers are to be consulted, and we are to be what Walter calls deputy

squire and squireess at Dunripple. Mrs. Brownlow and Edith Brownlow are still to live there, but I am to have the honor of ordering the dinner and looking wise at the housekeeper. Of course I shall feel very strange at going into such a house. To you I may say how much nicer it would be to go to some place that Walter and I could have to ourselves, as you did when you married. But I am not such a simpleton to repine at that. So much has gone as I would have it that I only feel myself to be happier than I deserve. What I shall chiefly look forward to will be your first visit to Dunripple.

"Your most affectionate friend,

"MARY LOWTHER."

The other letter, as to which Mary had declared that she had not as yet made up her own mind when she wrote to Mrs. Fenwick, was more difficult in composition:

"LORING, 2d September, 186—.

"DEAREST WALTER:

"So it is all settled, and I am to be a deputy squireess! I have no objection to urge. As long as you are the deputy squire, I will be the deputy squireess. For your sake, my dearest, I do most heartily rejoice that the affair is settled. I think you will be happier as a county gentleman than you would have been in the army; and as Dunripple must ultimately be your home—I will say our home—perhaps it is as well that you, and I also, should know it as soon as possible. Of course I am very nervous about Mrs. Brownlow and her daughter, but though nervous I am not fearful; and I shall prepare myself to like them.

"As to that other matter, I hardly know what answer to make on so very quick a questioning. It was only the other day that it was decided that it was to be; and there ought to be breathing-time before one also decides when. But, dear Walter, I will do nothing to interfere with your prospects. Let me know what you think yourself; but remember, in thinking, that a little interval for purposes of sentiment and of

stitching is always desired by the weaker vessel on such an occasion.

"God bless you, my own one!

"Yours always and always,

"M. L.

"In real truth, I will do whatever you bid me."

Of course, after that the marriage was not very long postponed. Walter Marable allowed that some grace should be given for sentiment, and some also for stitching, but as to neither did he feel that any long delay was needed. A week for sentiment, and two more for the preparation of bridal adornments, he thought would be sufficient. There was a compromise at last, as is usual in such cases, and the marriage took place about the middle of October. No doubt at that time of year they went to Italy, but of that the present narrator is not able to speak with any certainty. This, however, is certain—that if they did travel abroad, Mary Marable traveled in daily fear lest her unlucky fate should bring her face to face with Mr. Gilmore. Wherever they went, their tour, in accordance with a contract made by the baronet, was terminated within two months, for on Christmas Day, Mrs. Walter Marable was to take her place as mistress of the house at the dinner-table.

The reader may, perhaps, desire to know whether things were made altogether smooth with the colonel. On this matter Messrs. Block & Curling, the family lawyers, encountered very much trouble indeed. The colonel, when application was made to him, was as sweet as honey. He would do anything for the interest of his dearest son. There did not breathe a father on earth who cared less for himself or his own position. But still he must live. He submitted to Messrs. Block & Curling whether it was not necessary that he should live. Messrs. Block & Curling explained to him very clearly that his brother, the baronet, had nothing to do with his living or dying, and that toward his living he had already robbed his son of a large property. At last,

however, he would not make over his life interest in the property, as it would come to him in the event of his brother dying before him, except on payment of an annuity on and from that date of two hundred pounds a year. He began by asking five hundred pounds, and was then told that the captain would run the chance and would sue his father for the twenty thousand pounds in the event of Sir Gregory dying before the colonel.

Now the narrator will bid adieu to Mary Lowther, to Loring and to Dunripple. The conduct of his heroine, as depicted in these pages, will, he fears, meet with the disapprobation of many close and good judges of female character. He has endeavored to describe a young woman prompted in all her doings by a conscience wide awake, guided by principle, willing, if need be, to sacrifice herself, struggling always to keep herself from doing wrong, but yet causing infinite grief to others, and nearly bringing herself to utter shipwreck, because for a while she allowed herself to believe that it would be right for her to marry a man whom she did not love.

CHAPTER LXXII.

AT TURNOVER CASTLE.

MRS. FENWICK had many quips and quirks with her husband as to those tidings to be made in a pleasant spirit which were expected from Turnover Castle. From the very moment that Lord St. George had given the order—upon the authority chiefly of the unfortunate Mr. Bolt, who on this occasion found it to be impossible to refuse to give an authority which a lord demanded from him—the demolition of the building had been commenced. Before the first Sunday came any use of the new chapel for divine service was already impossible. On that day Mr. Puddleham preached a stirring sermon about tabernacles in general. "It did not matter where the people of the Lord met," he said, "so long as they did

meet to worship the Lord in a proper spirit of independent resistance to any authority that had not come to them from revelation. Any hedge-side was a sufficient tabernacle for a devout Christian. But—"and then, without naming any name, he described the Church of England as a upas tree which by its poison destroyed those beautiful flowers which strove to spring up amidst the rank grass beneath it, and to make the air sweet within its neighborhood. Something he said, too, of a weak sister tottering to its base, only to be followed in its ruin by the speedy prostration of its elder brother. All this was of course told in detail to the vicar, but the vicar refused even to be interested by it. "Of course he did," said the vicar. "If a man is to preach, what can he preach but his own views?"

The tidings to be made in a pleasant spirit were not long waited for—or, at any rate, the first installment of them. On the 2d of September there arrived a large hamper full of partridges, addressed to Mrs. Fenwick in the earl's own handwriting.

"The very first fruits," said the vicar, as he went down to inspect the plentiful provision thus made for the vicarage larder. Well!—it was certainly better to have partridges from Turnover than accusations of immorality and infidelity. The vicar so declared at once, but his wife would not at first agree with him.

"I really should have such pleasure in packing them up and sending them back!" said she.

"Indeed, you shall do nothing of the kind."

"The idea of a basket of birds to atone for such insults and calumny as that man has heaped on you!"

"The birds will be only a first installment," said the vicar, and then there were more quips and quirks about that. It was presumed by Mr. Fenwick that the second installment would be the first pheasants shot in October. But the second installment came before September was over, in the shape of the following note:

"TURNOVER PARK, 20th Sept., 186—.

"The Marquis of Trowbridge and the Ladies Sophie and Caroline Stowte request that Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick will do them the honor of coming to Turnover Park on Monday, the 6th October, and staying till Saturday, the 11th."

"That's an installment indeed!" said Mrs. Fenwick. "And now what on earth are we to do?" The vicar admitted that it had become very serious. "We must either go and endure a terrible time of it," continued Mrs. Fenwick, "or we must show him very plainly that we will have nothing more to do with him. I don't see why we are to be annoyed merely because he is a marquis."

"It won't be because he is a marquis."

"Why, then? You can't say that you love the old man, or that the Ladies Sophie and Caroline Stowte are the women you'd have me choose for my companions, or that that soapy, silky, humbugging Lord St. George is to your taste."

"I am not sure about St. George. He can be everything to everybody, and would make an excellent bishop."

"You know you don't like him, and you know also that you will have a very bad time of it at Turnover."

"I could shoot pheasants all the week."

"Yes—with a conviction at the time that the Ladies Sophie and Caroline were calling you an infidel behind your back for doing so. As for myself, I feel perfectly certain that I should spar with them."

"It isn't because he's a marquis," said the vicar, carrying on his argument after a long pause. "If I know myself, I think I may say that that has no allurements for me. And, to tell the truth, had he been simply a marquis, and had I been at liberty to indulge my own wishes, I would never have allowed myself to be talked out of my righteous anger by that soft-tongued son of his. But to us he is a man of the very greatest importance, because he owns the land on which the people live with whom we are concerned. It is for their welfare

that he and I should be on good terms together; and therefore if you don't mind the sacrifice, I think we'll go."

"What! for the whole week, Frank?"

The vicar was of opinion that the week might be judiciously curtailed by two days; and consequently Mrs. Fenwick presented her compliments to the Ladies Sophie and Caroline Stowte, and expressed the great pleasure which she and Mr. Fenwick would have in going to Turnover Park on the Tuesday and staying till the Friday.

"So that I shall only be shooting two days," said the vicar, "which will modify the aspect of my infidelity considerably."

They went to Turnover Castle. The poor old marquis had rather a bad time of it for the hour or two previous to their arrival. It had become an acknowledged fact now in the county that Sam Brattle had had nothing to do with the murder of Farmer Trumbull, and that his acquaintance with the murderers had sprung from his desire to see his unfortunate sister settled in marriage with a man whom he at the time did not know to be disreputable. There had therefore been a reaction in favor of Sam Brattle, whom the county now began to regard as something of a hero. The marquis, understanding all that, had come to be aware that he had wronged the vicar in that matter of the murder. And then, though he had been told upon very good authority—no less than that of his daughters, who had been so informed by the sisters of a most exemplary neighboring curate—that Mr. Fenwick was a man who believed "just next to nothing," and would just as soon associate with a downright pagan like old Brattle as with any professing Christian, still there was the fact of the bishop's good opinion; and, though the marquis was a self-willed man, to him a bishop was always a bishop. It was also clear to him that he had been misled in those charges which he had made against the vicar in that matter of poor Carry Brattle's residence at Salisbury. Something of the truth of the girl's history had come to the ears of the marquis, and he had been made to believe that he had been wrong.

Then there was the affair of the chapel, in which, under his son's advice, he was at this moment expending seven hundred pounds in rectifying the mistake which he had made. In giving the marquis his due we must acknowledge that he cared but little about the money. Marquises, though they may have large properties, are not always in possession of any number of loose hundreds which they can throw away without feeling the loss. Nor was the Marquis of Trowbridge so circumstanced now. But that trouble did not gall him nearly so severely as the necessity which was on him to rectify an error made by himself. He had done a foolish thing. Under no circumstances should the chapel have been built on that spot. He knew it now, and he knew that he must apologize. *Noblesse oblige*. The old lord was very stupid, very wrong-headed and sometimes very arrogant, but he would not do a wrong if he knew it, and nothing on earth would make him tell a willful lie. The epithet indeed might have been omitted, for a lie is not a lie unless it be willful.

Lord Trowbridge passed the hours of this Tuesday morning under the frightful sense of the necessity for apologizing; and yet he remembered well the impudence of the man—how he had ventured to allude to the Ladies Stowte, likening them to—to—to— It was terrible to be thought of. And his lordship remembered, too, how this man had written about the principal entrance to his own mansion as though it had been no more than the entrance to any other man's house. Though the thorns still rankled in his own flesh, he had to own that he himself had been wrong.

And he did it—with an honesty that was beyond the reach of his much more clever son. When the Fenwicks arrived they were taken into the drawing-room, in which were sitting the Ladies Sophie and Caroline, with various guests already assembled at the castle. In a minute or two the marquis shuffled in and shook hands with the two newcomers. Then he shuffled about the room for another minute or two, and at

last got his arm through that of the vicar and led him away into his own sanctum.

"Mr. Fenwick," he said, "I think it best to express my regret at once for two things that have occurred."

"It does not signify, my lord."

"But it does signify to me; and if you will listen to me for a moment, I shall take your doing so as a favor added to that which you have conferred upon me in coming here." The vicar could only bow and listen. "I am sorry, Mr. Fenwick, that I should have written to the bishop of this diocese in reference to your conduct." Fenwick found it very difficult to hold his tongue when this was said. He imagined that the marquis was going to excuse himself about the chapel, and about the chapel he cared nothing at all. But as to that letter to the bishop, he did feel that the less said about it the better. He restrained himself, however, and the marquis went on: "Things had been told me, Mr. Fenwick, and I thought that I was doing my duty."

"It did me no harm, my lord."

"I believe not. I had been misinformed, and I apologize." The marquis paused and the vicar bowed. It is probable that the vicar did not at all know how deep at that moment were the sufferings of the marquis. "And now as to the chapel," continued the marquis.

"My lord, that is such a trifle that you must let me say that it is not and has not been of the slightest consequence."

"I was misled as to that bit of ground."

"I only wish, my lord, that the chapel could stand there."

"That is impossible. The land has been appropriated to other purposes, and though we have all been a little in the dark about our own rights, right must be done." I will only add that I have the greatest satisfaction in seeing you and Mrs. Fenwick at Turnover, and that I hope the satisfaction may often be repeated." Then he led the way back into the drawing-room, and the evil hour had passed over his head.

Upon the whole, things went very

well with both the vicar and his wife during their visit. He did go out shooting one day, and was treated very civilly by the Turnover gamekeeper, though he was prepared with no five-pound note at the end of his day's amusement. When he returned to the house his host congratulated him on his performance just as cordially as though he had been one of the laity. On the next day he rode with Lord St. George to see the County Hunt kennels, which were then at Charleycoats, and nobody seemed to think him very wicked because he ventured to have an opinion about hounds. Mrs. Fenwick's amusements were perhaps less exciting, but she went through them with equanimity. She was taken to see the parish schools, and was walked into the parish church, in which the Stowte family were possessed of an enormous recess called a pew, but which was in truth a room with a fireplace in it. Mrs. Fenwick thought it did not look very much like a church, but as the Ladies Stowte were clearly very proud of it, she held her peace as to that idea. And so the visit to Turnover Park was made, and the Fenwicks were driven home.

"After all, there's nothing like burying the hatchet," said he.

"But who sharpened the hatchet?" asked Mrs. Fenwick.

"Never mind who sharpened it. We have buried it."

CHAPTER LXXIII.

CONCLUSION.

THERE is nothing further left to be told of this story of the village of Bullhampton and its vicar, beyond what may be necessary to satisfy the reader as to the condition and future prospects of the Brattle family. The writer of these pages ventures to hope that whatever may have been the fate in the reader's mind of that couple which are about to settle themselves peaceably at Dunripple, and to wait there in comfort till their own time for reigning shall have come, some sympathy may have

been felt with those humbler personages who have lived with orderly industry at the mill; as also with those who, led away by disorderly passions, have strayed away from it and have come back again to the old home.

For a couple of days after the return of the miller with his daughter and son very little was said about the past—very little, at least, in which either the father or Sam took any part. Between the two sisters there were no doubt questions and answers by the hour together as to every smallest detail of the occurrences at Salisbury. And the mother almost sang hymns of joy over her child, in that the hour which she had so much dreaded had passed by. But the miller said not a word, and Sam was almost equally silent.

"But it be all over, Sam?" asked his mother, anxiously, one day. "For certain sure it be all over now?"

"There's one, mother, for whom it ain't all over yet—poor devil!"

"But he was—the murderer, Sam."

"So was t'other fellow. There weren't no difference. If one was more spry to kill t'old chap than t'other, Acorn was the spryest. That's what I think. But it's done now, and there ain't been much justice in it. As far as I sees, there never ain't much justice. They was nigh a-hanging o' me; and if those chaps had thought o' bringing t'old man's box nigh the mill, instead of over by t'old woman's cottage, they would ha' hung me outright. And then they was twelve months about it! I don't think much on 'em." When his mother tried to continue the conversation—which she would have loved to do, with that morbid interest which we always take in a matter which has been nearly fatal to us, but from which we have escaped—Sam turned into the mill, saying that he had had enough of it, and wouldn't have any more.

Then, on the third day, a report of the trial in a county newspaper reached them. This the miller read all through, painfully, from the beginning to the end, omitting no detail of the official occurrences. At last, when he came to

the account of Sam's evidence, he got up from the chair on which he was sitting close to the window, and striking his fist upon the table, made his first and last comment upon the trial: "It was well said, Sam. Yes, though thou be'est my own, it was well said." Then he put the paper down and walked out of doors, and they could see that his eyes were full of tears.

But from that time forth there came a great change in his manner to his youngest daughter. "Well, Carry," he would say to her in the morning, with as much outward sign of affection as he ever showed to any one; and at night, when she came and stood over him before he lifted his weary limbs out of his chair to take himself away to his bed, he turned his forehead to her to be kissed, as he did to that better daughter who had needed no forgiveness from him. Nevertheless, they who knew him—and there were none who knew him better than Fanny did—were aware that he never for a moment forgot the disgrace which had fallen upon his household. He had forgiven the sinner, but the shame of the sin was always on him; and he carried himself as a man who was bound to hide himself from the eyes of his neighbors because there had come upon him a misfortune which made it fit that he should live in retirement.

Sam took up his abode in the house and worked daily in the mill, and for weeks nothing was said either of his going away or of his return. He would talk to his sisters of the manner in which he had worked among the machinery of the Durham mine at which he had found employment, but he said nothing for a while of the cause which had taken him north, or of his purpose of remaining where he was. He ate and drank in the house, and from time to time his father paid him small sums as wages. At last, sitting one evening after the work of the day was done, he spoke out his mind. "Father," said he, "I'm about minded to get me a wife." His mother and sisters were all there, and heard the proposition made.

"And who is the girl as is to have thee, Sam?" asked his mother.

As Sam did not answer at once, Carry replied for him: "Who should it be, mother, but only Agnes Pope?"

"It ain't that 'un?" said the miller, surlily.

"And why shouldn't it be that 'un, father? It is that 'un, and no other. If she be not liked here, why, we'll just go farther, and perhaps not fare worse."

There was nothing to be said against poor Agnes Pope—only this, that she had been in Trumbull's house on the night of the murder, and had for a while been suspected by the police of having communicated to her lover the tidings of the farmer's box of money. Evil things had of course been said of her then, but the words spoken of her had been proved to be untrue. She had been taken from the farmer's house into that of the vicar, who had, indeed, been somewhat abused by the Puddlehamites for harboring her; but as the belief in Sam's guilt had been gradually abandoned, so, of course, had the ground disappeared for supposing that poor Agnes had had ought to do in bringing about the murder of her late master. For two days the miller was very gloomy, and made no reply when Sam declared his purpose of leaving the mill before Christmas unless Agnes should be received there as his wife; but at last he gave way. "As the old 'uns go into their graves," he said, "it is no more than nature that the young 'uns should become masters." And so

Sam was married, and was taken, with his wife, to live with the other Brattles at the mill. It was well for the miller that it should be so, for Sam was a man who would surely earn money when he put his shoulder in earnest to the wheel.

As for Carry, she lived still with them, doomed by her beauty, as was her elder sister by the want of it, to expect that no lover should come and ask her to establish with him a homestead of their own.

Our friend the vicar married Sam and his sweetheart, and is still often at the mill. From time to time he has made efforts to convert the unbelieving old man whose grave is now so near to his feet, but he has never prevailed to make the miller own even the need of any change. "I've struv' to be honest," he said, when last he was thus attacked, "and I've wrought for my wife and bairns. I ain't been a drunkard, nor yet, as I knows on, neither a tale-bearer nor yet a liar. I've been harsh-tempered and dour enough, I know, and maybe it's fitting as they shall be hard and dour to me where I'm going. I don't say again it, Muster Fenwick, but nothing as I can do now will change it." This, at any rate, was clear to the vicar—that Death, when it came, would come without making the old man tremble.

Mr. Gilmore has been some years away from Bullhampton, but when I last heard from my friends in that village I was told that at last he was expected home.

GUESSES AND QUERIES.

I.

"HOW is the doin', sir?" asked of me some weeks ago a well-to-do farmer in Moultonborough, New Hampshire. He had been of service to me in an emergency, was respectful, and I was desirous to be communicative; but failing to comprehend his meaning, my reply became necessarily the question,

"What did you ask?"

"How is the doin' down country, sir?"

"Doing?" I responded. "Pray pardon me, but I really do not understand you."

"Yes, doin'!" he replied. "You've come from Dover in the stage—haven't you?—and you ought to know."

The light broke upon me, and I answered, partly at a venture nevertheless,

"Not good. The rains have damaged the roads, and they have not been repaired. But pray tell me, is *doing* the word you use for passing along the highways?"

"Yes, sir. That's the word we use here. Don't everybody?"

"No," I answered. "I never heard it used in that sense before, and did not at first know your meaning. They ask in Massachusetts and Connecticut, 'how the *going* is;' in New York and the West, 'how the *traveling* is;' in Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, 'how the *road* is;' and in England, 'how the *ways* are.'"

"Well, that *is* curious," replied my obliging companion, and we parted.

Stopping at Haverhill, Massachusetts, a few days afterward, a friend drove me out of town to see the lakes, which he persisted in calling *ponds*, in spite of their size. Upon our return the harness broke, and he requested me to hold the lines until he got out and "*fixed the tackling*." We were scarcely intimate enough for me to remark upon any peculiarity of his language,

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and I took no open notice of the extraordinary phrase. At Beverly, in the same State, however, then in Newburyport, in Plymouth, on Cape Cod, and at last in several towns in Rhode Island, within a very few days I heard the same substitution, both in the form of verb and noun, of "tackling" for harness. "Hang up the tackling," "tackle the horse," "send the tackling to be mended," and similar phrases, were in constant use. West of Worcester, Massachusetts, it did not appear to be used; in the Connecticut Valley, not at all; and in Berkshire county its meaning was unknown. And yet up from the Old Colony, all along the coast to Hampton Beach, and on the banks of the Merrimac river, through a country more thickly populated and not less highly civilized than any portion of equal extent in America, its use was universal. Speaking of this peculiar word to a Harvard professor, he told me that it had been in use in Eastern Massachusetts for more than two hundred years, and gave me the following curious account of its origin:

When horses were brought from England by the early settlers of the Bay State, no vehicles came with them. There were only bridle-paths through the forest. The animals were ridden, never driven. Boats furnished the principal means of transportation, and these being laid up during the winter, their tackling was carefully put away. When the ice became thick enough on the rivers and inlets to be safely traveled upon, sledges were made, and in the lack of harness with which to attach a horse to the new contrivance recourse was had to the boat tackling. Hence "tackling," used first correctly to describe the means by which the animal was fastened to the vehicle, held its own when the rude invention gave way in

course of time to its better-fitting successor. The noun substantive existing, the verb easily followed, and both promise to be part of the vernacular of the rural seaboard townships for many years to come.

Ten years ago a small, triangular piece of ground standing at the corner of Cannon street and St. Paul's churchyard, London, was for sale. It was very valuable. Many persons desired to purchase it. Its price advanced day by day, until the sum of money offered for it seemed fabulous. An American, passing it in company with a London merchant, asked,

"What is that lot really worth?"

"What lot?"

"Why, that building lot."

"I don't know what you mean," replied the latter, looking the American full in the face: "the building societies offer no allotments in the city proper. They deal only with leases. This is a freehold."

Both men were astray as to the meaning of each other, and it was not until after considerable explanation that the American learned that the Englishman was ignorant of our use of the word "lot." As applied to land it is unknown in the parlance of England. A town lot, building lot, pasture lot would be meaningless expressions in any part of the three kingdoms, and yet they have become so interwoven in our language, and are so necessary to our American business life, that the loss of them, like that of poor Nogard's fish-pole and line, might call for his exclamation of despair, "God knows, if they're gone, all's gone!"

The origin of this word also dates back to early transactions in the seaboard townships of Massachusetts. The extensive salt marshes were used for a time in common by the first settlers. There was enough for all. Every man cocked, stacked and carted home as much hay as he could make. But as the population increased, and quarrels grew out of fancied infringements of individual rights, the municipal corporations took the matter in hand, and, di-

viding the marshes into equal parts, the number of parts corresponding to the number of heads of families, had the right of choice drawn for by lot at a public meeting. Mr. Jones' choice was then called Mr. Jones' *lot*; Mr. Smith's choice, Mr. Smith's *lot*; Mr. Jackson's, Mr. Jackson's *lot*; until, in the course of years, the name of the transaction which had long passed away was applied to the land that remained—still Jones' lot, Smith's lot and Jackson's lot. Naturally enough, when the word had begun to mean land in one place it was applied to land in another place, irrespective of the manner in which the land came, and, losing at last its original signification altogether, obtained its present secondary meaning.

The same origin belongs to this word when used by children and uneducated people to express numbers; as, "What *lots* of candy you have!" "I own *lots* of pictures." It is never used in this sense by our Transatlantic cousins, children or adults. Indeed, the lot itself, in its primitive meaning, revived from ancient Jewish and early Christian times, as "the lot fell upon Jonah," "the lot fell upon Matthias," by the New England Puritans, was scarcely known in England. But with them being resorted to with a firm belief in a special providence, after a solemn appeal by prayer to God, in almost every emergency, it became associated, from the number of lots corresponding with the number of persons engaged in the transaction, with a considerable quantity, and hence obtained this common use. Mather, in his *Magnalia*, first published in the latter part of the seventeenth century, writes of the "great lot" of evil spirits that possessed a woman in Beverly; and stories of the "lots upon lots" of bears killed by old Moulton are still told at the winter firesides near the foot of Ossipee Mountains.

The downs in Yorkshire form commons of thousands of acres, uncultivated, without springs or streams of water, and unenclosed by walls or hedges. They are used for sheep-pasturage. The flocks, guarded by collies

during the day to prevent their straying, are driven home and counted every night, and let out afield and again counted every morning. A thick hedge of hawthorn surrounds the fold, which latter is usually placed in low ground, where water is most easily found. There is one opening only, made by clipping the hedge, of a size just large enough to admit a single sheep, and by the outside of it a seat is sunk into the ground upon which the shepherd sits to count or *tale* each member of the flock as it goes in or comes out. "Are the sheep taled?" "Come, boy, look sharp: tale the flock!" are as common phrases in Yorkshire downs as "Fodder the cattle," or "Drive the cows to pasture," is in New England. A couplet in Milton's *L'Allegro*, the meaning of which is often misunderstood, refers to this custom in the very words:

"And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale;"

not his tale of love to brown-locked Amarilla, but his tale of sheep as they emerge from the fold, through the hawthorn opening, before being driven to the downs.

A lady, recently conversing with an intelligent Englishwoman of rank upon the comparative chances to fat or lean people of reaching old age, used the American adage, "If you get a good *wilt*, you may live for ever."

"Wilt?" asked the latter with surprise: "Wilt? I never heard or saw the word. What does it mean?"

"Withered," replied the former, "and more than withered. I am certain it is an English word. Look in the dictionary."

Recourse was had to Johnson—for neither Webster nor Worcester have yet made its way into many British households—but it was not found. The word is so lost, in fact, or is so entirely forgotten, that, despite its Saxon origin, even Dr. Johnson's keen scent had failed to unearth it.

It is curious that whenever a word gets into bad company it loses caste. Take *swap*, for example. Once it was

as dignified as its synonym *exchange*, and of better birth. An old poet writes,

"The headlong fool who wants to be a swapper
Of gold and silver coin for English copper,
May in 'Change Alley prove himself an ass,
And give rich metal for adulterate brass."

Dean Swift uses the word repeatedly. So does that earlier master of English, Ben Jonson. But it fell among low companions. The South Sea stockjobbers damaged its reputation, and it has since lost all character by association with horse-jockeys, save among boys, whose language, handed down with their games, wonderfully preserves Saxon words and idioms.

It is also worth notice that when a word expresses anything offensive it is either put out of good society altogether, or is exchanged for an equivalent. Instances of the former, which cannot be named here, will occur to every one: of the latter, there are none more pertinent than the various words that have been used to express what we now call *nausea*. It is an offensive thing. The idea suggests extreme illness, disgust at food, pain, retchings and disagreeable accompaniments, and to get rid of the idea a new name is given. Fifty years ago people "*puked*," and even doctors with knee-buckles, silk stockings and gold-headed canes recommended "*a puke*" to high-bred matrons and fastidious belles. This name was shortly forbidden. The doctors then gave an "*emetic*," and their patients "*vomited*." This too was dismissed—not the thing, but the word—and the sufferers "*gagged and threw up*." To this succeeded "*nausea*," which, sharing the fate of its predecessors, has given place to "*sickness of the stomach*" in America, and to "*sickness*" (meaning the very thing) in England.

The idioms of our common language are the same, of course, wherever it is spoken. In the use of words, however, even among the educated, there are differences—few, indeed, considering that the mass of the people of Great Britain and the United States have been separated more than two centuries, but sufficiently marked to attract attention.

Upon a fence enclosing a building in process of erection in England a notice is usually put in these words: "No bills may be stuck on this *hoarding*." It is a good old English noun, derived from the same root with its correlative verb, *to hoard*, meaning *a thing put by itself*, which we in America have lost. Again, wherever in English towns it is desirable to fill a depression in the ground, a placard states, "Rubbish may be *shot* here." It is the use of the verb *to shoot* in its generic sense, which, unfortunately, we restrict to an arrow or the contents of a gun, and is correct.

In the definitions of callings and pursuits there are considerable variations. The Barings, Rothschilds, Brown, Shipley & Co. and Morgan are merchants, not bankers: Morrison & Co., Cook & Co., the Crossleys, and others in London, the largest of their class, are not wholesale merchants, but warehousemen; the person who attends to your legal business is not a lawyer, but a solicitor, and he who appears for you at court, a barrister; your doctor is a medical man: you call him "Mister," and pay him whenever he sends his account, while the person he calls in consultation is a physician: you address him as "Doctor," and pay him (a guinea usually) as he leaves your door; if you attend at one of the Established churches the services are conducted by a clergyman, if at a Dissenting house of worship, by a minister; your stores are shops, your retail merchants tradesmen, and your domestics servants.

In locomotion by rail, identical in origin and nearly the same in age in both countries, different words express precisely similar meanings. Our railroad is their railway, our cars their carriages, our depôts their stations, our grades their gradients, and when we switch off they shunt.

It is in olden habitudes of life, however, and in things long existing, that the chief differences are found. Letters there are posted, not mailed; periodicals are taken in, not taken; a friend on a visit stops, but does not stay; you order something to be fetched, not brought;

you ride on horseback only, never in a carriage; foremost men are clever, not smart; a high wind only is a storm, not a fall of rain; meadows are uplands, never bogs or swamps; cooked meat may be under-done, never rare; Lady-day, Midsummer-day, Michaelmas and Christmas are the times when all quarterly rents are due, never March 31st, June 30th, September 30th and December 31st; it is the rental of a house you pay, not the rent; autumn is the late season of the year, not fall; hedges, shrubs and trees are quick, not alive; and you ask that two or more things may be done at once (*at one time*), and not necessarily instantly. Cocks and hens, rams and ewes, bulls and cows, stallions, mares and geldings, jacks and jennies, bucks and roes, dogs and sluts, still retain their Saxon names, and it is at no time offensive to use them. And women of good blood and gentle breeding, in common with the other sex, have ankles and calves, knees and legs, and do not blush to speak of them.

So also simples are herbs, as in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* a perfumed garment is said to smell "like Bucklersbury in simple time;" cheapening is marketing; kirtle is chemise; tarts (all save those made from meats) are pies; showls are shovels (as in *Cock Robin*:

"I, said the owl,
With my spade and showl
I'll dig his grave");

chouse is deceit; stoat is weasel; equal is fair or just ("Are not my ways equal? are not yours unequal? saith the Lord"); bumptious is conceited; and starvation is suffering from extreme cold as well as hunger. The word *chouse*, just named, almost in universal use, has a curious history. It is not vulgar, as Webster says. Landor, Robert Browning, Forster, and other classical writers, use it. The Arabic word *chiaouse* means interpreter. In 1607 an *attaché* of the embassy of the Sultan to the Court of St. James—a *chouse*, as he was called on 'Change—committed an enormous fraud on the Persian merchants resident in

London, cheating them out of many thousand pounds sterling. From the extent and notoriety of this transaction any one who cheated his creditors was said to "chouse" them—that is, to do as this *chouse* (interpreter) had done, and hence the engrafting the word on English speech. "Spital," spite of its inherent vulgarity, is still applied (perhaps out of respect for school traditions) to the annual sermon preached at the Blue-coat school, and there is printed on the title-page, whenever published, "'*Spital Sermon*,'" but '*van* for caravan, '*varsity* for university, and '*bus* for omnibus, though equally common, have never reached the dignity of introduction into grave composition. In speaking of weights the word *stone* (fourteen pounds) is universally used.

The adjective *queer* always has a ludicrous meaning with us, conforming to its Saxon origin, as when we say "a queer fellow," "a queer story," and the like. In England the sense is serious: "I feel very queer," to describe a sudden illness; "Smith was very queer on the road," to define an act of rudeness; and "the stroke cut him queerly," to give the surgeon an idea of a dangerous wound.

When McCormick took his reaper first to England he was greatly lionized. Everywhere he was fêted and toasted. Prince Albert examined and admired the wonderful implement that was to change the harvest-home of the laborer; Philip Pusey, member of Parliament and president of the British Agricultural Club, had it first tried upon his ripened crops in Berkshire; and Sir John Key, who had been twice Lord Mayor of London, gave in McCormick's honor a public dinner. Among the speeches made over the wine was one by Mr. Ransome, who, by extravagant eulogies of the great inventor, was bidding high for an exclusive license to manufacture and vend the reaper. At the climax of his eloquence a voice from a distant part of the table cried out, "Make it a plum, Ransome!" A burst of uproarious laughter instantly followed, which, peal succeeding peal, quite broke down

the speaker. Not an American present understood it. Every one asked an explanation of his next neighbor. And when the meaning was given no one of them seemed quite able to comprehend the joke. Perhaps there is no better illustration of the indefinable meaning that merely local words often obtain. A *plum* is, in English parlance, one hundred thousand pounds sterling. It is a word neither dignified nor low, but holds, with a slight flavor of the ludicrous, a midway position in conversation common to many words that are banished from composition. Sprung suddenly, as in this case, upon a grave and turgid public address, it has a serio-comic sense that sinks the farthest flights of language into bathos. Hence, when Mr. Ransome's eloquence had raised Mr. McCormick's inventive genius to the highest pitch, the unexpected interpolation of "Make it a plum, Ransome," acting like a pointed instrument upon a balloon, caused a collapse that was irresistibly comical.

The corruption of proper names in London, both in speech and writing, is worth remark. "Bolt in Tun," a famous inn on Fleet street, was Boltenton when the White Friars deeded it in 1443; "Bull and Mouth," on St. Martin's-le-Grand, was named Boulogne Mouth in commemoration of the destruction of the French fleet in Boulogne harbor in 1544; the "Swan with Two Necks," in Lad lane, is corrupted from two *nicks*—a mark of the Vintners' Company upon the bills of the swans still preserved in the Thames; and "Talbot and the Dog," in High street, Southwark, was Chaucer's *Tabard* ("talbot" was the old synonym for dog, and a fool of a landlord, mistaking *Tabart* for *Talbot*, painted it so on his sign, and added the dog), as in the *Canterbury Tales*:

"Befell that in that season, on a day,
At Southwark at the Tabart I did lay."

Of the "Bell Savage," still famous for its ale, Addison, in No. 28 of the *Spectator*, thus writes:

"As for the Bell Savage, which is the sign of a savage man standing by a bell, I was formerly very much puzzled upon

the conceit of it, till I accidentally fell into the reading of an old romance which gives an account of a very beautiful woman who was found in a wilderness and is called *la Belle Sauvage*, and is everywhere translated by our countrymen 'the Bell Savage.'"

Holborn was Old Bourne; Covent Garden, Convent Garden; Marylebone (pronounced *marrow bone*), Mary-at-the-Bourne; and Two Bones, in Fetter lane, the double house in which lived "Praise-God Barebones" of Cromwell's time, and his brother, "Damned Barebones."

Old common names are still retained in English use. Molasses is treacle, ashes are breeze, a pitcher is a jug, and *bug*, losing entirely its generic sense, which we retain, is confined exclusively to that most disgusting of all vermin, the bed-bug. The verb "to prevent" still retains, in parts of Sussex, Norfolk and Essex, even among the gentry, its primitive meaning as used in the authorized version of the Bible—"Thou preventest me in the night season," and in the Prayer Book, "That thy grace may always prevent and follow us"—*of to go before*. It is doubtful, however, whether it did not always share its present meaning. Trench thinks not. But it is difficult to see in the following, for example, copied from the ward-mote inquests of London of 1495, how it could have been understood otherwise: "*Also yf there be anye paryshe clarke that ryngeth curfewe after the curfewe be ronge at Bowe Chyrche, or St. Bryde's, or St. Gyles's-wythoute-Cripelgate, all suche to be prevented.*" *Apropos* to the Prayer Book of the English communion, which contains our richest legacy of pure Anglo-Saxon English, it is doubtful whether half a dozen worshippers in any Episcopal church understand the meaning of the word "kindly" in the Litany, where petition is put up "for the *kindly* fruits of the earth," as the old authors meant it to be understood. Its employment is exceptional. It is not found in the Bible nor used elsewhere in the Prayer Book. The English Fathers have it not, and the Catholic Missal has

no Latin word corresponding. It means simply *the fruits of the earth after their kind*, following the authorized translation from the Hebrew in Genesis, where God is said to have created everything in the animal and vegetable world "after its kind."

There is a strange phrase still in use in the rural districts of New England, the origin of which is difficult to trace. A gentleman passing a few weeks last summer at Mount Desert, Maine, asked the innkeeper whether he could change a hundred-dollar bill. Putting his hand in his pocket and taking out his wallet, the latter replied, "*I don't know's I can, and I don't know AS I can.*" The expression is common, the meaning clear, and the substitution of *as* for *but* unmistakable. But why the former should invariably take the place of the latter, or how the use of it originated, is not easy to be explained.

As an offset to that, however, the fishermen of the island use a significant and euphonious word to describe a state of the sea. A lady on board a yacht, when the wind had died away, and the water, unbroken by waves, assumed that glassy appearance familiar to sea-going persons, overheard a sailor say to his comrade, "We may as well take to the oars, for we've got into a *gray-slick*." Bearing in mind that *slick* is our corruption of *sleek*, the word is accurately descriptive of the color and oleaginous appearance of a certain state of the ocean. More beautiful than this even is the use of "*sun-glade*" and "*moon-glade*" among the Old Colony people (who are said to retain jealously much of the speech of the Pilgrim Fathers) to embody in language the falling of light aslant hillside and glen by night or day, or the track of light leading from the observer to the sun or moon.

Very few words or expressions, even when dropped by the educated, are retained by common people without having a broad foundation of sense. The language of the latter finds its source in what is clearly comprehended. But words of good birth and gentle breeding do not always exchange the homely

jerkin for the scholarly gown. "*Spry*," for example, used in conversation by the courtly, and possessing an individuality of meaning of its own, though derived from the French *esprit*, has never gained admission into composition. Perhaps its provincial origin, coming as it does from Lower Canada, may have damaged its chances. The noun "*sprees*," however, which came to us from Louisiana, though of the same stock (*esprit*), has never seen good company, and does not deserve it.

Chaff, *chaffing* and *chaffy*, three vile English words, used by as elegant and pure a writer as Savage Landor, have happily gained no foothold with our people; and it is to be regretted that the like is not true of *pluck* and *plucky*, words that became fashionable in England in the early part of this century, and are examples of the worst kind of base corruption of language. For what is the *pluck* of an animal but the vilest part of its entrails? And when to express courage our fathers used *heart*, and the old Romans *cor* and *pectus*, why should our crown of glory be what even savages reject as the loathsome part of a carcass?

It is scarcely worth the while to allude to the cockney use and disuse of the letter *h*, except to remark that it would seem to be fixed in London and the large provincial towns of England for ever. To a person, boy or man, girl or woman, born and reared within the sound of Bow Bells—*i. e.*, the city proper of London—the habit of dropping the initial aspirate in every instance, and of using it before every initial vowel, is next to ineradicable. Neither wealth nor society is of avail. I tried it for six years upon one of the most intelligent boys I ever saw. He himself made every effort to second me. And yet, prosperous tradesman as he now is, and master of one of the city companies, he would to-day explain that he did not mean "the *h*air of the *h*at-mosphere, but the 'air of the 'ead." Nothing but university training will do it, and this never effectually. Sir Robert Peel acquired the faculty of pro-

nouncing *h* when it occurred at the beginning of a word. Thus he would say, "house" and "hustings," not, in city fashion, "'ouse" and "'ustings;" but the *h* in the middle of a word he would still omit. Thus, whether in conversation or public speeches, he invariably would say, for example, "The man be-'aves well who always ad'eres to his friends," or, "The first criminal was be-'eaded, and then the next be'ind."

Without controverting our right and ability to coin words—within grammatical restrictions of course—in case of need, it were to be wished that in those we have inherited there might be identity of meaning given them by all persons who profess to speak English correctly on both sides of the Atlantic. If it be too late to recover *guess* and *clever*, *ugly* and *smart*, from the perverted sense we universally give them, we might nevertheless impose some restriction upon the verb to *fix* that would keep it within the limits of decency. It now travels in our country and city speech in every sort of guise throughout the domains of industry, morals and social life, its individuality lost and its purposes as various as the wind. Every article of clothing that needs repair; every department of housekeeping that requires change; every surgical instrument, mechanical tool, barnyard implement, manufacturing gear, building material, shipping tackle or farming utensil that demands attention; every book that wants binding, piano that needs tuning, carpet that requires turning, article of furniture that asks changing, or building that lacks roofing; the table unseemly set, the service awkwardly rendered, food badly cooked, beds poorly made, cisterns that leak, dresses that illy fit and doors that refuse to shut,—are each and all to be made good by being "*fixed*." The minister "*fixes*" his sermon to suit the occasion, the doctor his medicine, the engineer his drawings, the architect his specifications, the merchant his accounts, and the attorney his briefs. We "*fix*" at a caucus whom to elect, on the farm what to do, in the college how to study, and at watering-places the per-

sons we would like to know. The most incongruous things—the creed and the voyage, taxes and marriage engagements, drawing of teeth and pasturage of the cattle, books to be purchased and manners to be formed, changes in food and parties of pleasure—are all “fixed.” It is a sad misuse of language—pleasant enough for the time, doubtless, to avoid the trouble of careful thought, but a fool’s

paradise nevertheless, the gates of which may not be shut until the mischief is irreparable. There is no disgrace in ignorance when opportunities for knowledge have been wanting. The disgrace is either in professing ignorance which does not exist, or in pretending to be acquainted with our vernacular when we speak it incorrectly.

N. S. DODGE.

MARY.

THE box is not of stainless alabaster
Which o'er Thy feet I break;
Nor filled with costly ointment, gracious Master,
Poured for Thy sake.

Nay, rather is it shapen in this fashion—
A living heart,
Dashed all across with scarlet stains of passion,
And broke in part;

While from its open wound comes softly dripping,
Like slow tears shed,
In heavy drops, along Thy footstool slipping,
Its life-blood red.

It needs no balm or myrrh for sweet or bitter,
But life and love:
These sad conditions make mine offering fitter
Thy heart to move.

From all these chains of cruel wrong and anguish,
This load of grief
Wherewith my soul doth pant, and mourn, and languish,
Give me relief!

In Thy far home is not Thy soul still tender
For mortal woe?
Hear'st Thou not still amid that spotless splendor
The seraphs know?

Oh turn Thy human eyes from heavenly glory!
Say as before
Those tenderest words of all Thy gospel story—
“Go, sin no more!”

ROSE TERRY.

ETHRAMONIA.

HOW did I come, I wonder, by my outlandish name? I'm sure I don't know. I suppose it was given me when a baby, as most other people's names are. I fancy there may have been a stratum of the bizarre among my relations, which had an occasional outcropping, and years ago—twenty-six years! can it have been so many?—it came to the surface in my name, Ethramonia. That is what it is at full length. A few call me Ethra, for short, and for the rest of the world, the most part of those who speak of me at all call me Miss Brown. It is this which makes the first part of my name seem so ridiculous. If, now, I had been Miss Devereux or Miss Killmansegg (not, however, with a golden leg) or Miss Halihashniristan, the great eternal fitness of things would not have been so much outraged in my christening. But Ethramonia Brown! It is like hasty pudding and honey, whereas everybody knows that the orthodox collocation is hasty pudding and molasses.

I made some mention, a little way back, of my relations. They are all of the past. I am quite alone in the world. My mother did not survive the shock of my father's sudden death on the day that I was born, and of those who reared the orphan kindly, none are left now. As I said, I am quite alone in the world. To some people that phrase expresses the sum-total of human unhappiness. It is not so to me. On the contrary, I am not sure that I do not rather like it. The position certainly has its advantages. There are the A—s, now, whose rich uncle has just turned out a defaulter. They have always sworn by him, and they feel the disgrace very keenly. Then there are the B—s. Their son Percy is of the Harold Skimpole order, I should say, and is always getting into difficulties. They are constantly doing something to keep him up to the society mark, but it is like pour-

ing water into a sieve. *My relations* give me no such trouble, and—which is quite as much to the purpose—I am no such trouble to them. Here is one advantage of being alone in the world. Then I really think that, in a general way, kinship is only another term for meddling. There is Rett Barclay. To my certain knowledge she has been engaged, or on the point of an engagement, five times within as many years, but her relations have always interfered to break off the match. Rett sulks and cries, and declares that she will do as she pleases, but in the end she invariably yields. I suppose it is a good thing to have a submissive temper if one has relations, but, having none, I think it good for me to do what I like. There is another consideration that comes in here. With many individuals their kindred are to them what a high board fence is to the enclosure it surrounds. The rest of the world is outside. They cannot look over the wall. Hence their charities, their sympathies, their affections are restricted to those of their own family. Verily, I think a worse fate may befall one than to be alone in the world.

"But you must be so lonely, living here by yourself," say my friends. Lonely? I suppose so, and if I like it why should I not be lonely? I have a good library, thanks to one of my departed relations; and a comfortable income, thanks to another. It is only eight hundred a year, I grant you. Flora McFlimsey would snap her fingers at it in disdain, I dare say, and so would Fitzbobbin Moneyferret. But I am not ambitious of becoming the object of Mr. Moneyferret's attentions, and as for Miss McFlimsey, she may go her way and I will go mine; for which gracious permission on my part I dare say she will not condescend to thank me.

"A life in which nothing happens." That phrase in Auerbach's novel, *On*

the Heights, struck me the other day. I do not wonder that Irma, with her restless, impatient spirit, shrunk from binding herself to such a life. But it has no terrors for me—probably because I am used to an uneventful way of living. One day at Gala House—the name of my house, like my own, has come down to me from my relations—is very like another. My life is one in which nothing happens. Now the sun shines, anon the rain falls. The seasons come and go. In summer I work in my garden: in winter I work in worsteds. At all times I try to keep in mind what One has said, "The poor ye have always with you," and summer and winter I work for the poor.

I said my life is one in which nothing happens. Perhaps I ought to recall that statement. Something did happen on Thursday week. I had taken some trifles in food and clothing to the Nortons. Usually I send Mrs. Rounds, but that day she was busy, and I went myself. The Nortons live in a poor house in the hollow at the foot of the hill. Outside, however, the place has quite a picturesque look. The house is literally vine-clad, and densely shaded with trees. These are mostly balm of gilead, but there are a few thick-headed firs before the front windows, so that, in winter, as well as in summer, the beneficent sun can hardly effect an entrance into this poor dwelling. Mr. Norton is a mechanic, and, I believe, a skillful one, but he has always been unfortunate. To some men misfortunes come as naturally as an upward flight does to sparks. Mr. Norton is one of these men. If anybody loses his property and can't pay his debts, or turns scamp and won't pay them, Norton is always sure to be one of the losers. Then he has a sickly wife, and puny, ailing children. Of the latter, only four out of nine are living. Barbara is now growing into womanhood, with a soft, delicate prettiness, like a plant that has been kept in the shade. Her face does not express much character. She is vain, I think, and frivolous, and almost useless. I have more than once proposed getting her

some good place where she could at least support herself, and perhaps help the family a little. But she has no mind for work, and her mother insists that Barbara is not strong enough to work for a living. As for teaching, that is quite out of the question, for the girl has not education for it.

On Thursday week I found the Nortons in trouble, as usual. Mr. Norton has had a fall, resulting in a lame side. He will hardly get to work again this summer. He was very much discouraged, and one cannot wonder at that. Mrs. Norton was at work on sale-shirts. Janet, the second girl, was taking care of the baby, which was down with the measles. Those children are always having the measles, I believe, though the programme is sometimes varied by whooping cough or scarlet fever. Barbara was doing nothing.

"Whatever we are going to do, I don't know," said Mrs. Norton, despairingly.

I did not know either, but I never could abide to see distress without making an effort for its relief; so I turned the matter over in my mind, trying to see daylight through a blank wall. Mrs. Norton was doing all she could. Janet could not be spared from home. Barbara was the only hope of the house, and a slim hope, too, I considered her. I knew it would be useless to offer her any situation where work was required; so, feeling that she must do something, I proposed to take her as a companion, having about as much use for such an appendage as a farmer has for an elephant. But I offered to give her her clothes and two dollars a week if she would come to live with me. To do this out of my eight hundred a year would require pinching, I knew; and I did not crave such companionship as Barbara Norton's. I should have preferred to pay her the same amount and let her stay at home. This, however, I could not offer to do. Mr. Norton's pride would have fired up if I had, for he has pride, and I like him the better for it. Barbara promised to consider my proposal and let me know to-day; and

there I think she is, coming up the lane, now. I must go down and let her in.

Three days later. Barbara is here, and now that I have got her, I am trying to discover what I am to do with her. She is quite as useless as I expected, and quite as vain. To-day she has confided to me that she cannot go into the street without being stared at by every man she meets.

"I don't see, I'm sure, what they all see in me to admire so much," she added, simperingly,

Yesterday I cut over two of my dresses for Barbara, intending that she should make them up for herself. She declared, I'm afraid with some temper, that she never had made her dresses, and did not know how. Then it was quite time for her to learn, I assured her; and after sulking a while she set about it. If I can teach her to make her own clothes, it will be something gained; and here I have a powerful co-operator in her vanity, so that I think I may succeed.

Last evening I thought I would give "my companion" some work belonging legitimately to her sphere. Selecting *Aurora Leigh*, because I thought her standard of womanhood might thus be elevated, I desired Barbara to read to me; but after the first dozen lines I assured her hastily that she might stop. Not for another moment could I have endured that high-pitched, intoned, senseless rendering of passages for which I have the highest reverence. Barbara colored deeply, divining, I suppose, that I was dissatisfied with her performance. I was sorry to have hurt her feelings; and thinking that she might do better with prose, I took down the *Testimony of the Rocks*, which I had mentally devoted to a re-reading at the first convenient opportunity. Such bungling, shiftless work as she made of half a dozen pages of the first lecture I desire never to listen to again. She was going on to the second, but I decided that we had had reading enough for one evening, and went to the piano. I was scarcely seated when Mrs. Rounds showed in a gentleman—a stranger, as I thought at first. But it proved to be

Philemon Eastcourt. We used to be great friends years ago: ten years ago it was that he went to Chicago to practice law, and I had heard nothing from him since. I was greatly surprised to see him now, not knowing that he had come home.

There is always something awkward about meeting friends whom you have not seen for years. When you have said, "I am glad to see you," and "When did you come?" and "How much you are changed!" or, perhaps, "You are not changed in the least," you are very apt to have reached a *stand-still*, to use a colloquialism. You are unwilling to address your friend with the common-places which would be your only resource with a stranger, and the thread of familiar intercourse between you two was cut off so long ago that you know not at what point to join it again.

Something of this embarrassment I felt in meeting Philemon Eastcourt after an absence of ten years, and I was really glad of the diversion which my introduction of Barbara offered. After the first stiffness was got over, we had a delightful evening. Philemon is a grand specimen of the American gentleman,—cultivated in taste, genial in temperament, half Apollo, half Hercules in person, with a dash of humor, a large heart and a ready tongue. Such, from a single interview, I conceive him to be. I say, "from a single interview," because, having been only sixteen when he went away, I regard my old partiality for him merely as a girlish fancy, which is not apt to discriminate very closely concerning its object.

Four weeks later. Oh these golden July days! There will be none others in all the year like them, I am sure. What is it that Jean Ingelow says?—

"Crowds of bees are giddy with clover,
Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet;
Crowds of larks at their matins hang over,
Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."

"Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet."
I can take that sentiment fully to my heart. Like the bees giddy with clover, I am fairly giddy with the sweetness of this lush summer-time. All things are

steeped in sunshine. I think it must even have penetrated into the poor shaded house at the foot of the hill.

Lately I have advised the Nortons, as a sanitary measure, to cut down some of their trees and tear away a portion of the vines trailing over their house, but I am looked upon as a Vandal for the suggestion. The very baby raised her voice against such desecration. Even Philemon decided against the measure when Barbara appealed to him with a pretty simper and the question, "Don't *you* think, Mr. Eastcourt, that woodbine is a great deal prettier than rough, bare boards?"

Philemon gave his voice for the woodbine, and added a mock-pathetic recital of "Woodman, spare that tree." He is much too chivalrous, I suspect, to side with the mistress against a poor dependant, and I honor him the more for it. Nevertheless, I can but doubt the wisdom of sacrificing health to a sentiment, and, prettier though the woodbine may be, and touching though the pathos of "Woodman, spare that tree," I am true to my Vandalism. I never enter "The Shades," as I have named the Nortons' house, without a sensation of chill, such as one feels on going into a damp cellar.

The baby, who has recovered from measles, is now attacked by croup, and the puny thing is suffering greatly. I offered to let Barbara go home for a little while, but Mrs. Norton thought she could get along quite well without her. It is plain that she would not expect much help from her eldest daughter if she came.

Philemon Eastcourt comes here often. Scarcely a day passes that we do not see him, and generally more than once. They have sickness at the O'Briens', and last evening, just as Philemon came in, I was sent for to sit with the children while Mrs. O'Brien went out to do some necessary errands. I never refuse such a request, and did not now, though I feared Philemon would think he must go on account of it. He declared, however, that he would stay until I came back, which I was very glad to hear.

He is getting to seem quite at home here, and brings with him so much cheerfulness and mirth that Gala House is becoming worthy of its name.

I came in quietly on returning from the O'Briens', and heard Philemon and Barbara talking gayly in the parlor. Phil can adapt himself to all sorts of people, and wins golden opinions, too, from all. He declared that he did not expect me back so soon, though I had been gone half an hour longer than I intended. I suppose he said this to set my mind at ease about leaving him so long alone, or what amounts to the same thing, for of course Barbara could be no real company for him.

He stayed until quite a late hour, to make up, as he laughingly affirmed, for the time I had wasted on the O'Briens. We sang several new songs which he had brought, and when tired of singing we all went out to the piazza, where Phil and I talked of music and books and authors, and I do not know what else.

Upon one point we were very near quarreling, I fear. Phil is one of those who believe that Macaulay had no heart. I believe he had a heart—a grand, noble, trustworthy heart. I can feel it beating in every page of his works. I rushed into a defence of my favorite, of which Phil declared, laughing, that it was "very warm and very womanish." When a man wishes to crush us down to the very earth, he thinks he has only to affirm that whatever we have said or done is *womanish*.

Evening of the same day. The Norton baby is dead, and Barbara has gone home for a week. Philemon was here when the message came for her. It was he who told her, and with such compassion and tenderness that if I had not guessed before the warmth and kindness of this man's heart, the knowledge must have come to me to-day. I went home with Barbara, and have just returned from there. The family are in great affliction. The puny little sufferer—sufferer no longer, thanks to Him who carrieth the young lambs in His bosom!—looks very pretty in its soft white robe. I must not forget to carry down some

flowers to-morrow. I am glad so many of my white daisies are in bloom, and I noticed, as I came in, that my moss-rose—the white perpetual—has some lovely buds.

Mr. Norton is still unable to work, and the sting of poverty is added to that of bereavement. I made some mention of their circumstances to Philemon to-night, and he promptly gave me twenty dollars to use for them. That is so like him! I never knew any one else so thoroughly generous. With this sum, and what I shall be able to add to it, the necessary expenses can be met, and something left, perhaps, to lighten the poor mother's burden for a week or two.

Philemon is going away to-morrow to visit his sister in Boston. He ran up in great haste to-night to say "good-bye." He will be gone about a week, so I shall be quite alone again, as in the old days.

Three weeks later. The glorious July days are gone, but their mantle has fallen upon August. When we find ourselves particularly happy, we are apt to wish that time would linger in his flight, fancying that no other season can be so rich in enjoyment. But we forget that God's resources are inexhaustible, and that if He see fit He can add to each day a new glory, though the last may seem to us to have reached the point of perfection. Thus I think the splendor of the last month is outdone by the present time. Never was a summer like unto this one. Dare I ask of my heart the cause of this wonderful brightness? I dare, and my heart out of its fulness responds, "It is because you love."

Even the rainy days are beautiful, for then Philemon comes early and stays all day. There was one such last week, and the house seems to be vocal yet with the pealing gladness which filled it then.

Philemon has not spoken of love, but he declares that he only *lives* at Gala House. He consults my tastes in everything. He brings me the books that I like. My music-rack he has loaded

down, and my garden is gorgeous with flowers of his planting. This morning I took him out to see my Japan lilies, which are just coming into bloom.

"See how glad the pretty things are to get a chance to air their beauty," I said.

"And no wonder," replied Philemon, "since they bloom *here*. There is no place in the world like this. Whenever I have a home of my own I shall call it Gala House."

"I hope it will be so in fact as well as in name," I answered, feelingly.

He thanked me with his rare smile. I think he might have said more, but just then Barbara came out from the house and joined us. Barbara is certainly growing beautiful. I noticed it this morning in particular. It has done her good, getting her away from "The Shades." She has a fine color now, and her face, which used to break out somewhat in pimples, is of a rose-leaf smoothness. All this, I believe, is due to the medicinal powers of sunshine and to the daily bath which I insist upon. Philemon treats Barbara very kindly, as it is his nature to treat everybody. I think he admires her beauty too, for he seems to have pleasure in looking at her.

The day following. Philemon has proposed to-day that we—he and Barbara and I—go to Sebec Lake for a week. This is a place in Maine several miles distant from any inhabited portions of the State, and quite a resort for blueberry and pleasure parties in the vicinity. There is a steamboat that makes regular trips in blueberry-time, and a summer hotel has been built at the head of the lake. Philemon has just heard from some friends there who are "enjoying themselves hugely," as he expressed it, and they are clamorous for him to come. I like the idea, and we shall go to-morrow. Philemon will carry a tent and conveniences for camping out, as it is probable that the hotel will be too full to afford us accommodation. Barbara is full of excitement about the proposed trip.

"Only think!" she has just been tell-

ing me; "Phil says it is all a wilderness where we are going—nothing but woods and mountains and water for miles and miles."

"I think you meant Mr. Eastcourt," I said, pointedly: "you should not make too free with gentlemen's Christian names."

She blushed crimson, and rising quickly left the room in a hurried manner. I am sure she felt my reproof keenly. Perhaps I need not have spoken as I did, for it was only through excitement that she forgot herself. I must go out, I think, and get her a new hat for the excursion. That will show her that I have no unkind feelings; and I noticed to-day that the flowers in hers are not quite fresh-looking.

After a lapse. How long is it since I wrote here last, I wonder? I cannot tell. I have forgotten to count the days. It was just before that Sebec Lake excursion, I remember. And I was so happy then! Now I feel like saying to myself, as Mignon does in her little song,

"Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, gethan?"

"A life in which nothing happens," I think I wrote once that mine was, but "my companion" had not come then, nor Philemon Eastcourt, and I had not been to Sebec Lake.

We started on the day appointed, riding to Boston in a carriage, and then taking the boat to Portland, in order to give Barbara—who had hardly ever left her native town before—as much variety as the trip could afford. It was Mr. Eastcourt who proposed this, and I felt heartily ashamed, I remember, that I was so much less thoughtful for others than he. From Portland we went to Dexter by rail-car, and thence to Dover by stage-coach. We stayed there all night. The hotel accommodations were very good, and the village seemed a fine one, with some appearances of wealth and taste. In the morning a ride of about six miles brought us to the steamboat landing, whence we could already see "The Favorite" coming up the lake. There were, I should think, fifty passengers waiting there with our-

selves, and quite a party were already on board.

Nothing could exceed the fineness of the morning. Only a few floating cumuli clouded the sky, and the water was clear and sparkling. There was a good deal of jollity among the passengers, but for me, being on the water always induces a feeling of repose, so that noisy gayety is apt to strike upon me gratingly. Mr. Eastcourt, on the contrary, was in the highest spirits. Finding that I was inclined to silence, he began talking with Barbara, and they soon had the conversation all to themselves.

When we reached the head of the lake a great many people—hundreds, I should think—were at the landing to see the boat come in. White handkerchiefs fluttered out toward us, and a shout of welcome greeted our ears.

Mr. Eastcourt soon learned that his friends, who did not know what day he was coming, had gone up Wilson Stream, and would not be back until night; so we were left to our own resources. As we had expected, we could not obtain rooms at the hotel, but we arranged to take our meals there and sleep in our tent. We got a very good dinner. The house was, of course, cheaply built and furnished, but everything was perfectly neat, and the table arrangements were in quite good style. After dinner we selected our camping-ground, pitched our tent, and imagined ourselves a party of wandering Bedouins; but none of that grave race, I believe, are so glad-hearted as we were. We just ran wild with the multitude; and if any one can show me a wilder multitude than was gathered there, I really do not care to join it. We walked about, surveyed the mountains, but determined to leave their ascent until another day, rolled ninepins, and, when tired of that, Mr. Eastcourt procured a sail-boat and we went out upon the lake—he and Barbara and I.

I cannot dally with this recital. These recollections stir a fever in my veins. Let me come to it at once. When we had been out perhaps an hour, perhaps less, the boat was upset, I do not know

clearly from what cause. Mr. Eastcourt was a good swimmer, and Barbara and I were buoyed upon the surface a moment by our clothes. He could save one of us: he made his election.

"Barbara, my darling, fear nothing: I will save you!" I heard him cry, and saw him grasp her sinking form. Then I went down. In some cases a great shock deadens pain, but I seemed to have a preternatural power of feeling. I was going to drown, and Philemon Eastcourt loved Barbara! Why could I not have then died in the bliss of ignorance?

I did not drown, however. A boating party, returning from a tour of lily-seeking, came along, and I was saved. As soon as I could speak, I told my rescuers how I happened to be in the water, and about the same time we heard Eastcourt shouting from the bank, where he had landed Barbara in safety. The boat was rowed in shore for them, and we all went back together.

There are times when a woman's pride is her greatest strength. It was mine now. It enabled me to hide all that I felt. Mr. Eastcourt congratulated me upon my escape, but said he was coming back for me after he had brought Barbara to a place of safety. He blushed a little in saying this, and looked at me half guiltily, as I fancied.

"To have saved one life is quite enough to make a hero of you, and I can imagine pleasanter waiting-places than the middle of a lake," I answered, lightly.

"Yes, indeed, Ethra, and I'm glad you didn't have to wait for me," said Eastcourt with a look of relief, perhaps because he was satisfied that I was in no danger of breaking my heart on account of that day's revelation.

We stayed at the lake four days. I studied in all things to appear as usual, and with good success, I think; but my heart was full of bitterness. I was more bitter against myself than any one else. It is not pleasant to have the conviction forced upon you that you have made a fool of yourself, especially if you have entertained complacent views

of your own sagacity. And I might have seen it all if I had not been so blind.

At first, I thought I must dismiss Barbara as soon as we got home. But I soon saw that this would not do. Let me give what excuse I would, they would be sure to suspect the underlying motive, I fancied. Besides, it would be taking a mean advantage of my position of power, and that I hope I am incapable of doing. The girl had done me no wrong. No one had done me wrong except myself; and I had no right to punish others for that which was due to my own weakness alone.

Consequently, Barbara is still here, and Eastcourt is always coming and going about the place as usual. I, on my part, am trying to develop something like womanliness in the fair-faced girl who is to be his wife, but I might as well set to work for the same purpose upon a china doll. Barbara can adorn herself, and simper and laugh and look pretty, but that is the extent of her capacity. Eastcourt, however, thinks she is an angel. He takes no pains now to disguise from me his tenderness for her. If I were his friend only, I might tell him how miserably for his future happiness he has chosen. But it would do no good. There are cases of infatuation, in which nothing but marriage will open a man's eyes.

Some weeks later. They are married and gone. Eastcourt's family are furious. It seems that in coming here so much he has used me as a blind with them. They thought it was I he was going to marry. What is that saying in Proverbs about "dead flies in ointment"? Can it be that there are dead flies in the precious ointment of Philemon Eastcourt's character! His family, as I said, are furious. They even accuse me of having been in a plot to entrap him. Pleasant! I to have been in a plot to marry Philemon Eastcourt to Barbara Norton! But better that than that they should suspect the mortifying truth.

Mrs. Norton has been here to-day. She wants me to take Janet in Barbara's

place. I was on the point of giving her a short denial, but better thoughts prevailed.

"Why not let her go with her sister?" I asked: "Mrs. Eastcourt is richer now than I am, and could do better by Janet than I."

"Barbara never got along very well with the other children, somehow," said Barbara's mother, coloring slightly; "and I don't think it would be good for Janet to go there."

I told the woman I would think of it, and she went away looking so hope-

ful that I think I cannot find it in my heart to disappoint her. Janet is a bright, active child, not at all like Barbara. Under favorable circumstances, she might grow up into a noble womanhood. But she is drooping sadly at "The Shades." She needs air, sunshine, wholesome food, and the Nortons need the weekly sum I should pay her, to live upon. They are among God's poor. "The poor ye have always with you." I see the path of duty plain before me: Janet shall come.

LOUISE S. DORR.

THE WIDOW BEDOTT IN PHILADELPHIA.

SHE VISITS THE GIRLS' NORMAL SCHOOL.

A LETTER from Mrs. Priscilla Sniffles (late Widow Bedott) to her daughter, Mrs. Jupiter Smith, of Wiggletown:

DEAR MELISSY:

"I now take my pen in hand to let you know that I am well" (which I ain't, fer I'm eenymost used up), "and hope you are enjoyin' the same great blessin'."

Ain't that an origernal beginnin' to a letter? I got it out of a "letter-writer" I bought tu Mr. Lippincott's store t'other day. I tell you what 'tis, Melissy—Philadelphia's a big place! We're a-puttin' up at Mr. Girard's tavern. He must be a powerful rich man, fer I du believe half of Philadelphia belongs tu him. He owns a hull street, a big ravenu, and the tremendousest big school-house, with pilazzas all round it, and Clorinthian pillows tu hold the ruff up—tu say nothin' of a bank; but I guess it takes 'bout all the munney there is in it tu feed such a heap of boarders as he has. Our room is clean up tu the top of the house, and you can't see nothin' but chimbleys frum the winders; but

it's fixed up most amazin' fine, and no mistake.

Miss Girard duz seem tu hev a purty good understandin' of housekeepin', though I must say she hain't the fust idee 'bout bein' equinomical; for she's cut the kertings ez long egin ez I should; and I wu'n't revulge the numerous number of towels she's sent up; but I've got 'em laid away span clean in the burer. As tu her hired gals, I wish tu massy I hed the trainin' of 'em! I'd larn 'em tu set chairs and sofys straight up agin the wall, kinder reglar and tidy-like, and not leave 'em all in a sprawl, as they du. But oh the goin's on at table! Land o' liberty! it's enough tu drive one *contracted* tu see them darkey-men meander round with their pocket-handkerchiefs pinned on in front tu keep their close clean.

But I must tell you 'bout some of the sights we've ben a-seein'. The fust day we come, Miss Pendergrass (she that was Glory Ann Billins) came tu take us tu see the Norval school. (Shadrack sticks tu it it's *Norman*, but I guess I've got ears; and besides, I know I saw somethin' in a book onct 'bout the man

that built it—how his father used tu keep sheep on the Grampus Hills. Howsomdever, that don't signerfy; and one bright somniverous mornin' we went tu see it.) I jist wish you could hev ben there! I calkerlate ther must hev ben four or five hundred of 'em, all gals; and I couldn't help sythin' as I meditated how ignorant they wuz of ther futur, and how unbeknownst ther destination. It put me in mind of thet piece of poertry I writ, called "Can't Calkerlate," when it says—

"What poor shortsighted worms we be!
For we can't calkerlate,
With any sort of sartintee,
What is tu be our fate."

Wa'al, the purfessor that showed us round (I've forgotten his name, my memory is so forgetful, but I know it made me think of a *prison**) waz amazin' perlite, and didn't seem tu hev the slightest dejection tu lettin' us see what they wuz a-dewin'. He rattled off a hull string of things—'Rithmetic, Gogerphy, Grammer, 'Ritin and lots thet I never heerd tell of before, and asked which we wanted tu see. I used tu be a master-hand at *Grammer* when I wuz a gal; so I sed I'd refer to see that. Wa'al, he took us down stairs, through a long, narrer entry, inter the grammer-room, and there, ez true ez you're alive, stood the teacher disposedly discussin' Parsin'! I hain't no idee *who* it wuz, though at fust I suspicioned they ment Shadrack, but ez they didn't take the slightest notion on him, I gin it up. My stars! tu think of a school-marm talkin' 'bout a minister tu a hull lot of young gals! Onct in a while they'd git in somethin' 'bout nouns and varbs, but they didn't fool me: I hain't seen the inside of a grammer for nigh on tu forty years, but I seed straight through them, I ken tell ye; so I said tu the purfessor I'd chuse somethin' else.

So he took us inter the next room, wher they wuz a studyin' Gogerphy; and dreadful suz! to hear the jaw-breakin' words they wuz rattlin' off, one would spose they knowed everythin'; but I tell you what, Melissy—twa'n't

nothin' under the sun but a holler show; for when I asked 'em (at the purfessor's distressed request) wher Wiggletown wuz a-sittiwated, nary one of the hull lot could anser! In course I didn't ker tu stay arter that; and we went tu hear what the purfessor called the Ettymully-gy class. I'm free ter say I don't know what that is, nor what they wuz a-recitin'; but I wasn't a-goin' tu let 'em know it, so I resumed a very cuticle air, and laffed right out two or three times, as if I apprehended the ludicosity of ther remarks; but somehow it seemed tu surprise 'em, and thet purfessor got into a powerful hurry, and rushed us orf intu the 'jinin' room. But 'twould hev ben more ter his credit ter kept us out; for there wuz a parcel of whoppin' big gals a-learnin' their letters! I could hardly relieve my ears at first, but they kept sayin' *x* and *y* and some words I couldn't make out. How mortifyin' it must hev ben tu the purfessor! But he tried not tu dispose it, and tuk us away up tew flights of stairs, tu where they wuz passin' the time away convarsin' 'bout conscience and right and wrong. Ez if thet hed the slightest disconnection with skool-keepin'! "What air we a-comin' to?" sez I to Shadrack. But it wa'n't a sarcumstance tu the next teacher, who sot ther tellin' narrators all about tew fellers—how one built a wall, and t'other jumped clean over it. I couldn't help askin' the purfessor, sarkastical, what study they called thet (not but 'twas perfectly rejectionable, but we wa'n't sent tu school tu hear stories when I wuz young), and, ez true ez my name's Priscilly Sniffles, he ansered jist ez sweet ez ye please, "History!" It jist put me clean out of patience. But I guess he seed I waz gittin' riled, fer he tuk us inter a large room wher they waz a-'ritin'. Goody grievous, but 'twas fine! Why, 'twas ez clear ez printin'. I'd liked to staid there an everlastin' long time, but 'twas gettin' late, and ther waz lots more to see.

Next, we went into a room wher they waz learnin' tew draw; leastways, they waz makin' straight lines and marks on the blackboard, and then talkin' 'bout

* Geo. W. Fetter, Principal.—[Ed.
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'em. I didn't feel as if 'twas very ed-dyfyin', and so perposed to go on.

The next study he called Phizzleology; and, ez true ez preachin', the thing itself waz a leetle grain more disgustin' then the name, fer they hed the curious-est-lookin' critter locked up in a box behind the door that ever I sot eyes on. The teacher reformed us 'twas a *mana-kim*; but I never sawd anythin' that looked like it, 'thout 'twas that owtang-owrang we met at the menagerie at Punkin Holler, time the deakin (your diseased par) took us down tu see the Gi-raff-ee. (He waz a great hand for wild animals, he waz.) But I must continner: She said the lesson was in the mechanical cistern (somethin' tu hold water, I spose); and then such talk as went on 'bout the abominable cavity, and carterages, and j'int's, and muskles, and lots of trash I couldn't make head nor tale on, till they got round to the spine-bone; and then that woman jist got out a lot of dead men's bones, and give 'em round tu the class. I tell you, then I dizgusted with her! but when she opened a cubbard door, and there stood a skilleton, I jist screeched right out, I waz so frustrated. We didn't stay there any longer, I can dissure ye, and I waz fer goin' straight back tu the tavern; and Shadrack waz fer goin' tu, fer he begun to git quite consarned 'bout me. And I wish to mussy we had; but just then I overheard Miss Pendergrass (she that waz Glory Ann Billins) sayin' tu the purfessor, sort of apollyglotically, that my narves wa'n't ez strong ez when I wuz young; and thet made me so hop-pin' mad that all the king's hosses couldn't hev drawed me out of thet school-house then. So I straightened right up, and declared myself quite reciprocated and very anxious tu continner. I wish you could hev seen how non-plushed Miss Pendergrass waz! She didn't know which way tu look fer Sunday.

Wa'al, then we went inter the biggest room we'd seen yit, and there sot three rows of as meek-looking critters as you'd care to see. Grand'ther grievous! how hypercritical gals can be; fer in less

than ten minits them little hamburgs jist doubled up their fists and made 'em fly right and left in a hurry. It skeered me so I clinched the purfessor by the coat-tail and hollered, "Keep 'em apart! for mussy's sake, keep 'em apart!" for, ez true ez my name's Priscilly Sniffles, I thought they waz a-goin' tu hev a fight. Thet purfessor must hev an amazin' amenable dispersion, fer arter a minit he looked 'round just ez smilin', and sez he tu me: "Be exposed, marm: it's only figgicle exercises." "Du tell!" sez I: "that's it, is it? Wa'al, I've often heern tell on the fidgets, but I never knowed afore they'd sot 'em tu music." He didn't make any supply to that, but his face got awful red, and he seemed to be mighty tickled 'bout somethin'. All this time they waz a-goin' on twistin' themselves intu all sorts o' shapes, and actin' ez if they waz a-tryin' to tie themselves intu double bow-knots.

Arter a spell they got pretty well tucked out, and sot down to rest; and the purfessor got a cheer and sot it down alongside of me, and asked me what I thought 'bout it. He looked so kinder queer 'round the mouth that I wa'n't 'tall sartin that he wa'n't pokin' fun at me; so I jist coincided I'd be sort o' non-committable, and expound some questions to him tu see how he liked it. So I sed I didn't feel repaired tu say, and then I begun my questions: How long they'd had 'em; if they waz very painful, and what physicians they had resulted; but jist then he seed somethin' that tickled him agin, and left the room. (I s'pose so the scholars shouldn't see him larf.) While he waz gone they all riz and walked themselves into a little cubby-hole of a place I'd noticed when we waz a-comin' down stairs, where there waz a box of sticks. Wa'al, they each helped themselves to a stick, and came marchin' in with it over their shoulders, lookin' quite millingary-like. The music started, and they sot tu work. They kept them sticks in perpetooal motion, and put 'em all 'round—over their heads and behind 'em, and every place they could think on. 'Twa'n't long afore they got wrathly 'bout somethin',

and went to stampin' like fury. They looked so fierce I begun tu git uneasy, and kept edgin' toward the door. Then all of a sudding they jist grabbed them sticks and dove forred and pinte'd 'em straight at me. That was the last camel that broke the hair's back. I went tearin' out of that door and down them stairs like all-possest, with Shadrack and Miss Pendergrass arter me, and the purfessor bawlin' from the top, "They ain't nothin' but Gymminasticks!" "I don't keer what kind of sticks they be," sez I. "All creation couldn't coax me tu stay, and you needn't try." I waz so

tuckered out that Shadrack had tu git a kerridge (somethin' they called a cab) tu take me tu the tavern; and I've ben 'bout ded ever since. The more I think on't, the more I am sartin sure it couldn't hev been a school at all; and I'll bet forty great apples 'twas a lunatick arsenal. 'Twould be jist like one of Miss Pendergrass' mistakes: she never was bright.

There goes that pesky bang, and I must make my twilight for supper. So no more

From your affective mar,

PRISCILLY SNIFFLES.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

WE have, within the past few months, been called upon to hail the advent of a new star in the dramatic firmament; and there be critics, both abroad and at home, who would fain have us believe that the newly-risen luminary is an orb of such resplendent lustre that all others must pale their ineffectual fires beneath the dazzling radiance of this wondrous stranger. Heralded by Charles Dickens himself, Mr. Fechter comes to teach us how greatly Hazlitt, Goethe, Mrs. Jameson and other leading critics have misjudged the character of Hamlet, and would fain have us dethrone the melancholy, refined, poetic prince of popular tradition and representation for a robustious, periwig-pated fellow, a commonplace sort of personage, cheerful and convivial by nature, boisterous of speech, and treating his inferiors with most unprincely rudeness. Mr. Fechter is undoubtedly a great actor—great in the intense humanity and vitality of his personations—and his Hamlet is a most real and striking personage; but if he be the Hamlet that Shakespeare drew, then the world has never yet known what the poet

meant, and no critic has yet arisen who could read the character aright. It is in singular contrast to the Hamlet of Edwin Booth, who represents the melancholy prince as a man of exceptional and poetic nature, a morbid dreamer, gentle and princely in deportment, refined and sensitive of nature—the costly vase, in fact, of Goethe's beautiful simile. When he first beholds the ghost he is shaken with an awful dread and reverence, over which filial love gradually gains the mastery, till it swallows up all other emotion, and is breathed forth in the thrilling tenderness with which he utters the one word, "Father," and sinks on his knees, beholding in the fearful spectre only a shape that wears the features and the form of the beloved dead. Mr. Fechter is simply terrified, and behaves very much as Prince Arthur might do were he to behold the ghost of the late Prince Albert. In delivering the famous soliloquy, "To be or not to be," Booth sinks into a chair, and the words drop in melancholy musing from his lips. Fechter walks to the footlights and argues the point with the audience. Booth's Ham-

let is a polished, courteous gentleman, who is easy and gracious of manner toward his inferiors, but who never forgets that he is a prince, save when he is alone with his confidential and familiar friend, Horatio. Fechter's Hamlet is jocose and familiar with every one *except* Horatio, from whom he exacts unusual deference; and at the end of the first act he treats poor Marcellus with pointed and unroyal rudeness. His ideas of what a prince should be may indeed have been taken from a living English model; and with such an original before him, any amount of ungentelemanly conduct is perhaps pardonable.

But less pardonable is the fact that, having once consented to bow before the shrine of Shakespeare's genius, he should worship there with such maimed rites. Unlike Edwin Booth, who adheres to the text with the loving fidelity of an appreciative student, Mr. Fechter omits many of the most important passages—notably, the wild outburst at the grave of Ophelia ("Be buried quick with her," etc.), the foreboding words before the commencement of the last scene, ("If it be now," etc.), which Booth delivers in such mournful and impressive accents, and the dying appeal to Horatio. As Mr. Fechter is perhaps one of the worst readers, in emphasis and delivery as well as accent, that ever attempted to represent the character of Hamlet upon our boards, he is probably aware of his own inability to do even moderate justice to the majestic verse of Shakespeare, and so he wisely reduces his task to the smallest possible dimensions.

The fact is, that Mr. Fechter has done for this greatest of Shakespeare's plays what Mr. Hayward has done for Goethe's *Faust*—namely, translated it into literal prose. His realism is even at times offensive; as, for instance, when in the graveyard scene he approaches the skull to his nose before putting it down. His Hamlet is a photograph by Brady: that of Booth is a portrait by Rembrandt. It may be, so complex is the character, that the great critics of the Past and our

great actors of the Present have all been mistaken, and that no one has been able to read this most wondrous page of Shakespeare aright till it was perused by aid of this new Franco-Germanic-Britannic light. It may be that Hamlet was, after all, a very ordinary, commonplace personage, though placed in circumstances of an abnormal and distressing nature. It may be that this great artist (who has never yet been able to represent any other of Shakespeare's characters with any degree of success) has so concentrated his powers of conception and rendition on this one personation as make it a performance of surpassing excellence, giving a new and more perfect insight into this most wondrous of Shakespeare's creations. It may be—nay, it *must* be so—for has not Dickens said, Lo, a divinity! and shall we not bow in silent and obedient worship? It is rather a singular fact that while Mr. Fechter is convinced that Hamlet was insane, Edwin Booth is as firmly persuaded that he was not. As the former seems to have studied the play from the version contained in the *Modern Acting Drama*, and the latter from the text as Shakespeare wrote it, we are inclined to consider Booth's opinion as having the greater weight, though doubtless this point, on which so many doctors disagree, will never be definitely decided.

It is curious to observe how little the lessons derived from the history of other countries enable us to foretell the future of a nation existing under such new circumstances as our own. De Tocqueville, the most acute of observers, considered our danger arose from the weakness of the central power—"That if any portion of the Union seriously desired to separate itself from the other States, they would not be able, nor indeed would they attempt, to prevent it; and that the present Union would only last as long as the States which compose it chose to continue members of the confederation." This "serious desire" has certainly been evinced, but without the consequences which De Tocqueville predicted.

The next fear in regard to us, felt by many of the most intelligent of our own people, was, that we would be converted into a military despotism. The war had no sooner closed, however, than it was found that the million of men under arms were as anxious to return to civil life as the government was that they should do so. Peace had taken from their profession all its charms. Pay higher than that of any soldiery in the world was a pittance to what they could earn in other pursuits; and notwithstanding the regular army escapes the vicissitudes of other careers—a drawback rather than a merit—it also assented to a moderate peace establishment, which was again reduced by the retention only of officers selected for their merit. We now find, by the legislation of Congress, that even these men are unable to hold their ground against the cry for retrenchment. Four major-generals are decided by the House of Representatives to be too many, and even six brigadiers, of all the host of that rank, are not to be allowed to remain. Of the lower ranks, two hundred and fifty are to be sent adrift to shift for themselves. But even the heroes—for with this elimination fairly made, there will be nothing left but heroes, the men whose names are household words, and whose military talents are above all dispute—are not able to protect themselves. Their pay is to be reduced, and hereafter they will receive less than persons of their acknowledged ability would earn in any other business in life. This is clearly hard treatment. It may be unadvisable to retain in service more officers and men than we have use for, but to reduce the pay of those we do retain is a very different matter. Every man must regulate the number of those he employs by the work he has to do. To discharge a faithful servant under these circumstances is a painful necessity; but to cut down the pay of those he retains, when they may be fitted for no other employment, simply because he knows they cannot afford to leave his service, is unjust.

This, however, was not the point we

proposed to discuss. We referred to it to show how soon after a great war the heroes of it, so far from being able to control its destinies, are not even able to retain their pay.

We may now hope that the great mystery of the Nile is solved. The knowledge which the ancient Roman and Arabian geographers possessed of the interior of Africa greatly exceeded ours, but it was lost or forgotten in the Dark Ages, and we have had to learn it all over again. For a time the Taccaze or Atbara, the most northern of the affluents of the Nile from the south-east, was supposed to be its source. Then came Bruce, who traced the Blue Nile to its origin near Lake Dembea in Abyssinia, and who deemed he had solved the mystery. His solution was for a time accepted, for it is the Abyssinian rivers which pour down the floods that fertilize Egypt. But the White Nile was soon found to be the main river, and this was traced to within four degrees of the Equator.

A few years since, Speke and Burton and Baker, traveling westward from Zanzibar, severally discovered the Nyanza lakes—the Victoria and Albert—and traced their connection with the Nile of Egypt. Dr. Livingstone, during his present expedition, has in all probability connected the lakes Taganyika and Nyassa with the Nile, and has shown that the latter lake is fed by rivers from the west.

In his great journey across Africa in 1853-'54, Dr. Livingstone crossed a ford at the river Kassari, in about S. lat. 11° 16', and says in his journal: "This is a most beautiful river, and very much like the Clyde in Scotland. The slope of the valley down to the stream is about five hundred yards, and finely wooded. It is perhaps about one hundred yards broad, and was winding slowly from side to side in the beautiful green glen in a course to the north and north-east. In both the directions from which it came and to which it went, it seemed to be alternately embowered in sylvan vegetation or rich meadows cov-

ered with tall grass. The men pointed out its course, and said, 'Though you sail along it for months, you will turn without seeing the end of it.'" The ford at which Livingstone crossed it is about one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy miles from the source of the river, which flows from the south-west, and rises within three hundred miles of the Atlantic coast, about due east from the port of St. Philip of Benguela. Dr. Livingstone was told by the natives that this river, after flowing north for several degrees, bends westward and forms the main stream of the Zairê or Congo, which falls into the Atlantic Ocean. But an accomplished Hungarian traveler, Ladislaus Magyar, who died in Benguela in 1864, followed the river in its northern course beyond the seventh degree of south latitude, and found that it there bent to the eastward, in which direction it continued to flow; so that it cannot possibly be the head-waters of the Zairê. The natives told him that it acquires a width of several miles, and that its waves are at times dangerous to navigation, indicating, no doubt, its passage into some great lake. Charles Beke, the accomplished African geographer, has presented these views of the subject in the *Athenæum* for February 5, 1870, and infers that as Lake Nyassa is in nearly the same southern latitude, and not five hundred miles distant from Magyar's turn, the Kassari must be the great feeder of that lake, which seems now to be without doubt a tributary of the Nile, and that the Kassari is the true source of that marvelous river, which thus, without reckoning its windings, stretches over an eighth part of the entire circumference of the globe, and is the largest river in the world—passing, like our own St. Lawrence, through a chain of vast fresh-water lakes, being fed by the rains of both the Tropics.

We have lately seen a copy of an English periodical entitled *The Lady's Own Paper*, published in London, and chiefly devoted to the interests of the feminine portion of the population of

Great Britain; one column being given up to that curious system of bargainings wherein Beatrice expresses her willingness to exchange a pony phaeton for a point-lace flounce, and X. Y. Z. declares that she wishes to barter a pink cockatoo for a cooking-stove. It is embellished with several well-executed wood cuts, the principal one being a portrait of the Princess Helena, Queen Victoria's third daughter, copied from a photograph, and representing her as a plain, coarse-featured, dull-looking woman, a true child of that Guelphic race, few of whose daughters are fair and none of whose sons are brilliant. But the number was chiefly interesting to "Gossip" from the fact that its principal story and most important article were both taken from the February Number of *Lippincott's Magazine*; the former being the opening chapter of Mrs. Hooper's tale of "Under False Colors" (with the title changed to "Can it be True?" and the author's name omitted); while the latter was the article entitled "Match-Making." In neither case was any credit given to the periodical whence the contributions in question were obtained. English journals are fond of expending virtuous indignation on the manner in which such magazines as *Littell's Living Age*, *The Eclectic* and *Every Saturday* are made up; but at least the articles therein are published with the author's name in full, the fact that they are reprinted is duly stated, and the name of the periodical in which they originally appeared is always given.

... The progress of literature recently in Hindostan is quite remarkable. It appears from Trübner's *Literary Record*—a periodical which no growing library can afford to be without—that during the past year not less than thirty-one newspapers, magazines and reviews have started into existence, of which twenty-two are in the Urdu language, including one medical review. Three millions of Hindoos and ninety thousand Mohammedans are attending the government schools; seventy-three thousand boys and eight thousand girls

are taught in the mission schools. The progress of Christianity in India is no longer doubtful, and the missionaries—Roman Catholic and Protestant—are reaping the harvest of their labors.

... Mr. J. Fergusson, in a paper on Indian chronology recently read before the Royal Asiatic Society, concludes that the dates of historical events as far back as 691 B. C. may be traced with certainty; and he considers that the authentic Hindoo chronology reaches to the era of Kali Yug, 3101 B. C. He looks upon it as absolutely certain that there is a gradual progression and improvement in the style of architectural buildings in India, "as there is in every country in the world."

... In the new edition of McCulloch's *Dictionary of Commerce* it is estimated that the annual sales of the monthly and quarterly periodicals of Great Britain and Ireland, exclusive of what they yield by advertisements, amount to about three hundred and seventy-five thousand pounds in gold, or a little more than two millions of our currency. There are three hundred and sixty-seven monthly magazines and seventy-four quarterlies. The total annual sales of this class of literature in the United States probably fall but little short of the above large sum.

... *The Woman's Advocate* estimates the number of women compositors in the printing-offices of New York city at over three hundred. In London, where female type-setters have been employed for nine years, there are twenty-five girls at work in one office. The occupation seems well adapted for women; and, despite the opposition of the trade, the number of female compositors may be expected to increase. In New York there is a Women's Typographical Union numbering fifty members, which maintains friendly relations with the men's Typographical Union of the same city, and with the International Typographical Union of North America.

The gold-mines of Virginia are being once more worked to advantage. A number of Philadelphians have bought

land in the neighborhood of Fredericksburg, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Orange Court-houses, and it is estimated that capital to the amount of half a million of dollars, in the hands of companies and private individuals, has been invested in the business of digging and washing gold. Property in Fredericksburg and its vicinity is advancing in price, railroads are building in various parts of Virginia, and there is at last a certainty that the unequaled resources of that Commonwealth will be developed. The mere business of collecting sumac and preparing it for a market is giving employment to many hands in North-eastern Virginia, the product in 1869 of ten mills alone having been twenty-eight hundred tons. These facts concern more than the inhabitants of the State immediately benefited and their near neighbors, on the North, for as the industries of the South grow and multiply, the burden of national taxation will everywhere grow lighter.

... The late Legal-Tender decision will probably be reversed, the resignation of Justice Grier and the appointment of Justices Strong and Bradley giving the other side a majority of one. It remains none the less true that making paper money a legal tender was strictly a war measure, which works injustice to creditors, and that, after five years of peace, the greenbacks ought, in common honesty, to be redeemed.

On the 17th of March, 1830, a young man poor as regards money, but rich in sound principles, unflagging industry and an honorable ambition, started a weekly newspaper in the village of Germantown, now the Twenty-second Ward of the city of Philadelphia. On the 17th of March, 1870, the same man, Major P. R. Freas, in the same house, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the establishment of the *Germantown Telegraph*, by calling around his ever-hospitable board his brother editors, some personal friends and the few original subscribers to his paper who survived. The occasion was one hardly to be paralleled; not the least interesting fact

in connection with it being that during the long period of its existence every number of the *Telegraph* has been edited by Mr. Freas himself, who has stamped his individuality upon the paper, and earned an enviable reputation for ability, uprightness and patriotism. Such patient continuance in well-doing deserves all respect, and we sincerely trust that this model editor, this good citizen, this irreproachable gentleman may long continue to enjoy all

"That which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

The rapid expansion of this city, while a matter of just pride to Philadelphians, is not without its attendant embarrassments. Many suburban burial-grounds, which had been considered secure from invasion by streets, either are, or threaten to be, enveloped by buildings. A pressure is put from time to time upon the Legislature to repeal that clause in their respective charters which provides that no street shall be opened through their grounds, and, sooner or later, the courts will have to decide whether such a repeal is constitutionally in the power of the General Assembly. Whichever way it may be adjudicated, the consequences will be unpleasant. Either the sacred resting-places of the dead will be cut up by streets, or the convenience of the living will be interfered with. Fortunately, that cemetery on which Philadelphia prides itself most is secure under all circumstances. Bounded on three sides by Fairmount Park and on the fourth by Ridge avenue, Laurel Hill is virtually a part of the Park, of which it forms one of the most interesting features. Its fortunate location, combining picturesque beauty in the present with security in the future, has not escaped the attention of the public; and it cannot be many years before the ground will all be sold. When that shall be the case, it will be necessary for our citizens to go farther into the country to find that security from invasion by streets which is denied them in the city. In fact, the system of conducting funerals by railroad, which

has given such satisfaction in New York and Chicago, must ultimately be adopted in Philadelphia. The above considerations have, we learn, long occupied the attention of the managers of Laurel Hill Cemetery, and have induced them to purchase for burial purposes about one hundred and fifty acres of land in Montgomery county, overlooking the Schuylkill, and to be called West Laurel Hill. Situated about a mile above Fairmount Park, and accessible by Belmont avenue, the Reading railroad, etc., this naturally beautiful spot is now being laid out and planted in accordance with the rules of landscape gardening.

The following, from one who was *thar*, is vouched for by him—that is, that the old lady made the reply given here, not that she was *quite* as old as she claimed: When the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry entered the town of Dawson, Georgia, in the spring of 1865, among those who welcomed them was a negro woman whose appearance denoted extreme old age. Impelled by curiosity, one of the "boys" rode up to her and asked, "How old are you, auntie?" "Well, chile," she replied, "I don't 'zactly know *how* old I is, but I was here when C'lumbus come!"

. . . A friend of the late Dr. P. B. G., of Philadelphia, met him a few years before his death, and inquired of him if the city was healthy. "No, thank God! it is quite sickly," was the doctor's prompt reply.

MR. EDITOR: Irish will be Irish. I was reminded of this the other day when a farm-hand of mine, from County Kerry, asked me to write a letter for him. The substance of it was advice to his friend Tim O'Brien to come out to America. "Tell him, yer honor," said Patrick, "that we have meat twice a week here." "You know very well that you get it every day," I interrupted. "Troth, an' I do, but he would think I was foolin' him. Sure, he'd not believe me." The letter was ordered to end as follows: "I send you twenty pounds with this, to bring you over here. If you're alive, Tim, you're welcome to it; but if you're dead, you'll just send it back at wonst." A. L.

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

History of American Socialism. By John Humphrey Noyes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 8vo. pp. 320.

To most persons the terms Socialism, Communism, Owenism and Fourierism are at once connected with those of infidelity and free-love, and the whole set down as a scheme of designing men to secure the property of their neighbors without the necessity of labor, or the pleasures of the voluptuary without the responsibilities of marriage. It is, however, certainly true that the Socialistic movement in the heyday of its prosperity included among its adherents some men of large wealth, some of the foremost, if not the soundest and the best, minds upon the continent, some of the purest and best men of the Church, some of the profoundest thinkers in philosophy; and in many of its phases was built upon a sincere, however mistaken, conception of religious duty. In not a few of the Socialistic organizations the family was guarded with the utmost jealousy. In some, the rights of private property were carefully maintained. In many, there was an unmistakably honest and sincere endeavor to realize in organization those precepts of Christ which were intended only to be realized in a certain indescribable and subtle spirit pervading present organizations. It is a curious fact that most of the best and purest associations were but short-lived, while that one possesses the greatest apparent prosperity which most openly violates both the instincts and the conscience of mankind.

Twice during the present century this Socialistic fever swept across the land. Each time the vision of an Utopia close at hand stirred the hearts and enkindled the aspirations of the nation. Each time, curiously enough, it proved most contagious among two very opposite classes—the noblest and the meanest, the purest and the basest, the most aspiring and the most utterly and hopelessly ignoble. The prime movers in each movement were full of hope in the outset. An end was to be put to poverty; war was to be no more; the rivalries and contentions of business were to give way to a spirit of universal peace and love, which was to usher in the millennial day. The age and the

place were auspicious. The Old World had tried the old social forms, and tired of them. The New World was a wilderness where the seed of foreign philanthropists might be planted and ripened in actual organization without let or hindrance. Scores of communities were started, differing in detail from one another, but all possessing certain great family resemblances. Colonies were planted; families were huddled together under one roof or grouped in one farm; sects, churches, dogmas, creeds were abolished. There was to be but one creed—love; but one Church—the brotherhood of man; but one family—the Socialistic community. Labor was equalized: the brain and the muscle shared the products of toil equally; for though the latter contributed the most, the former was the most alluring and intrinsically attractive. The merchant and the minister worked side by side with the yeoman at the plough. The lawyer's occupation was gone, the physician's nearly so; for the era of disputes was to be for ever ended, and Disease was to relinquish his long reign when once the laws of health were studied and observed, not merely by individuals, but by entire communities. Poets, philosophers, artists, clergymen, statesmen, artisans, farmers, day-laborers mingled in a common association, in which there was allowed neither caste, class nor privilege. Hundreds of enthusiastic converts joined these Socialistic communities, putting into them not only all their means, but their best hopes and energies. Thousands of dollars were invested in the purchase of farms and the erection of buildings. Failure in one enterprise did nothing to daunt or to prevent the repetition of the experiment in other places and under other circumstances. Wealth is conservative, but even wealth was, in some measure, enlisted in the movement. Men of marked executive genius officered it, and sustained by their personal presence organizations which perished when they left. Some of the most brilliant *littérateurs* of the nation lent to this movement their influence, and look back to-day upon this period of enthusiasm with no other regret than that which maturity always experiences in the hour when it is rudely awakened from the pleasant

dreams of its youth. The columns of the *Tribune*, then rising into its present influential position, were opened to the advocates of the movement: its editor-in-chief was in active sympathy with it. Socialism had, too, journal after journal of its own, generally conducted with signal ability, and sustained by the men who have given to other and more general literature its American characteristics. Horace Greeley, then one of the foremost editors of America; Dr. Channing, one of its foremost pulpit orators; Hosea Ballou, the apostle and (one almost might say) the founder of Universalism in America; Margaret Fuller, Miss Elizabeth P. Peabody, George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, George William Curtis, Parke Godwin, T. W. Higginson, Henry James, Francis G. Shaw,—were among the foremost in carrying on the movement, or in contributing by their pens to secure for it a favorable reception. Frederick H. Hedge, James Russell Lowell, John G. Whittier, Edward Giles were among the contributors to its official representative journals. It is needless to say that these men were no advocates of "free-love;" they were not "infidels." Socialism was to them a grand ideal. Their pictures even now, though read in the light of actual disappointment and disaster, enkindle the imagination, and fan to a momentary flame the dying embers of a hopeless enthusiasm. They turned from the social life of the past, disgusted by its strifes, its jealousies, its hates, its inequitable system of rewards and punishments: they desecrated a future in which the love, the trust, the mutual confidence and esteem of the family would pervade the community. It was fancied that mankind could be made one by being brought under one roof-tree; that heart-burnings could be prevented by eating in a common dining-room and having a common purse; and that society could be renovated by changing its organization. It is only by bitter experience that the lesson has been taught that society never can be any better than the individuals of which it is composed.

Socialism, to the mere superficial reader of the past, appears to have been a complete failure. So far as it proposed a change in the organization of society, so far as it proposed to recast business and social life in new moulds, it was so. Of all the "phalanxes" and "communities" and "farms" and "homes" which were established, scarce-

ly one remains. The few lingering ruins of the movement which still survive depend either upon the influence of a single strong man, upon a spirit of religious fanaticism, upon the coherent power of unbridled lust, or upon the three singularly combined. But, though the organizations have died, the movement has left its impress on the American character and on American institutions. It is to be seen in our social life, in our business organizations, in our legislation. Nowhere else are men so gregarious; nowhere do they so herd in flocks and companies; nowhere are great hotels and public dining-halls so popular; nowhere else is boarding so acceptable a substitute for the true home. Even in the seemingly gregarious life of Paris there is more individuality. You live with others, but you do not herd with them. Nowhere else is the principle of business association carried to such an extent. Nowhere else, we believe, are there general laws under which any who choose can organize as a body corporate without applying to the legislature for a charter, as they can, for example, in New York State. Nowhere else are corporations so common and applied to so many uses; and a corporation is only a Fourieristic association for a specific end. They take the place of private enterprise on the one hand—they usurp on the other the functions awarded to government in other lands. Do we want to lay out a road, to build dwelling-houses, to establish a village, to put up a factory, to start a newspaper? We call a meeting, subscribe for stock, organize a company and obtain a charter. Or is it benevolence and humanity, rather than a prospect of profit, which attract us? Our libraries are joint-stock companies, and our very churches religious corporations. If we want to look after the health of our army, the religious condition of our sailors and soldiers, or even the intelligence and moral wants of the freedmen, the first thing to do is to organize a commission. Nor least important—we do not now consider its moral effect—among the heirlooms which the Socialistic movement has left to America is the conception of marriage and divorce, which may be fairly called American, despite the protest of many in the pulpit and the press, since it is grafted upon our legislation, and bids fair to become a most vigorous and flourishing growth, at least in some of our Western States.

Whoever, therefore, would understand

American character and history, cannot afford to pass the Socialistic movement by in ignorance, however little respect he may have for the Socialistic organizations.

This movement has appeared, as we have said, twice in this country, under different auspices, inspired by somewhat different purposes, and assuming quite different types. The first, in 1825, the offspring of Robert Owen, was an importation from Scotland. The second, in 1842, the child of Fourier and St. Simon, was a creation of French philosophy.

Robert Owen was a large, wealthy and successful manufacturer in Scotland, on the banks of the Clyde. Oppressed by a consideration of the condition of the laboring classes, he made their wants a study—their amelioration, socially and intellectually, a life-work. His cotton factory became, under his executive management, the centre of a little community. His work-people, who numbered between two and three thousand, constituted a considerable village. Houses of a convenient and tasteful structure were constructed for them. Stores were opened where a credit system was established and reasonable prices were maintained. A common kitchen and refectory for the unmarried workmen was provided. An infirmary was founded, but so excellent were the provisions which Mr. Owen made for the health of his people that it was but little used. Schools were established for the children. A regular time schedule for the whole village was marked out. In it time was allotted, with military precision, for work, for classes, for meals, for sleep, for recreation, and even for devotions. New Lanark became far-famed. Students of social science from all over the kingdom and from the Continent came to see it. Mr. Owen became more and more interested in his schemes for the social improvement of the working classes. To the wisdom of those schemes he attributed the success of New Lanark, which was really due to his own personal influence, rare executive genius and self-sacrificing generosity. At one time an embargo stopped his business. He continued the wages of his men, actually paying out thirty-five thousand dollars in four months to workmen who had nothing to do but to oil the machinery and keep it clean. Excellent! But if he had not happened to have thirty-five thousand dollars, what would have become of New Lanark? What must be-

come of any social scheme which is not self-supporting, but depends, in the day of trial, on the generosity of some single capitalist? Just what became of New Lanark when Robert Owen left it. Not a trace of its peculiar features has survived the departure of its projector.

Its transient success, however, intoxicated him. For a time he was fêted and caressed by nobility and clergy. He imagined himself called to the office of a reformer. In an evil day he began to write and publish. His avowal of Communistic doctrines, of an absolute equality of all rights and duties, and the abolition of all inferiority, even of intellect and capital, turned the public sentiment of the community against him. Of course he did not lack converts. Such a doctrine never does. They were not, however, of a character to add to the influence or the reputation of his cause. His peculiar religious views increased the seeming popularity but real weakness of his waning philosophy. He taught that man was wholly the creature of circumstances, and hence that society was to blame for the sins of the individual, rather than the individual for the sins of society. Reformation must begin, according to his doctrine, at the branch, not at the root. Society disavowed him. He became more and more an iconoclast. He resolved to shake the dust from off his feet as a testimony against his native land, and turn to the New World. Scotland, with its stereotyped institutions, its fixed opinions, its conservative religious dogmas, was no place for his social millennium. He would find a home for it in the wilderness, where absolute freedom would give full scope to its development.

It was just at this juncture that he fell in with an agent of the Rappites, a religious community which had emigrated from Pennsylvania to Indiana, and had established a manufacturing and agricultural village there, but who now desired to sell it and return in a body to their old home. This was just the opening. The land was fertile; the State was new; society was yet unformed; the village was already built; houses, mills, factories, stores, everything ready for occupancy. Men only were wanted. But are not men wholly dependent upon their circumstances? Light, air, food, comfortable and well-ordered houses,—these make virtue. So the village was bought for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. A public proclamation was

issued, inviting "the industrious and well-disposed of all nations" to take possession of the promised land; and the foundation of New Harmony was laid.

The social experiment could not have begun under more favorable auspices, nor have met with a more untimely end. It lasted not quite three years. Its history was one of perpetual contention. When Mr. Owen was personally on the ground, his own strong will maintained some semblance of order and prosperity: when he was away, the community fell a prey to idleness, shiftlessness, intemperance and bitter quarrels. It was formally organized in April, 1825. In June, 1827, it was formally disbanded. The only thing which remains at New Harmony as an historical witness to Robert Owen's social experiment is the intense and bitter disgust of its people toward Socialism in all its shapes and forms. The only legitimate child it produced was the little village of "Modern Times," founded by a sect which declared itself devoted to "Individual Sovereignty," and which scouted all forms of legal or social organization.

Mr. Owen's failure, however, did nothing to discourage him. To the day of his death, in 1858, he was a diligent though wholly unsuccessful propagandist. At seventy-five he was as full of his chimera as at forty. Six times after he was fifty, twice after he was seventy, he crossed the Atlantic and back in the service of Communism. His disciples shared his pertinacious faith. New Harmony was followed by similar communities in Indiana, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee—eleven in all. The longest-lived did not last any longer than that at New Harmony. The average duration of life was from a year to a year and a half. The entire movement inaugurated in 1825 had spent its force, and died like a wave of the sea upon the beach, in 1828. Fanny Wright's famous lecturing tour in the latter part of that year was the last echo of this Socialistic tide, which promised so much and achieved so little.

While these events were occurring, the disciples of St. Simon were endeavoring in France to realize in actual organization the schemes of that eccentric philosopher; and Enfantin, by his theory of free-love and his wild search for a female Messiah, was laying the foundation for that curious intermixture of religion and licentiousness which subse-

quently emigrated to America, and has not ceased powerfully to influence American ideas. At the same time, Fourier, to whom the lax morals of Enfantin are erroneously attributed, was studying, in obscurity, the social problems which the Revolution in France had forced upon the attention of every thoughtful mind, and was beginning to publish his views concerning them. *Publish*, we have said—*print* would have been a more accurate word. For in vain did he endeavor to secure any attention from the public to his elaborate philosophy until the more sensational schemes of Enfantin and his followers awakened public interest in the subject. His volumes, published in 1808, and again in 1822, found scarcely a single reader. Not a single critic or reviewer noticed them; and a brief summary of his doctrines drawn up and sent to the press received no better consideration. Perhaps the same reason which forbids our endeavor to set them succinctly before our readers prevented the attempt by Parisian critics—their metaphysical and mystical character; and they are by no means confined to a discussion of the social problem, but embrace an elaborate theory of man's nature and the character and relations of the faculties. Fourier was not only a Socialist—he was a metaphysician; and his Socialism was founded on his metaphysics. It was not till 1831 that Fourierism began to be publicly known in France.

The same influence which brought from that country to this its political and its religious ideas—both of which have more powerfully influenced us than we are perhaps aware—brought also these Socialistic themes, which first took definite form in the minds of some Boston *literati*, and were first reduced to practice in a scheme not avowedly based upon the philosophy of Fourier or founded by his followers. How far St. Simonism and Fourierism really entered into the organization of Brook Farm it would perhaps be impossible to say. If that were really, as well as in form, an independent movement, the fact that so nearly simultaneously three analogous attempts were made by honest, sincere and able men, in England, France and America, to cure the social disease, might at least be accepted as an evidence that the disease existed, whatever should be thought of the proposed cure.

Dr. Channing was the first, according to Mr. Noyes, to suggest the idea of Brook

Farm, though, as finally organized, it was a product of many minds acting in concert and in mutual consultation. At the first meeting, in 1840, at which the subject was opened, Dr. Channing, Emerson, Ripley, Hedge and Bronson were among the persons present. These literary gatherings were continued. At first, only the evils which afflict society and the remedies proposed by Socialism were theoretically discussed. But these men were in earnest. Why not realize the remedy? Why not at least try its value by actual experiment? George Ripley, Charles A. Dana, George W. Curtis, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Theodore Parker, and other men of like character, resolved to make the trial. The publication of a quarterly called the *Dial* was commenced under the editorship of Margaret Fuller. The whole movement had, at least in its literature, not only an eminently religious but an eminently Christian tone. Dr. Channing was, if not its originator, an inspirer of it. It was an avowed attempt to establish "the kingdom of heaven as it lay in the charitable spirit of Jesus of Nazareth"—to form a community "in which the will of God shall be done as it is in heaven." As agriculture is the basis of all industry, as the farm is also the dream of the poets, and the life of the farmer the life which is supposed to produce the most intimate communion with Nature, a farm naturally constituted the first purchase. It consisted of two hundred acres in West Roxbury, eight miles from Boston. It was purchased and owned in joint stock. Each stockholder was to receive a certain fixed interest on his investment. A building was provided where the members were to live. There was board in common for such as desired—such as preferred could keep house. All were to share in the labors of the community: each one, however, was to choose his own work, and was to be paid according to the time spent upon it. All forms of labor, from the highest brain-work to the lowest drudgery, were to receive the same compensation; "on the principle that as the labor becomes merely bodily it is a greater sacrifice to the individual laborer to give his time to it, because time is desirable for the cultivation of the intellectual in exact proportion to ignorance. Besides, intellectual labor involves in itself higher pleasures and is more its own reward than bodily labor." None, however, were to be engaged exclusively in

bodily labor—none were to be wholly exempt from it. And this programme was in fact carried out. *Litterateurs* left their pens to labor at the plough and in the hay-field. Poets ceased to sing the praise of labor, that they might actually make trial of it.

Into the further history of Brook Farm it is hardly necessary to go. How from a simple social community it was converted into one modeled more nearly upon the principles of Fourier—how it struggled along against the sense of the community, barely sustained by the pens of men of rare genius against the common judgment of mankind—how it manfully carried its load of debt—how its agricultural operations proved no more successful than any other attempts at gentleman-farming—and how at length, under accumulated difficulties, a waning of the Socialistic enthusiasm, a dropping off of some members whose places were not supplied by others, and finally a disastrous fire, it died a lingering death in October, 1847, after an existence of five years, a perpetual struggle for life,—of all this we hardly think it needful to write in detail, since Brook Farm is better and more favorably known to the reading public through newspapers, magazines and lectures than any other analogous organization. Certainly, if any system of social Co-operation could succeed, Brook Farm ought to have done so. It was fathered by a leading and influential clergyman. Its course was watched with sympathetic interest by a large denomination of the Christian Church; it was supported by the ablest pens of the country; it was established in a centre remarkable for its intelligence and its virtue; it was characterized by no looseness in morals, no relaxation of the marriage tie, no infidel aspersions on the Christian religion. It was, on the contrary, characteristically a Christian movement. It did not even maintain the principles of a community of property. It respected and maintained individual freedom to the largest degree. It did not invite to itself the rabble, but was carried on by men of culture, of refinement and of unimpeachable moral worth—men whose whole souls were enlisted in it, and who were as determined to make it succeed as they were sanguine of its success.

Brook Farm, and one or two analogous but less successful experiments, a little preceded the distinctive Fourierite movement, which was fairly inaugurated by Albert Bris-

bane, Horace Greeley and the New York *Tribune* in 1842. These movements were quite distinct from those of Mr. Owen. The former were based upon reconstruction of the family. All mankind were to be gathered in one house—all were to be made one by love. A beautiful idea! but one that ends in community, not only of property, but of persons—in a denial of the right of the wife to her husband, or the husband to his wife. The movement of Fourier was based on politico-commercial principles. It was a community of industry that he desired. All life should be conducted as a joint-stock operation. Wages should be equitably divided. By possessing a single house, purchasing in the gross, avoiding brokers and jobbers and all middlemen, combining capital and labor, doing away with employé and employed, every man would have a competence, and there would be neither excessive drudgery nor lazy wealth. Also a beautiful idea! But if the husband has his wife and his children, and they are indeed his own, he will labor so that they, not others, can reap the best of his harvest. Benevolence is only permission to Ruth to glean after the reapers of Boaz.

Owenism and Fourierism combined give the third type of Socialism—communism of persons and of property, of which we shall have a word to say directly.

Albert Brisbane inaugurated the Fourierite movement. As an agitator he showed rare good sense. Instead of establishing a journal which no one would read, he secured a column in the New York *Tribune*, then but recently established and growing in popularity. This column he edited himself. The paper was not responsible for it. But its editor-in-chief was in avowed sympathy with the movement. Mr. Brisbane thus secured at the outset what Fourier himself waited long years to secure—the public ear. In a little over a year he felt strong enough to begin an independent publication, *The Phalanx*, a monthly magazine. Brook Farm, the Hopedale Community and the Northampton Community had already begun to awaken public interest in these schemes. There was much in Utopia to attract young Columbus. In 1843, Mr. Brisbane was able to announce as already established, or in process of organization, nearly half a score of communities. They differed materially in detail, but the one grand principle of unitary homes

and a common property interest underlaid them all. In some there was a strong government: one executive head held the community together. It was really a little monarchy in the bosom of the republic. These lasted while their head remained with them: when he left they dropped to pieces. Others disavowed all government: there was neither property, government nor family. This was the case at Prairie Home, for instance, in Logan county, Ohio, where there was no administration, no authority, no law, no provision even for public meetings and general decision of questions affecting general interests. Every man did what he pleased, went as he willed, and took whatever he wanted wherever he could find it. The reader hardly needs to be told that such communities dropped to pieces almost as quickly as they were brought together. In some cases, even under the auspices of great names, there was, if we may trust Mr. Noyes' account, the most ludicrous management, as in the Sylvania Association, for example, of which Horace Greeley was the treasurer. A commission was appointed to select the land. It consisted of a landscape gardener, a cooper and a homœopathic doctor! They went out in March, when the ground was covered with snow. It proved rocky, thin of soil, poor in timber, with all the best wood already cut off, difficult of access to the market, and so untillable that, says one of the members, "when we reaped we had to rake for ten yards on each side of the spot where we intended to make the bundle, before we had sufficient to tie together." Sometimes a genuine religious spirit pervaded the leading members. Some of these communities were ostensibly founded on the Bible. More frequently, whatever was the purpose of the leaders, the rank and file were not only infidel, but even blasphemously so. We obtain from some recollections an inside view of some of these communities.

"After supper," says a visitor (Mr. E. L. Hatch), "I was standing near some men in the sitting-room, when one said to another, 'How high is your God?' The answer was, 'About as high as my head.' The first, putting his hand up to his breast, said, 'Mine is so high.' I concluded," adds Mr. Hatch, "they were infidels." A not unnatural conclusion.

As New Harmony was the test of Owenism, so the test of Fourierism was the North

American Phalanx. It was the Waterloo of American Socialism. It was the longest-lived of any of the non-religious organizations. It was organized in 1843, after months of preliminary correspondence and consultation. The failures of previous movements, the experience of Brook Farm, still in successful operation, served, the first as warnings, the other as a guide. The leaders of the movement were also leaders in this attempt to realize the ideal in practice. Both Albert Brisbane and Horace Greeley were prominent among the founders of the North American Phalanx. It was determined to establish it upon practical principles—to make it from the beginning a paying enterprise. A stock company was formed. Eight thousand dollars of stock were subscribed for. Four miles from Red Bank, Monmouth county, New Jersey, six hundred acres of admirable land were selected. "The location was fortunate, the soil naturally good, the scenery pleasant, the air healthful." A large building was erected for families. Some sixty or seventy members entered actively upon the enterprise. A reading-room was established for adults, a school for children, religious worship for all who chose to attend. At first a public table was maintained: afterward a restaurant was established on the European plan. All articles were charged at actual cost: all receipts went into a common treasury. After paying the interest on the stock, the balance was divided among the laborers. There was a fixed scale of wages. Disagreeable labor received the highest compensation. If the wages were not large, the charges were exceedingly moderate. The former varied from six to ten cents per hour. The latter sum was the maximum. An overseer received five cents a day more than a common laborer. But then at the restaurant coffee was half a cent per cup, including milk; bread one cent per plate; butter half a cent; meat two cents; pie two cents. An economical member paid from one and a half to three and a half cents for his breakfast; four and a half to nine cents for his dinner: four and a half to eight cents for his supper. His rent cost him thirty-six and a half cents per week—*i. e.*, for a single room. Financially, the association prospered better than its neighbors. It paid dividends. Its farming was exceedingly well done. There is nothing in Mr. Noyes' account to indicate that the sacredness of the

family was violated. But the largest number which the Phalanx was ever able to attract was a hundred and twelve—men, women and children. The land, it is said, would have supported a thousand. The Socialistic wave subsided as quickly as it had arisen. The Phalanx continued by a sort of *vis inertia*. Men had invested their all in it, and saw no way to withdraw. In 1854 it was still in existence, and measurably prosperous. But it never was out of debt. It never realized the dream of Fourier that Communism would give time for education and afford the drudges of society opportunities for self-improvement. At the North American Phalanx they were all drudges. The reading-room degenerated until the New York *Tribune* and the *Nauvoo Tribune* constituted the only reading material which it furnished. Three or four hundred volumes constituted the whole library. The school was no better than the average district school. As in the outer world, the strong and the selfish struggled at table for the best food; in the house for the best rooms; on the farm for the lightest work. The weaker and gentler could not escape their rudeness, and were unable to resist it. Thin partitions alone separated families. Even in the North American Phalanx there were "family jars" overheard by curious listeners: these were spread through the entire community. Converts became less and less numerous. The withdrawals were not compensated for by additions. At last there was a religious controversy, a secession, a fire, more withdrawals, and then a collapse—a sale of property, a payment of the debts (or rather a compromise), a turning adrift once more on the world of those who had tried so faithfully Fourier's refuge from it; and therewith the last gasp of Fourierism as a practical experiment upon this continent.

We speak of the North American Phalanx as the last experiment of Fourierism, because it would be unjust to Fourier to attribute to him such an association as that at Oneida, New York, of which Mr. Noyes is the spiritual and political leader—an association which undertakes to maintain community of goods by adding to it a community of wives and children; a violation of the instincts of humanity and the laws of God as much greater than that of the Shakers as license is worse than celibacy; an association the key-note of whose constitution is to be found in the declaration that "there is no intrinsic differ-

ence between property in persons and property in things;" and that "the same spirit which abolished exclusiveness in regard to money would abolish, if circumstances allowed full scope to it, exclusiveness in regard to women and children;" a community which shrouds its assault upon society, the family, the purity of womanhood and the preservation and perpetuation of life itself, in pious phrases, and declares, with an audacity which is positively unparalleled for effrontery in the literature of vice, that "holiness must go before free-love." Bound together by a semi-religious enthusiasm, by a common property interest, and by principles and practices in comparison with which those of Mormonism are pure indeed, as well as by the executive genius of its patriarch, the Oneida Community still maintains its existence, being nearly a quarter of a century old—the only experiment which has even approximated in age that of a single generation.

The whole history which we have so rapidly surveyed has for us this lesson: whatever methods of co-operation the future may have in store for us—and we see no reason to doubt that Sociology, with other sciences, may make great progress in the future, as it certainly has not in the past—of one fact we may rest assured, that, in the words of an old but converted Fourierite, "The family is a rock against which all objects not only will dash in vain, but they will fall shivered at its base."

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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